Saturday Review

November 27, 1965 25¢

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How to choose a stock brokerage firm... a good sign to look for...one way to "break the ice" with a broker...which investment goal suits you best?

Let's assume you've decided to join the millions of people who hope to brighten their financial future through stock ownership. Perhaps you have a specific goal in mind—a retirement fund, or money to meet the future educational needs of your family, or a second income that will buy some of the luxuries that make life so much more pleasant. Where do you go from there? How do you choose a brokerage firm?

* * *

Many investors look for a firm that displays the sign, "Member New York Stock Exchange." There are some 3,500 member firm offices and probably one near you.

* * *

As a potential investor, you might be interested to know that every member firm is subject to the Exchange's many rules and regulations.

* * *

For example, the Exchange's rules require that member firms maintain adequate capital at all times, have an annual surprise audit by their independent public accountants and submit financial information to the Exchange at intervals throughout the year.

* * *

In addition, the registered representatives (some 33,000 of these brokers employed by member firms) are subject to Exchange regulations, too. In fact, before they could act as brokers in member firms, they had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business.

* * *

Once you've chosen a broker, a good way to "break the ice" is to discuss the investment goal you have in mind. For long term capital growth, common stocks might be best for you. Though their dividends are never certain, a company may increase them as profits rise. For good current yield with relative safety, you might want to examine dividends from preferred stocks or interest from bonds.

* * *

Whatever your goal, consider investing only money that's left after you've provided for living expenses and an emergency fund. (The Monthly Investment Plan is a systematic way to invest with as little as $40 each three months.) However, always keep in mind that stock prices fall as well as rise.

* * *

Next, ask your broker for facts about companies that interest you—earnings, dividends and sales records, the stock's recent price range and other information that might help to shape your judgment.

* * *

Finally, ask your broker for his opinion and see how it matches your own. He won't always be right, but he may point out a new direction for you to consider.

* * *

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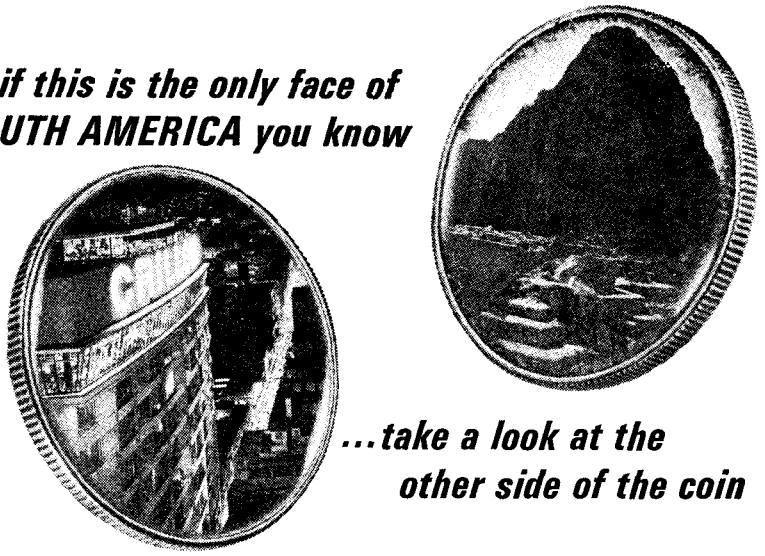

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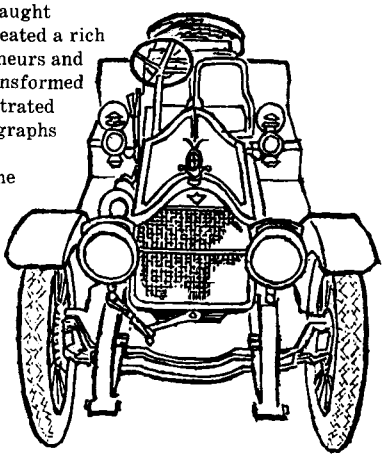

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Saturday Review

Cover design by Pageant Studio

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 48, November 27, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., Box 2008, Miami Beach 40, Florida.
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A Hertz blunder

—and thunder!

(Somebody else makes a goof and all you hear is an "oof.")

Jerry Giraitis

And it's fine by us.

If it was the other way around—then we'd worry.

Jerry Giraitis, Vice President of Schenley Distillers Company, recently complained to us about a sticky door handle. First time he had a complaint in ten years of renting from us. Later he laughed—and said he was a little bugged that day. Then he said—if it had been another rent-a-car company, he probably wouldn't have mentioned it.

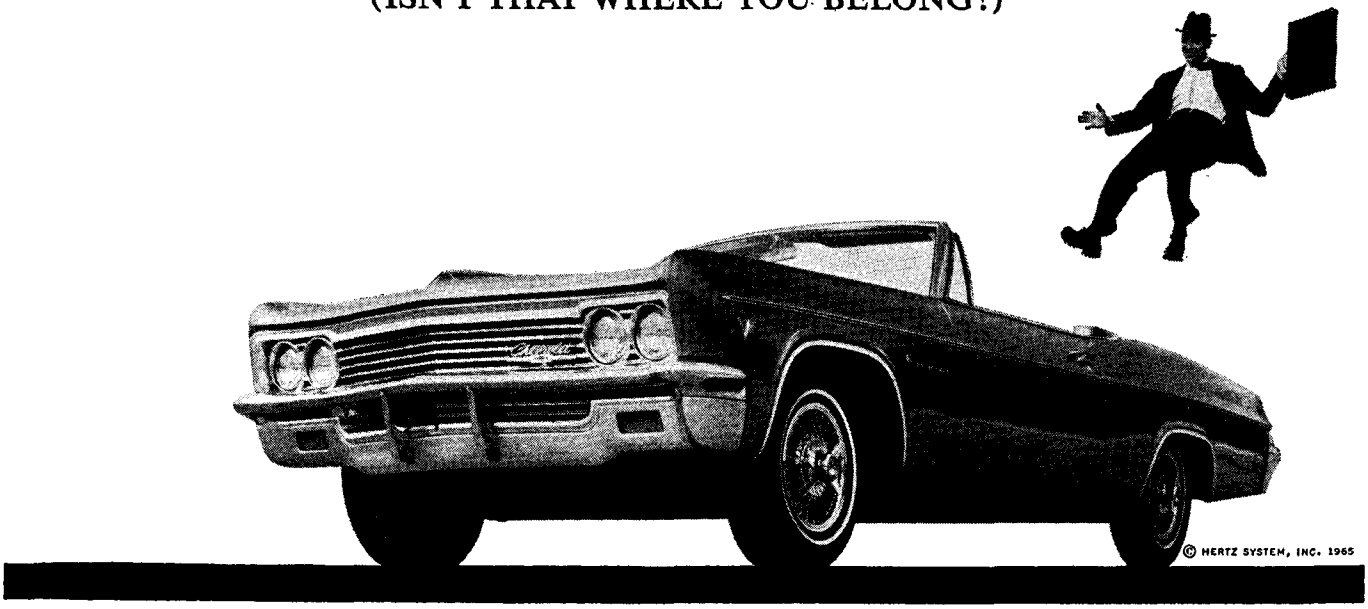
People expect us—and our Chevrolets or other fine cars—to be perfect. And we try to be. It's a burden—but we like it. That's the price of—what? Success? Or to use somebody else's phrase—the penalty of leadership?

Enough of that grandiose talk. Let's just say we try to give a busy, successful man a car so good he can forget about it—which means we can't forget anything.

Jerry Giraitis

Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat

(ISN'T THAT WHERE YOU BELONG?)



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Edited by Martin Levin

The Game Analysts Play

(Inspired by a quick glance at a current best-seller)

PLEASE BUY MY BOOK

Thesis. This is a variation of "Please Read My Magazine Article" (PRMMA) and "Catch Me on TV" (CMOTV, both of which stem from the age-old "I Want Your Money" (IWYM). In this version, White's gimmick is a prose style that blends complex technical lingo ("ulterior transactional counter-stimuli") with colloquial epithets ("jerk, schlemiel"). White's publishers are expert at "Erotica-Exotica" (EE) or "Art Can Be Dirty, Dirt Can Be Arty" (ACBDDCBA).

Antithesis. Black's first reaction is to play "No Thanks, Not for Five Bucks" (NTNFB) or "I Think I'll Wait for the Paperback" (ITIWP), whose origins, of course, may be traced to "The Hell With It" (THWI). But White counters by a counter-repressive dust-jacket photo—wise, twinkling, understanding, and, if Black tries to play Put Downo (PD), faintly reproachful.

Advantages. A seller-buyer relationship ("Are you sure you don't wanna?" "Yeah, I wanna") is soon established. And Black, who likes to play "I Can Hold Up My End of the Conversation at Dinner Parties" (ICHUMECDP) plunks down his dough.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

Editors' Note

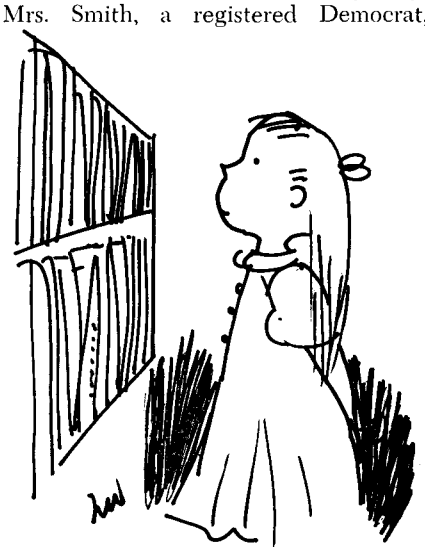
(A day at the studio—or that's Life)

OUR photographic studio is the most exciting place in the world, a huge, marvelous, filthy warehouse of a place where we shoot those photos that can't be staged on the spot. For example, take that simple snap on page 64 of this issue showing Ho Chi Minh showering in what seems to be his Hanoi bathroom. Actually, Ho's digs have a tub, but no shower. So, in order to get the picture, it took a chartered, round-trip X-15, Dean Rusk, two U.N.C.L.E. agents, seventeen unidentified Chinese, half the Manhattan police force, Our Man in Saigon, Photographer Alstaedt Eisenfred and $2,500 worth of his equipment, two editors, four reporters, a complete bathroom from the St. Regis, a $10.35-an-hour plumber, Clare Boothe Luce, the Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity (to make certain we didn't waste water), two and a half days, and the utmost secrecy. Newsdesker Minnie Magazine almost drowned when a pipe burst.

Our studio may be a drafty cavern to some (H.C.M. insisted on hot water and a dozen portable heaters), but to us it is, more often than not, home. Passing through it over the years we've seen Presidents, pimps, chariot drivers, invalids, dope addicts, Mr. America, a family of tigers we posed before a museum diorama, thousands of extras fighting the Battle of Waterloo, the Hermitage, the entire Supreme Court bench, and Cary Grant as Charlie Chaplin.

The other day was typical. In a musty corner our Sports Editor, Photographer Kauff Markman, and a major league umpire were attempting to immortalize one of Baseball Great Jimmy Jantle's spectacular slides into home plate. Nearby, Photographer Jale Yoel was restaging Barry Goldwater's "Vice-Virtue" speech before a crowd of Editorial Researchers. To one side Photographer Eliof Elisoton had suspended Killer Joe and thirty Go-Go girls by wires from the ceiling for a forthcoming volume in our Book Division's magnificent series on 20th Century Mores. Behind a screen, to celebrate our thirtieth anniversary next year, Mrs. Hubert Smith, of Brooklyn, was giving birth to triplets for Photographer Lina Neen.

Things came to a head when Jimmy snapped his famed trick knee during a beautiful slide, throwing dust into Jale's lens. Jale went off into one of his tantrums, causing Barry to misquote himself. One of our Regional Bureau Chiefs, an accredited M.D., who was assisting Mrs. Smith, rushed over to tend Jimmy. Mrs. Smith, a registered Democrat, pushed over the screen to see what was happening, recognized Barry, and began screaming. At this point one of the Go-Go girl's wires broke, catapulting her into the umpire, who promptly called the whole shebang "out," and went off to the shower. Luckily, Ho Chi Minh had left a few minutes earlier.



—TOM BALOW.

The Importance of Being Missed

THE recent publication of Marguerite Young's *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* raises a nice point of literary etiquette: When do you call a heroine by her first name?

Preliminary investigations reveal the existence of an underlying tradition in this matter. A work of fiction in which the title introduces the main character as "Miss" or "Mrs." is the story of what happens in the lady's soul. When, instead, the Christian name is used before the surname, we have a tale primarily concerned with what happens in the *external* events of the lady's life. This thesis may more properly be referred to as a "working definition"—a pedant's term for a theory to be used as framework for further study and by no means presented as being immune to loopholes, exceptions, and contrary evidence.

How and why this usage arose is obscure, but it may be postulated that a close examination of a heroine's exquisite sensibilities and emotional suffering endows her with a certain dignity and status not appropriate to the women in novels where the drama stems from worldly circumstance.

The problems of Mrs. Dalloway are classier than the problems of Moll Flanders. Surely, it's not merely the socio-economic difference that accounts for that "Mrs."! Jane Eyre certainly has her troubles, but the romantic events in her life are less subtle than those in the interior story of Madam Bovary. Miss Julie has a complex psyche, whereas with Manon Lescaut and Fanny Hill emotional tumult results from events in the harsh world.

There are innumerable examples of this remarkable book-naming custom. If you're not too particular about precise gender, consider, in passing, *Miss Lonelyhearts.*

—ELINOR LANDER HORWITZ.

The Pioneer

I seek in anonymity's cloister
Not him who ate the first raw oyster,
But one who, braving spikes and prickles,
The spine that stabs, the leaf that tickles,
With infinite patience and fortitude
Unveiled the artichoke as food.

—OGDEN NASH.

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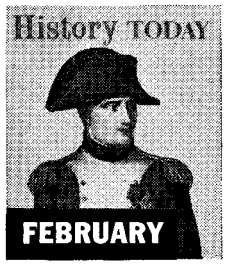

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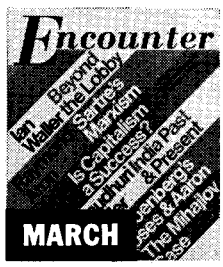

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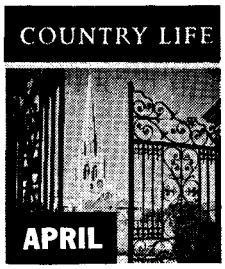

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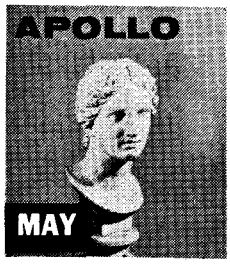

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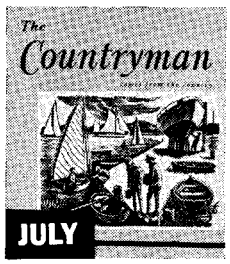

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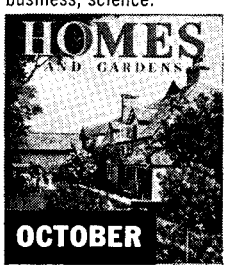

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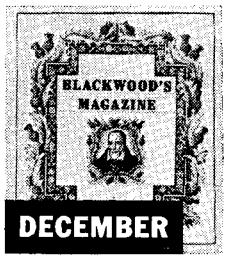

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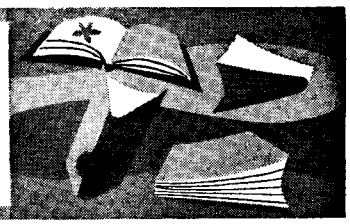
Trade Winds



You don't very often come across the likes of a little paperback volume that landed on our desk the other day. Its title is *The Guinness Book of World Records,* and the hearty blurb on the front cover claims that it's the only book

of its kind anywhere. What's more, bold red letters proclaim to the world: "Settles Any Argument!"

A book like this is impossible to resist. Where else could you find who or what is the highest, the lowest, the biggest, the smallest, the fattest, the slowest, the oldest, the newest, the loudest, the hottest, the coldest, the strongest?

The book, we learned, originally appeared in hard cover in 1955, under the imprint of the Sterling Publishing Company, and is now issued by Bantam Books in paper. We were somewhat surprised to discover that the Guinness of the title is the same Guinness that makes stout at the St. James's Gate Brewery in Dublin. Our guess—and it's only a guess—is that it would make an ideal substitute for a shillelagh in a Dublin pub, or any pub for that matter, in settling the profound arguments that arise so often in such an atmosphere.

Viscount Elveden, chairman of the company that purveys the dark-brown brew, writes the foreword with a delicate hand. "We realize, of course," he says, "that much joy lies in the argument, but how exasperating it can be if there is no final means of finding the answer. . . . How much heat these innocent questions can raise. Guinness, in producing this book, hopes that it may assist in resolving many such disputes, and may we hope turn heat into light."

We have witnessed this heat on many occasions, but none stands out in our mind so vividly as the time we tried to find the tallest man in the world for the television show *I've Got a Secret.* Putting a show like this one together was no easy or laughing matter. Every secret had to be checked a thousand ways, since there is nothing more tempting to a television audience than trying to find a mistake on the air.

Without the Guinness book for a guide, locating the tallest man in the world became a task as mammoth as the object of the search. For it turned out that no one really *knew* who the tallest man was and circuses and sideshows were all claiming the honor for their own giant. What's more, they were very sensitive about letting anyone measure their people, presumably because some other show might come up with someone half an inch taller.

The man we finally found was tall enough to satisfy anyone, and his claim wasn't disputed. From the Guinness book, however, you can learn that the anthropoid remains of twelve-foot-tall giants have been found in the limestone caves of the Kwangsi Province of China, and are firmly traced to the extinct ape Gigantopithecus of the Middle Pleistocene period (*ca.* 500,000 B.C.). They were contemporary with Peking man Sinanthropus pekinensis). Now what could be more gratifying, more artful, and more satisfying than rattling off that sentence in the country club lounge, the Pig and Thistle pub, or around the pot-bellied stove in the general store?

On the contemporary scene, the claimant is Eddie Carmel, billed at 8 feet, 9½ inches, and currently in the hire of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

The tallest man in the world is only one gambit you can floor your friends with from the pages of this book. You might be interested to know that the highest recorded speed in a pigeon race is 93.55 miles per hour (in a 1914 Ulster Federation race of eighty miles that must have left some awfully tired pigeons). The record for consecutive rides on a roller-coaster is 303, set by Paul O. Anderson from 9:30 A.M., July 31, to 2:15 A.M. on August 1, 1962, at Playland Park, Council Bluffs, Iowa. The world record for nonstop talking, you'll find, is that of Kevin Sheehan, of Limerick, Ireland, at Dartford, Kent, England. He talked for 5 days and 13 hours back in 1955, completely eclipsing the women's record of a mere 96 hours, 54 minutes, 11 seconds, set by Mrs. Alton Clapp of Greenville, North Carolina. There is no comment from Mr. Clapp.

We do not recommend your reading this paragraph on a full stomach, but in the Guinness book you can find a few gastronomic records: forty-eight raw eggs tossed down by George Barham at Ipswich, England, in 1962; forty-four boiled eggs in thirty minutes by Georges Grogniet, of Belgium, in 1956; thirty bags of potato chips in fifty-nine minutes without a drink, by Roger McEwan at Upminster, Essex, England, in 1959; seventy-seven hamburgers at one sitting, by Philip Yazdzik in Chicago in 1955; 480 oysters in sixty minutes, by Joe Garcia in Melbourne, Australia, in 1955. Bicarbonate of soda sales in these years have not yet been analyzed.

Most interesting, however, is the comparison of early records with those estimated for 1971. Progress, if you can call it that, is moving in a rather alarming geometric progression. The human altitude record has moved from 17.62 miles in 1955 to 203.18 miles in 1963, and will probably move to 248,000 miles no later than 1971. And in only a few years space penetration has moved from 250 miles to 237 million miles (it may move to some 4,500 million miles within the next six

years). While the extensions of man's mind and skills move forward geometrically, man himself remains more confined to ordinary arithmetic. The one-mile run record has gone from 3:579 in 1955 to 3:5444 in 1963. It's expected to drop only to 3:50 in the next six years.

There is, however, great hope for those who would like to see the world's problems solved by force. The greatest man-made explosion, a mere twenty megatons in 1955, was some fifty-seven megatons in 1963. And by 1971 this will be almost doubled, to a comforting 100 megatons. At that point, there may arise a question of whether there will be any world's records left to bother about.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1650)

(Rosamond) Lehmann:
(The) Ballad and the Source
(Suggested by Mrs. Irene Jacobi)

Lots of freak-fair schoolgirls do a transformation scene round about my age. One evening they lay their nauseating forms down upon their truckle beds, resigned to another hopeless dawn; next morning they wake up and hey presto! They're mysteriously beautiful.

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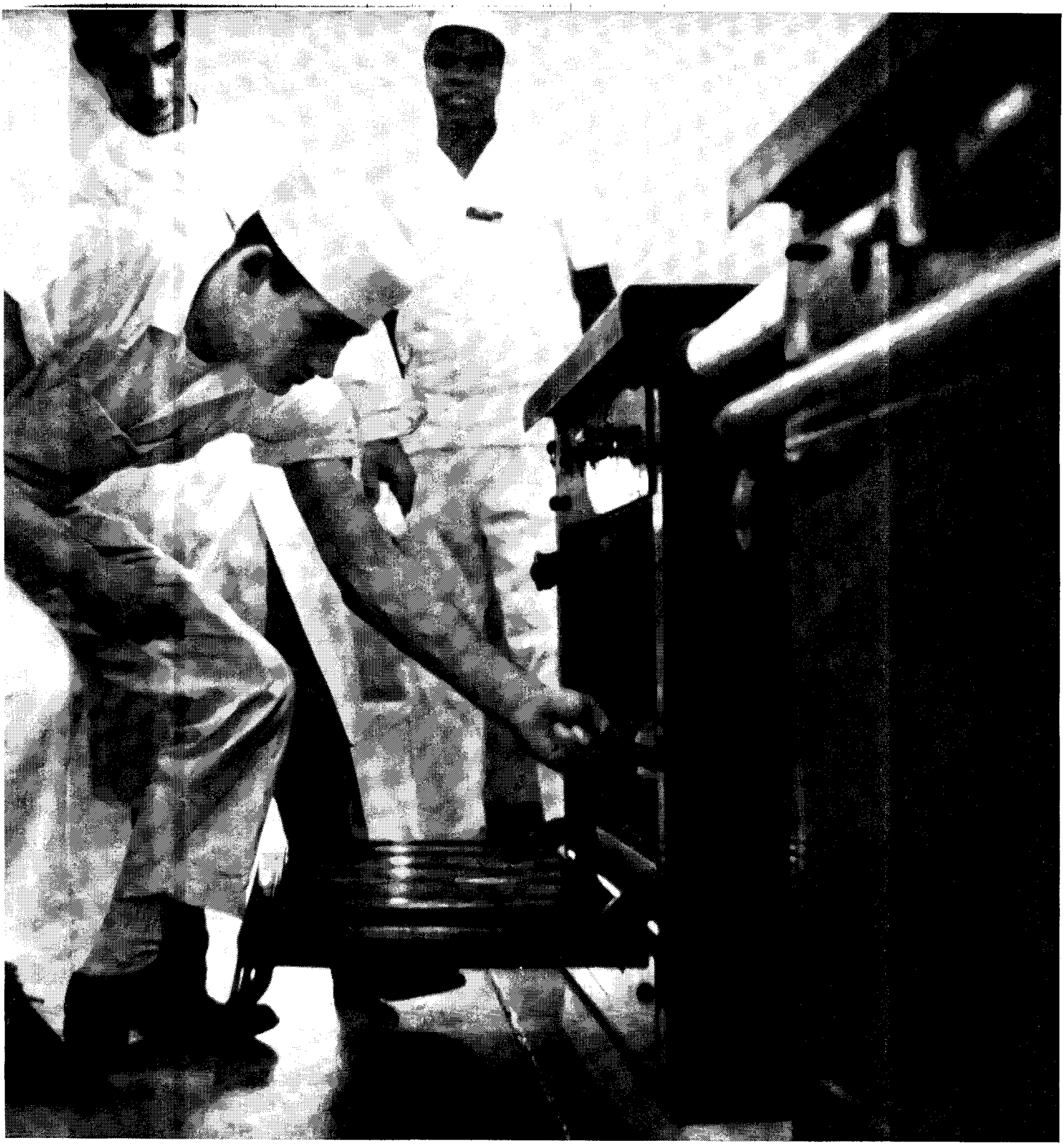

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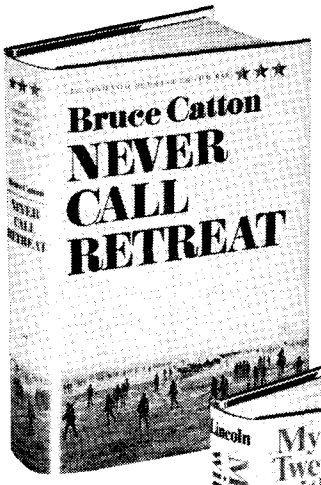

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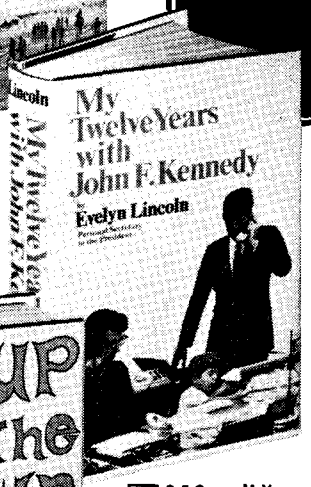

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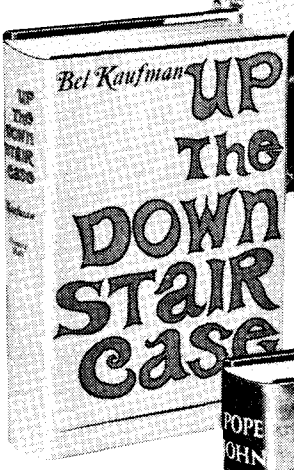

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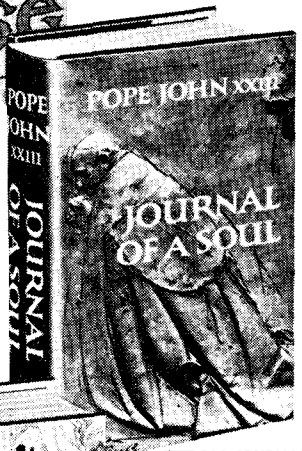

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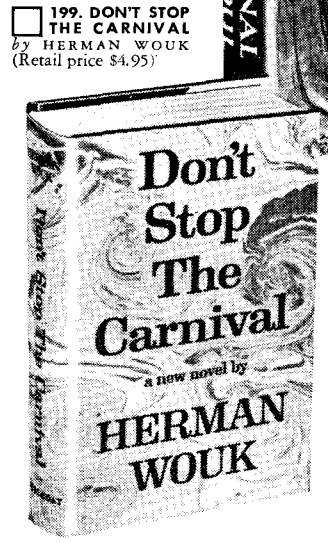

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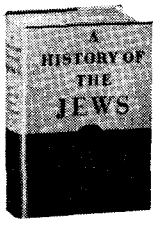

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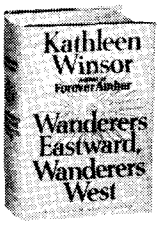

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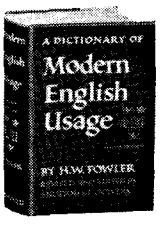

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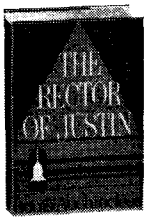

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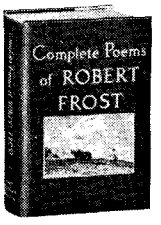

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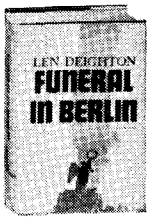

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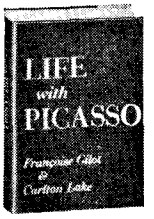

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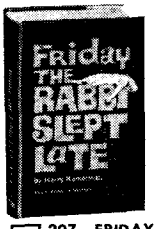

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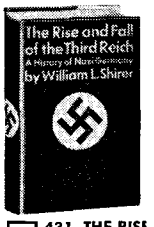

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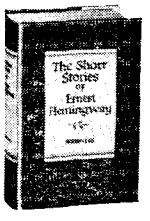

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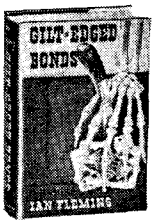

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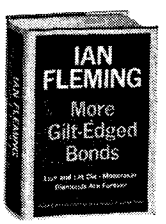

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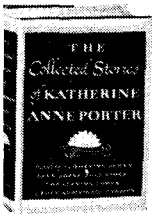

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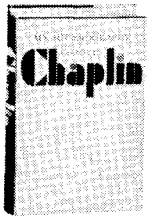

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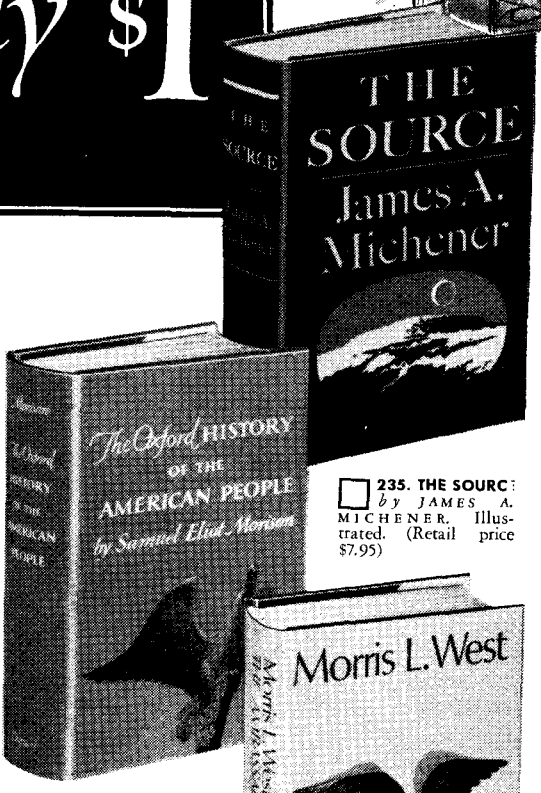

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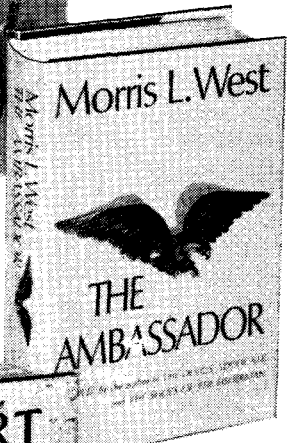

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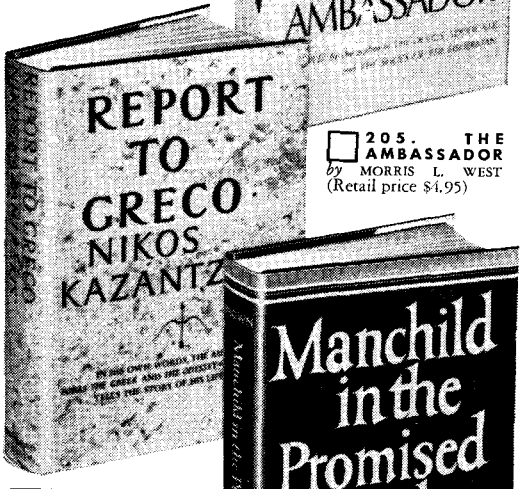

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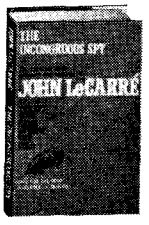

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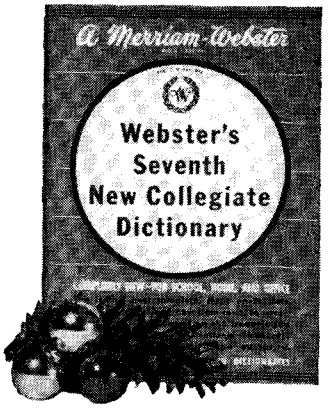

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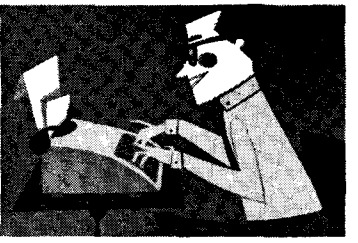

Television Vagaries

HAVE a statistic: *OK, Crackerby,* a television program on the ABC network, has a Nielsen rating of 15.7 and stands seventy-first among all the 102 prime evening time shows on the three networks. The show has been canceled.

Have another statistic:

The new Nielsen network ratings place NBC first with 19.2, CBS second with 19.0, and ABC third with 16.8.

Being seventy-first out of a total of 102 is quite a way down and you can't fault a network which goes for that ridiculous yardstick for canceling it. But to be third out of a total of three is low enough to make a lot of crests fall over at ABC. They fire *OK, Crackerby,* the richest man in the world, because his rating is a poor 15.7 when, for Pete's sake, the whole ABC network has only 16.8. Another point or two and Crackerby would have been doing his ABC show from NBC. It would serve them right if Crackerby got on the phone and bought out the whole ABC network just to teach them good manners.

The latest Nielsen statistics are more preoccupied with the overall picture of the three networks than with the ratings of individual programs. They've come up with a rather shattering figure: Last year there were 28,000,000 homes watching television; this year there are 27,000,000. And now, instead of listening to the actors offering excuses for their low ratings, we hear the network executives screaming.

The CBS man is quoted glibly saying it isn't that the ratings this year are low; it's just that the ratings last year were abnormally high. The NBC man says with a straight face that the low rating this year reflected a technical improvement in Nielsen's audience measurement sample. The ABC man in a *Herald Tribune* quote blames it on the Pope. He says that his Holiness on his visit to New York pre-empted *Jesse James* and *The Farmer's Daughter.*

These statements will give you an idea of the hysteria now rampant in the ramparts of the networks. It even brought a speech from Mr. Vincent T. Wasilewski, an industry spokesman. "No one contends," he proclaimed, "that you can turn on your set and find a superb program running at all times. Yet I think the quality, considering the volume of programing, is quite respectable." Mr. Wasilewski obviously has an old set which still gets *Philco Playhouse, Kukla, Fran, and Ollie,* and *Studio One.*

Mr. W. (I'm only permitted two columns) goes on to say that the critics of TV are criticizing it "for failing to function as father, mother, educator, clergyman, babysitter, sociologist, psychiatrist, and elevator of tastes." That's not a nice way to speak of My Psychiatrist, the TV Set. As for TV's not being an "elevator of taste," Mr. W. surely must know elevators also go up.

During its short span as a mass medium TV has meant different things to different people. In the early days, known in TV circles as the Paddy Chayefsky era, the hour-long plays had a story to tell and something of significance to say. Advertisers began to feel that TV was Too Verbose. TV playwrights began to feel they were Too Verboten. So along came the hour-long gangster shows and TV became Too Violent. Newton Minow entered the scene and said television was a wasteland and Too Vast. So the networks got busy cleaning out some of the bugs because the medium had become Too Verminous.

The variety shows sprang into being and TV became Tortuous Vaudeville. Following that came the Westerns—and TV was filled with Tall Vaqueros. Next the doctors came on to the TV scene and it became Too Visceral. By this time the dramatic hour-long show had been watered down to the sanctity of the home screen and it became Too Vacuous. Also Too Virginal. Which brought on *Peyton Place,* which many have criticized as being Too Vulgar.

The late night shows brought in the Tête-à-tête Vigils. Color came to TV slowly and now it's Too Variegated. Enter *Bewitched* and TV went Totally Voodoo. The rating systems are being regarded as Technically Vital when in truth they are Tediously Vague and the cause of Television's Vapidity.

As long as TV is Terrifically Voracious it will be Temptingly Vulnerable to Tremendous Villification. It's up to Top VIP's to stop groveling before a decimal in the Nielsen and hearken to the Tumultuous Vox populi.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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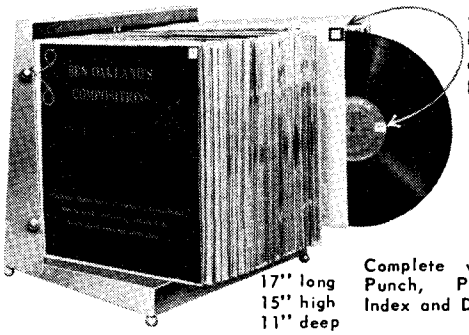

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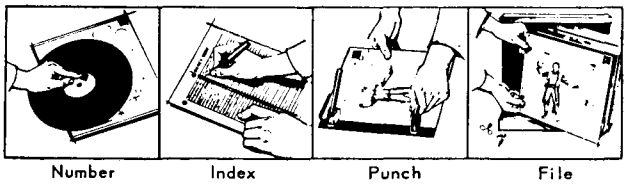

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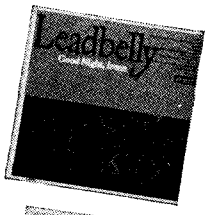

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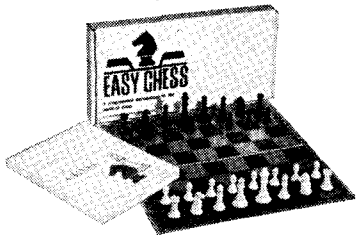

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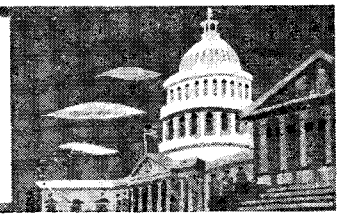
State of Affairs



New Face at the U.N.

THE ROCKING CHAIR has always been an instrument of repose, of relaxation. As such, President Kennedy made it respectable for statesmen. But to Arthur Goldberg, who followed the late Adlai Stevenson as Ambassador to the United Nations, it is more like a rocking horse. He, too, is a rocking chair devotée—as anyone quickly sees who has ever gone to call on him in his office—but I have never seen anyone treat it the way he does. The impression is of one riding a race horse that is about to be given the spurs for the next obstacle. If nothing else, this betrays an immense reservoir of impatient energies, a characteristic that can certainly do him no harm in his job of being, among other things, ambassador to 117 countries.

Leaving his cloistered life on the highest bench in the land for one of the least sheltered diplomatic assignments came to him easier than most had expected, especially since it was a task made no simpler by circumstances akin to President Johnson's own when suddenly he succeeded President Kennedy. Stevenson was a world figure, an elder statesman, a phrase-maker, an orator of style. Goldberg, in contrast, was a virtual unknown abroad. He is not of aristocratic stamp as Stevenson was, but the son of an immigrant peddler who had made good. And he is therefore far more in character with the Johnson era, though it was Kennedy who originally brought him into government service.

Goldberg lacks the elegance of the Stevenson manner. Instead of the silver tongue there is a broad Chicago accent; instead of the polished speaker there is a tendency to long-windedness. But although he has never sought political office he has already shown himself in many ways to be an astute politician and diplomat. Stevenson, on the other hand, had more the attributes of a diplomat and statesman, but because he had had such an intense political past he drew many detractors in Washington. He never got much more than a superficial hearing from either President Kennedy or President Johnson. Mr. Goldberg, who accepted his job only after the most insistent urging by the President, should have more leverage in Washington, and this, in the end, is what establishes the prestige of an ambassador.

Perhaps the most important experience he has brought to his new job is his practice as an industrial negotiator, a carryover from the days when as a trade union lawyer he fought many a hard fight with industry. Yet it is just this valuable experience that could trip him up. He may overrate his talents as a conciliator; he may see the possibilities for compromise where none exist. In labor negotiations, however long and difficult the wrangling, there is always final agreement. Not so in diplomacy, where one has to carry on frequently without agreement (and this is particularly true in the United Nations).

But what seems to be fresh in Goldberg's approach to the United Nations—and this attitude may have been born in the fire of battle over Article 19—is that he doesn't believe a United States resolution must necessarily always succeed; compromises are sometimes in order, he believes, so long as basic principles are not prejudiced. Thus, for instance, he accepted the watering down of a resolution condemning anti-Semitism when he realized that it would be a Herculean task to get enough support for it.

His first great opportunity to prove his talents as a negotiator came with the outbreak of the Indo-Pakistani war. He provided the foundation for the resolution that brought about the cease-fire and it was one of those rare and agreeable occasions when the United States and the Soviet Union found themselves on the same side. Since then, though, with the dangers of continued war lessened, each side has again been influenced by its own convictions—the Soviet Union by its insistence on curbing the peace-keeping functions of the United Nations and the United States by its desire to strengthen them—so that the Secretary General may retain a free hand to intervene if necessary.

At the very start Mr. Goldberg adroitly led the American retreat from Article 19 and the ill-conceived attempt by the U.S. to force a showdown with the Soviet Union and France over nonpayment of their end of the peace-keeping dues. Despite the retreat, the United States rightly continues to adhere to the principle that the U.N. and its Secretary General both be allowed, if necessary, to play independent roles to keep the peace. It is a problem very close to Mr. Goldberg's heart. It is here that he is searching avidly for a compromise solution. But the Soviet Union ideologically has always been against any sort of supranationalism, as is General de Gaulle. The chances for a compromise are therefore very slender indeed. Already the Soviet Union is seeking to curtail and reduce the role of the United Nations in the policing of the cease-fire along the India-Pakistan border.

Does this mean that the lack of funds will reduce the United Nations to a hollow and static conference machine? Will it make blue-helmeted fire brigade actions, which are not likely to diminish, increasingly more difficult? Mr. Goldberg does not think so. He believes that if the U.N. is backed against the wall the West will provide whatever funds are needed, no matter what the Soviet Union does.

It seems, then, that the United Nations will live indefinitely on some sort of financial brink. But just as the French vineyards continue to flourish despite the phylloxera disease, so the United Nations will continue to function with its financial blight.

—HENRY BRANDON.

A Wish from Us Sane People

By James Dillet Freeman

I WISH crazy men fit only into straitjackets
And not into dinner jackets.
I wish they all wore manacles
And none medals.
I wish all the mad were in Moscow or East Berlin
And none in West Berlin or Washington.

I wish they all jabbered gibberish
And had wild, staring eyes
And never spoke plain English
Or had cool, blue eyes like mine.

It would make it so much easier on us
Sane people
Here in Kansas City, Kansas,
Watching the TV or the ballgame
In our sport shirts with cornflowers on them.

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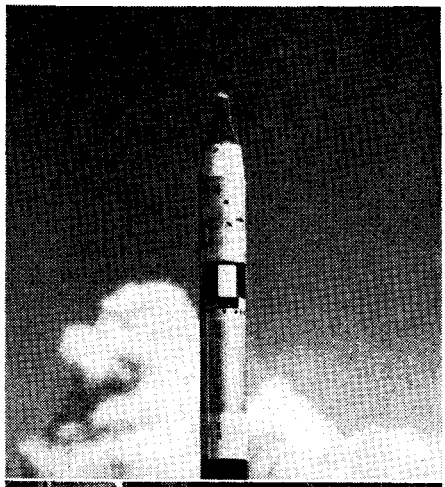
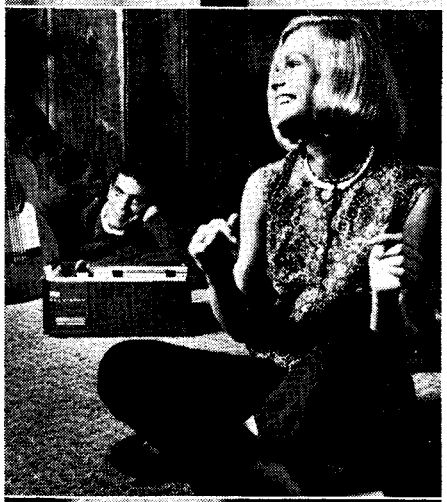
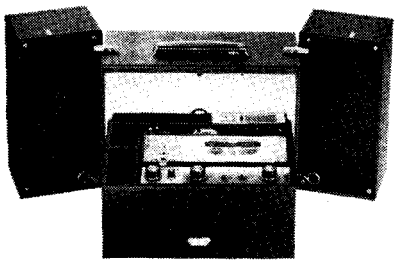


National Aeronautics and Space Administration



Relay I



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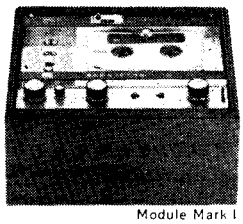
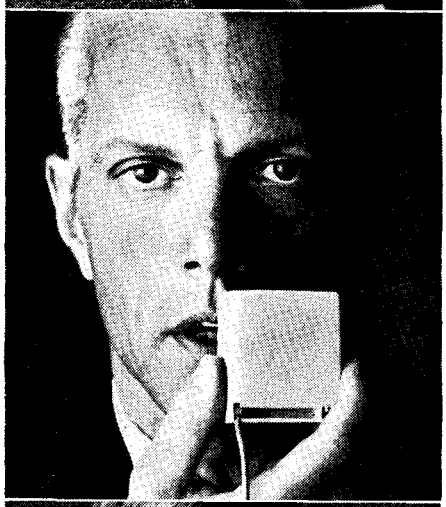
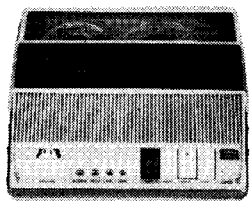
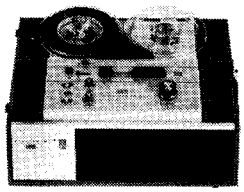


Module Mark I

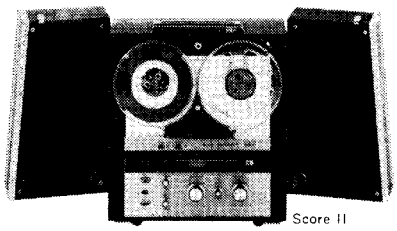




Tiros I



Score I



Score II

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1 *Just snap a tape cartridge into the Relay I or Relay II* and you're ready to record. No messy rewinding, threading or tangling. Solid State throughout (transistors have replaced tubes) plus the Space Age reliability of RCA Solid Copper Circuits. VU meter recording level monitor. **2** *Relay III* has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing-out detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound lets you add sound to previously recorded tape. Output jack for use with optional stereo headphones. VU meter. **3** *Here's the audiophile's delight*—the *Module Mark I*—a Solid State stereo tape cartridge recorder deck. Play through your own amplifier-speaker system. Frequency response is 50 to 15,000 cps (at 3¾ ips). *Optional with dealer for the *Tiros I*.

RCA Solid Copper Circuits are the circuits of the Space Age... they replace old-fashioned handwiring for better performance, greater dependability, fewer service headaches.

Five RCA Victor Solid State reel-to-reel models. (with a choice like this, why look further?)

1 *They're battery operated* so you can get the message *wherever* you go. They're also Solid State (no tubes to burn out). The *Tiros I* and *Tiros II* are two-track reel-to-reel models with optional 110-volt AC "battery saver" adapter. Complete with microphone, batteries, earphone, 3" reel of tape and reel. **2** *Score I* is a deluxe 4-track reel-to-reel model with big 6" oval speaker, tone control, tape usage counter and VU meter. Pause switch simplifies tape editing. Comes complete with 7" reel of tape, reel, microphone and auxiliary cable. **3** The stereo *Score II* reel-to-reel recorder has two 9" oval speakers, two 3½" tweeters in swing-out, detachable enclosures. Sound-plus-Sound feature, too. Or see the *Module Mark II* reel-to-reel tape deck—plays through your present stereo amplifier-speaker system.

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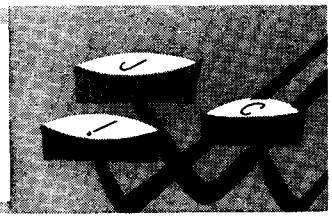
Manner of Speaking



The Strangest Thing Happened to a Friend of Mine: A friend with whom I was having lunch told me the story of a friend of his, a well-designed dress designer who liked to knit and to turn out stunning effects in sweaters in which she turned out stunning effects. He did not say, "Stop me if you've heard this one," or even "Have you heard the story about. . . ?" No, he launched his story as a straight account of something that had happened to someone he knew. It occurred to me as he rambled on that "claiming kin" (as my Missouri-born wife still says at times) has all but become the official way of telling a story these days.

For all I knew the story he was telling me had been made up on somebody else's expense account at another bar-and-grill the day before and had been passed on at the office water cooler that morning. Or it had been around for twenty years. Or it may even have been, as he claimed, the story of what had really happened to a friend of his, though with a few embellishments he was not inclined to label as such. All I am sure of is that storytellers have become oddly sneaky these days. They think nothing of claiming to know a person to whom the oddest thing happened to happen. Nor are these widely acquainted liars even mildly disturbed by the fact that the same thing happens to have been happening to Pat and Mike since before Joe Miller went to press.

A few months ago, for example, I had dinner with a judge who had just sent a man to jail for lying in court, and I'll be a perjuror's nominee for a back room at the county poorhouse if his honor didn't tell me numbers 17, 42, and 167 from the minutes of the 1778 convention of the Liar's International as things that had happened to his wife just the week before. Well, maybe it wasn't exactly perjury the man went to jail for, and maybe it hadn't been the week before, and maybe it was the 1804 convention, and, come to think of it, my friend was really a shoe salesman who had been in court not as the judge but as a member of the jury. But let me confess that I enter these qualifications timidly and, of course, in confidence. I am in no way eager to acquire a reputation for unvarnished honesty among my usually varnished friends.

Not, of course, that we ever believe one another. It would upset all conventions to detect anything like credulity taking place. House rules, however, seem to demand that we pretend to believe lightly what none of us would be caught believing seriously. Manners, after all, are one definition of a society.

All of which is a long way from the well-designed designer, though anyone who has come this far might just as well stay till taps is played over the body. The lady had visited Chinatown and had there spotted some Chinese writing so pleasing to her eye that she whipped out a Polaroid, photographed it, and went home to block out the characters on a larger scale as a decorative motif across the breast of an otherwise plain but definitely high-style sweater she then knitted.

The total effect of the sweater (pick your own color combinations) was described as "dramatic" until, at the party there always is, someone (the friend of a friend) who had been brought up in China as the son of a missionary and who had studied Chinese, took one look and let out the guffaw that always comes. The characters, in their well-designed row across the designer's well-designed breast, read: "This dish cheap but unmistakably good."

THOUGH, truth to tell, the man was not really the son of a missionary and could not really read Chinese. He was, as I happen to know, the lessee-operator of a gas station in Hoboken, he had come to New York for the weekend as a wetback, and he had overheard an immigration agent telling the story to another immigration agent as he was hiding from the two of them under Pier 16. Or it may not have been Pier 16. But he was obviously a quick-witted fellow despite an unfortunate background.

I suspect the whole concoction (except that it wasn't a gas station) of being related to a story told me by the late marvelous Fletcher Pratt, who swore that it had happened to the still marvelous Jeanne Vandervort, who even nodded in agreement during the telling—the fraud. Jeanne went to Japan on some assignment with just enough forewarning to get in a three-month course in Japanese. She arrived in Tokyo proud of having Berlitz-krieged the language and, knowledge being freedom, she made her way to a cab, got in, and said something on the order of "Take me to the seventh house of the street to which the locust does not come except by invitation."

The driver immediately got out of the cab, opened the back door, and spoke more Japanese than Jeanne could fathom, accompanied by more gestures than she could knit characters for. All she could think to do was to repeat the address, but that worked no better than before, and by now a crowd had gathered, all of it chattering and tittering in the throes of some mystery that was finally cleared up when a bilingual gentleman approached the cab.

"Madame," he said in whatever English you care to believe or to invent for yourself, "the driver is unclear and wishes to know why you wish him to throw you into the street and to command the birds to stamp upon you. He would be honored if you would be led to some other wish."

But to prove that fraud has no real standing, I can report a bilingual incident that did happen to happen to my good friend Silvio Senigallia, whom I recently saw in Rome. Silvio, now an American citizen but raised as an Italian-Italian, was staying on Second Avenue in an apartment house whose janitor was Italian-American. Honored at having the real article, and a lawyer and a gentleman, in his apartment house, the janitor introduced himself one cold morning when the steam heat had failed. "*Io sono il genitore,*" he said, "*e mi dispiace ma non c'è stima nelle pipe.*"

But in Italian "*genitore*" means not janitor but "father." "*Stima*" means not "steam" (which is, properly, "*vapore*") but "esteem." And "*pipe*" means always and only "pipes for smoking" and not "plumbing pipes" which is, properly, "*tube.*" What the janitor had said in cross-fertilizing his broken English and his fading Italian could only be translated by something on the order of "I am your father and I am sorry but there is no esteem in pipes" or, more pithily, "I am your father and I am sorry to say pipe smokers do not esteem one another."

Though maybe it wasn't Silvio Senigallia he said it to but Fiorello La Guardia. And maybe it wasn't the janitor who said it but a friend of Ogden Nash's called Al the Barber. Besides which Silvio doesn't practice law any more. Though it *was* in Rome that I saw him this past summer. And Milton Hebald, too, who is working on a life-size bronze of James Joyce to go over the tomb in Zurich. Joyce's that is. Or did I hear him say it was for Keats's grave in the Protestant Cemetery?

Which reminds me of the oddest thing that happened to a friend of mine who ghostwrites for a friend of mine named William Lederer, who . . .

—JOHN CIARDI.

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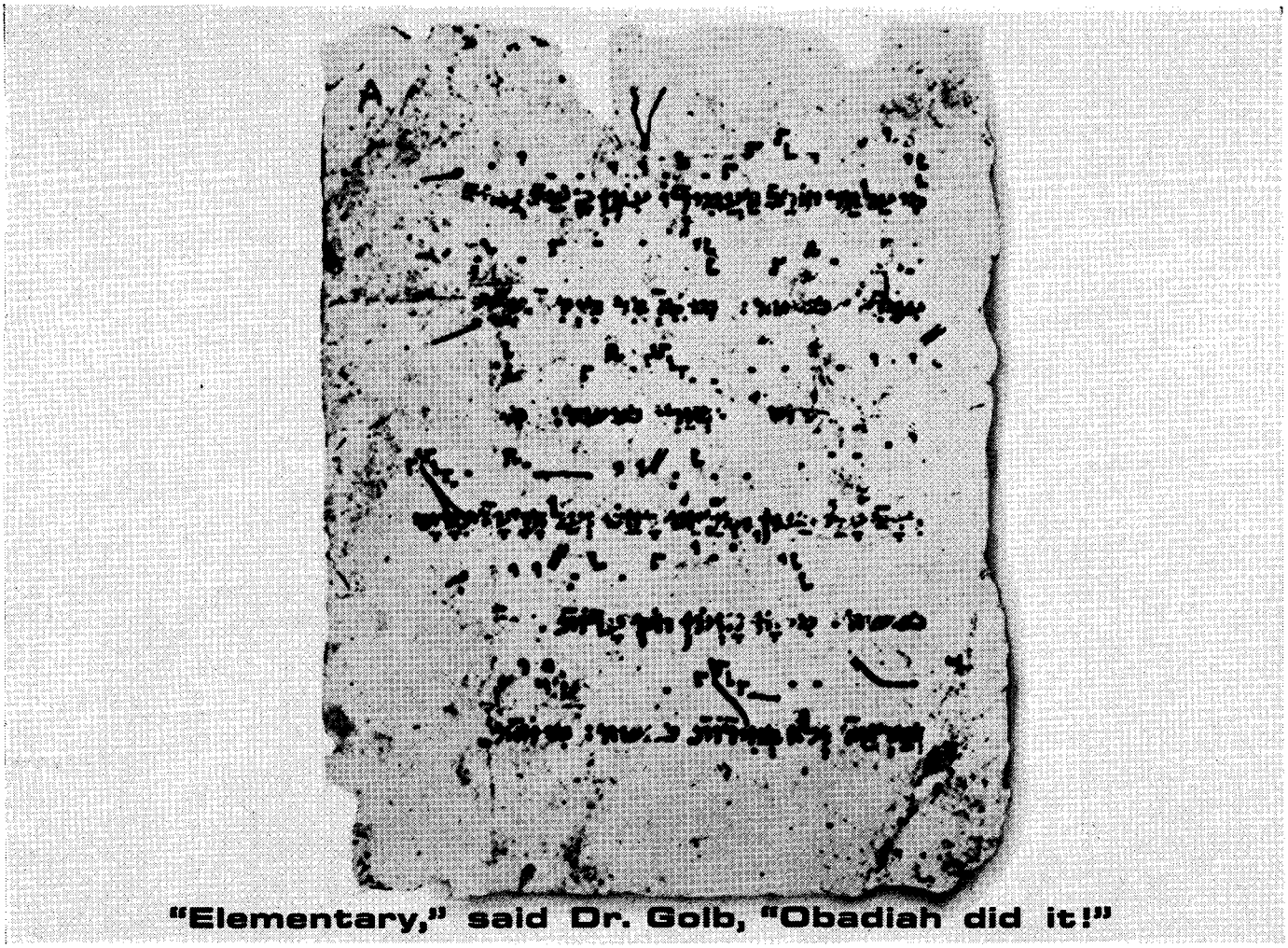
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



"Elementary," said Dr. Golb, "Obadiah did it!"

One day at the University of Chicago, Dr. Norman Golb, assistant professor of medieval Jewish studies, came across a picture of a rare poem. For almost fifty years it had been baffling scholars. They couldn't figure out whose hand had inscribed both eastern Hebrew characters and Western musical notation on a single page.

Dr. Golb, however, knew immediately. *The handwriting was identical* with that of another manuscript, one that concluded with the elaborate by-line: "Obadiah, the Norman Proselyte who entered the covenant of the God of Israel in the year [1102] has written [this prayer book] in his own hand." So, quicker than you can say Obadiah, Dr. Golb conclusively traced the 800-year-old musical notation to the Italian-born Christian convert to Judaism. Dr. Golb modestly says the discovery was "pure accident," but concedes that a certain amount of scholarship was necessary "to prepare for the accident." The University of Chicago Press helps make such "accidents" possible with books like these:

ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIA
By A. LEO OPPENHEIM. "Without question this *chef d'oeuvre* will serve as a principal means of orientation in the field for many years to come."—*New York Times Book Review.* Illus. $8.50

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By DONALD F. LACH. "A masterly summary . . . of all that is at present known of the West's discovery of Asia." —*New York Times Book Review.* Vol. I, Books 1 and 2. $20.00

Dr. Golb does his detective work at the University of Chicago's ORIENTAL INSTITUTE. *His account of the discovery appeared in the University of Chicago Press's* THE JOURNAL OF RELIGION, *April 1965.*

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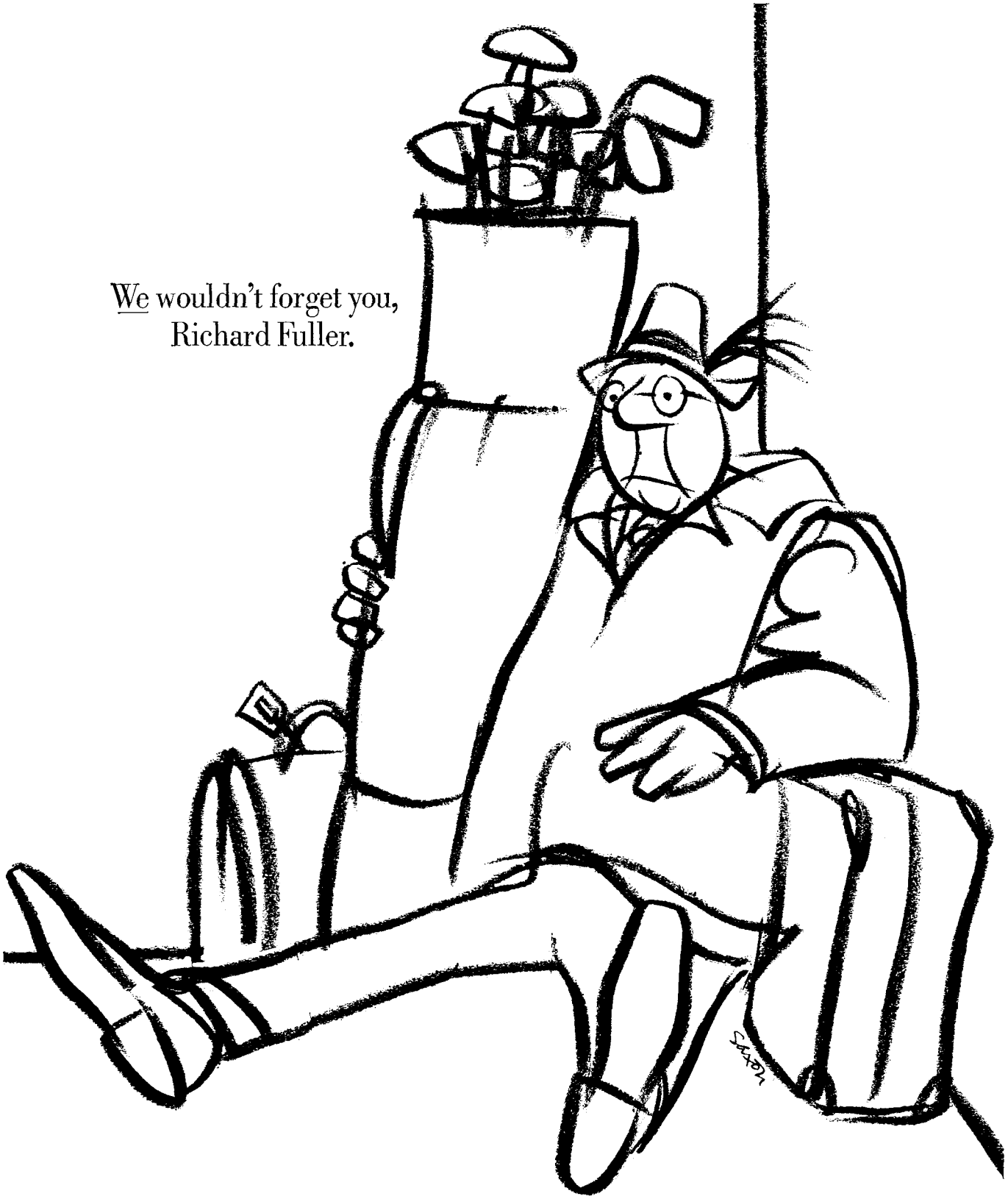

We wouldn't forget you, Richard Fuller.

We won't spell your name Richard Feelee or Roger Fowler.

Or lose your phone number.

Or forget you were first if there's a cancellation on the flight that's sold out.

All of which may make you wonder why we're so sure of ourselves.

The answer is simple. It isn't *ourselves* we're sure of. We went to IBM and told them we wanted something to remember you by.

And what they came up with (we can't resist mentioning the figure $30,000,000) was the biggest computer ever set up for business.

It remembers every seat on every flight we have. And the name, address and phone number of anybody waiting for a cancellation.

(And even the order they're waiting in. That's how we know you were first.)

You won't forget us now, will you?

American Airlines

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Saturday Review
November 27, 1965

EXTREMISM IN AMERICAN POLITICS

When Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., died on October 30, he left behind a towering reputation as teacher, community leader, educational innovator, champion of civil liberties, and one of America's great historians. He had written, among other works, "The Rise of the City," "Paths to the Present," "The American as Reformer," and "The Rise of Modern America"; had been a member of the Harvard committee that prepared the celebrated report on "General Education in a Free Society"; and had made significant contributions as a member of Americans for Democratic Action, the Commission on Rights, Liberties, and Responsibilities of the American Indian, and the Association for Study of Negro Life and History. The following article, sent to SR shortly before his death, is the last he wrote.

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

THE PRESIDENTIAL campaign of 1964 introduced the word "extremism" into our political vocabulary as a synonym for ultraconservatism, but the phenomenon itself is anything but new. Throughout our history it has lurked under the surface of public life, finding an escape hatch at more or less definite intervals. Psychologically the outbreaks have also borne striking resemblances, even though the professed objectives have shifted as occasion required. For these reasons a consideration of the leading examples should contribute to a better understanding of this recurring aspect of American politics.

Nearly a century and a half ago, in 1826, the abduction and presumed murder of one William Morgan of Batavia in western New York set off a wave of popular hysteria that became a force in state and national affairs. Morgan, a bricklayer, was a Mason who had written a book exposing the order's secrets, and widespread report instantly attributed his disappearance to retaliation on the part of vengeful members. When four persons were found guilty just of the kidnaping and got off with light sentences, suspicion of the fraternity's covert control of the courts, and probably also of all other departments of the government, hardened into certainty. Incidentally, the most diligent search failed to yield any trace of "the martyr's" body. The mystery remains to this day.

From New York the excitement spread to New England and the Middle Atlantic states as well as inland to Ohio and Indiana. Antimasonic newspapers and magazines sprang up to fan the flames. Traveling lecturers denounced the "hydra-headed monster." Churches expelled Masonic preachers and laymen. Many lodges disbanded; in New York State alone their number dropped from 600 in 1826 to 50 in 1834. The Antimasons successfully ran candidates in local and state elections; several legislatures banned extrajudicial oaths; and Rhode Island and Pennsylvania required all secret societies henceforth to reveal their proceedings in annual reports.

In the national arena, politicians like Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward in New York and Thaddeus Stevens in Pennsylvania, seeking to oust President Jackson and the Democratic party from power in 1832, seized on the furor to consolidate a nationwide opposition. In doing so, however, they injected other issues and wrenched the movement so far from its original purpose that William Wirt, the Antimasonic nominee, failed to condemn the order in his letter of acceptance. Though both Jackson and Henry Clay, the National Republican candidate, were active or former Masons, Wirt received only Vermont's seven electoral votes, while his rivals won 219 and 49 respectively.

The party then soon flickered out. The reason, according to a committee of the Pennsylvania legislature, was that "It envies the possessors of office. It is ignorant. It absurdly denounces as a mysterious institution full of guilt and blood a society of which . . . ten or fifteen thousand of our most useful, intelligent, and eminent citizens of all parties are members." Probably more decisive was the fact that questions of crucial national importance such as the tariff and the United States Bank had arisen to give the voters something more tangible to worry about.

Already events were setting the stage for a new exhibition of frenzy. Oddly enough, these alarmists saw no danger in mystic brotherhoods and in due course donned the cloak of secrecy themselves. Their fear arose from the large inflow of Irish and Germans into the United States in the 1830s and 1840s,

—Wide World.

A. M. S., Sr.

A Father Remembered: It seems peculiarly fitting that my father's last essay should have been on the problem of extremism. For his whole life was an act of faith in the reasonable and temperate qualities of man. This faith was always realistic: his belief in reason never overlooked the impulses toward violence buried deep in human nature and in the American past, nor was his moderation ever that of the man who cautiously seeks the middle of the road. Like the founders of the republic, he had a robust vision of a community of liberty, which honorable men must defend against those who sought to replace freedom by fanaticism.

On Friday, October 29, he put in a full day at his desk revising a manuscript he had recently completed on the state of the American people at the time of independence. He suffered a heart attack the next morning and died before sundown. His death was swift and gentle—the conclusion of a life of exceptional serenity, happiness, and fulfilment, out of which he had distilled absolute integrity and rare wisdom. As a scholar, he helped bring the common life of the people, their habits, beliefs, fears, and hopes, into the center of the historical enterprise. As a man, he incarnated a tempered and steadfast liberalism, skeptical of pretensions and dogmas, soberly, indestructibly optimistic about the future of the country he loved.

—ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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with the Irish in particular arousing wide hostility. As Catholics they seemed to menace America's traditional Protestantism, and as a copious supply of cheap labor they jeopardized the living standards of native workers. Rumors also coursed far and fast of "Romish" plots to subvert the public schools and even the republic itself.

The popular reaction was swift and tempestuous. In 1834 a mob burned down a convent school in Charlestown, Massachusettes, and later years saw rioting, often attended with bloodshed as well as incendiarism, in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Louisville, and elsewhere. Anti-Catholic lecturers and periodicals flourished. In 1836 a pretended ex-nun, Maria Monk, published her *Awful Disclosures* of imagined immorality and infanticide in a convent, which sold 300,000 copies before the Civil War. Even Samuel F. B. Morse, the portraitist and inventor of the telegraph, took up arms against Rome with his *Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States* (1834) and later tracts.

In the ensuing decade the nativists formed secret fraternal organizations to further the cause, such as the Order of United Americans, the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, and the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner. The last band, established in 1849 and the most militant of the lot, in turn set afoot the American or Know-Nothing party. The Know Nothings, popularly so dubbed because they denied to inquirers knowledge of the party's existence, demanded the exclusion of all foreign-born from office ("Americans must rule America"), a twenty-one-year naturalization period for voting, and the rigid separation of church and state. Aided by the nationwide consternation over the revival of the slavery controversy by the Kansas-Nebraska Act in 1854, and conducting no public campaign, they carried Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Delaware in the fall elections, also sent seventy-some supporters to Congress, and a year later captured five more states.

Exhilarated by these successes, the Know Nothings in 1856 nominated a national standard-bearer, the Whig ex-President Millard Fillmore, thereby bringing the historic Whig party to an end. By now, however, feeling throughout the country had reached such a pitch over the sectional question that the Know Nothings themselves could no longer ignore it, and it opened serious rifts in their convention. Although Fillmore mustered nearly a quarter of all the popular votes, they were so scattered as to win only Maryland's eight electoral ones. Another fledgling party, the Republican, founded expressly to curb the expansion of slavery, obtained a much larger popular support and the 114 electoral votes of eleven states. Though it, too, lost to the Democrats, it could look confidently to the future. The Know Nothings shortly passed into oblivion.

How potent a force they might have become had the sectional issue not intruded no one can say. Yet, as the Antimasonic movement showed and later evidence confirmed, such conflagrations in America have always quickly burned themselves out. While the Know-Nothing convulsion was still at its height, the politically observant Horace Greeley declared it would "vanish as suddenly as it appeared." And the Indiana Congressman George W. Julian, writing after the fact, undoubtedly expressed the sober second thought of the electorate in terming it "a horrid conspiracy against decency, the rights of man, and the principle of human brotherhood."

The next great outbreak of fear and hate occurred after the Civil War, this time in the conquered South. The remaking of race relations by Congress in the measures known as Reconstruction had distorted the section's traditional pattern of life beyond recognition. The slaves were now not only free but were voters and officeholders helping run the reconstituted state governments to the exclusion of the old master class. For ingrained believers in white supremacy this reversed the natural order of things and meant the region's "Africanization."

With no relief to be expected from a Northern-controlled Congress or at the polls, the aroused whites formed clandestine societies of resistance. The Ku Klux Klan, the best known, started in 1866 at the little town of Pulaski in southern Tennessee as a social club of returned Confederate veterans who for fun rode about the countryside after dark, masked and clad in white on white-sheeted horses. But when the weird proceedings were seen to excite the superstitious dread of Negroes, the members, taking advantage of the fact, visited insubordinate blacks and their white allies at dead of night to warn them to desist or decamp. The Pulaski example gave birth to imitators in other parts of Tennessee and in other Southern states, and in April 1867 a secret gathering at Nashville combined the units or "dens" under the name of the Invisible Empire of the South, with officers bearing awesome titles.

—Bettmann Archive.

Ku Klux Klan parade in 1926— At first, it was just for fun.

AS TIME went on, violence became the chief reliance. Victims might now be beaten, maimed, or murdered. Criminal bands, too, adopted the eerie disguise for purposes of loot or private vengeance. In Louisiana alone, federal records show that 1,885 persons suffered injury or death during the 1868 Presidential election year. The situation was already well out of hand when in January 1869 the "Grand Wizard" of the order decreed its dissolution. This action, however, only worsened conditions, for many of the dens refused to comply and the departure of the more responsible members gave the lawless elements full rein. Besides, scores of similar organizations had meanwhile sprung up, notably the Knights of the White Camelia, which, independently of the Klan, operated in the region from Texas to the Carolinas under the nominal control of a supreme council in New Orleans. The total number involved in these underground activities has been estimated at 550,000, though obviously the exact figure can never be known.

No other American extremist movement, before or since, has so brazenly defied the federal authority. Accordingly this has been the only instance (prior to the sporadic resistance to the school-desegregation decision of 1954 and the later civil rights acts) to bring down the might of the national government. In 1870 and 1871 Congress in successive laws empowered President Grant to end the societies with armed force if necessary and to appoint supervisors when required to assure Negroes full voting rights in federal elections. Soon hundreds of accused were arrested, United States troops reappeared in the South, and for a time the writ of habeas corpus was suspended in nine South Carolina counties. Consequently "Ku Kluxing" virtually ceased early in 1872. By then, however, the resourceful whites had learned they could frighten Negroes away from the polls by the mere threat of maltreatment. Later on, of course, when the South recovered full control of its affairs, they secured the same end by intricate election laws and the falsifying of returns.

The flare-up of intolerance to follow originated in the Midwest, being the handiwork of an anti-Catholic secret society, the American Protective Association. Founded in 1887 by one Henry F. Bowers, a lawyer of Clinton, Iowa, the APA reflected not only the ancient Prot-

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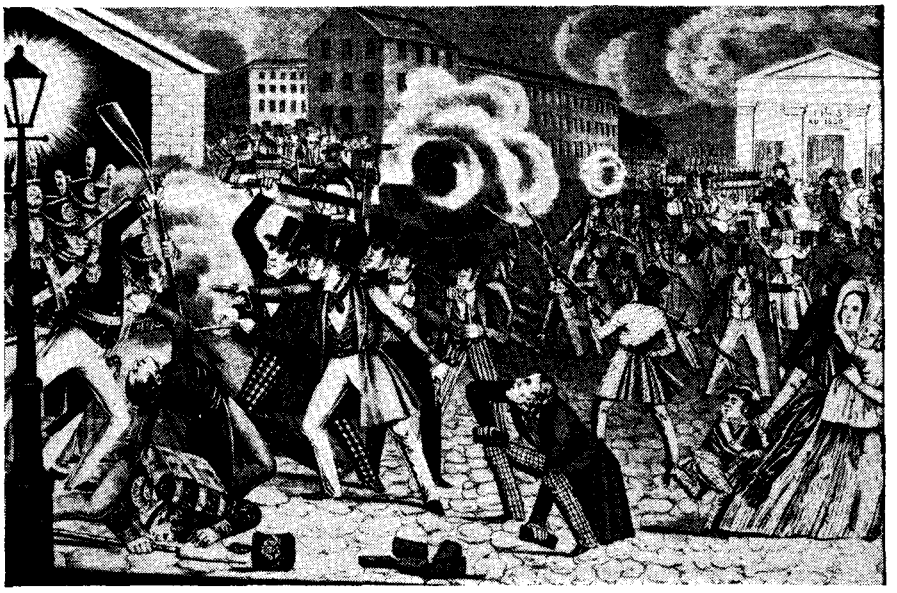
estant hostility to Catholicism but also, more directly, rural dislike of the rapidly growing cities, where the bulk of the Catholics resided, as well as urban resentment of the economic competition due to the mounting immigration from the papist countries of Southern and Eastern Europe. Every initiate swore to oppose "the diabolical work of the Roman Catholic Church" and, specifically, to hire or vote for none of its communicants or condone their appointment as teachers in the public schools.

As the membership spread east and west through the land, the principal features of the earlier Know-Nothing agitation were reproduced and expanded. "Escaped nuns" and "ex-priests" recited their shocking tales. Anti-Catholic weeklies and pamphlets whipped up passion. Forged documents, including an alleged encyclical commanding the faithful to "exterminate all heretics" on a given day in 1893, exposed Rome's designs against democratic Protestant America. A whispering campaign reported the collecting of arms in Catholic church basements. Mob violence likewise erupted, a Boston collision in 1895 causing the death of one man and the injury of many others. As a dismayed contemporary said of the APA, "In the name of freedom it stabs freedom in the dark; in the name of Christianity . . . it uses the weapons of the devil."

THE members as a rule operated within the fold of the Republican party, since Irish Catholics comprised a mainstay of the Democrats. Assisted by self-styled patriotic societies with similar aims, the APA helped win many city and a number of state elections, contributed to William McKinley's victory in his race for governor of Ohio in 1893, and claimed 100 supporters in Congress the following year. At its peak in late 1894 it probably numbered 100,000 persons, with the greatest concentration in the Middle West. By the 1896 Presidential campaign, however, the bitter strife of the major parties over free silver and Bryanism obliterated the "Catholic menace" from the voters' minds, and the order disappeared from view.

The first outburst of zealotry in the present century was a throwback to both the Ku Klux Klan and the American Protective Association. Indeed, the new organization appropriated the name and methods of the Reconstruction body besides being itself Southern-born. Established in 1915 at Atlanta by William J. Simmons, an erstwhile itinerant preacher, it pledged its members to eliminate from political life all but white native-born Protestants. "By some scheme of Providence," Simmons declared, "the Negro was created a serf." Georgia already had a record of leading the Union in the number of its colored lynchings.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Anti-Catholic mob in 1844—forged documents and shocking tales.

Because of the distracting effects of World War I, however, the resuscitated Klan made little headway until peace returned. Then alarm over the prospective deluging of the country by impoverished and perhaps revolutionary comers from devastated Europe caused it to extend rapidly through the South and Midwest, with strong outposts elsewhere as well; and in course of doing so it added animosity toward Jews to the older hatred of Negroes, Catholics, and immigrants. The anti-Semitism, long dormant but never before an overt issue, rested avowedly on a set of fraudulent documents of obscure Russian origin, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. These allegedly unveiled a plot to assert Jewish predominance of the entire globe. As regards the United States, a contributor in the Klan organ, *The Searchlight*, offered to prove that Jews were already engaged in inciting the Afro-Americans to a race war. He indeed avowed he had "never met a disloyal American who failed to be either foreign-born or a Semitic." Men so thinking turned a deaf ear when the *Oklahoma Leader* rebuked this "new sort of Christianity that would flog Christ for being a Jew and a foreigner."

The night-riding Klansmen in ghostly attire, dotting the landscape as they went with fiery crosses, employed threats, beatings, arson, and murder against their victims, white and colored, and these unfortunates in due course came to include upholders even of such causes as the League of Nations, evolution, and birth control. In 1922 the organization entered politics, dominating for a time the states of Ohio, Indiana, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, California, and Oregon with spokesmen in Congress. It wielded enough influence in the 1924 Democratic convention to deny the Presidential nomination to Alfred E. Smith, the Catholic governor of New York. A year later 40,000 Klansmen paraded down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue. At its zenith the membership supposedly embraced between four and five million.

As in past instances of the kind, however, popular revulsion to brute force and lawlessness set in, hastened by revelations of financial and other misdoings of the leaders. In Indiana the scandals sent a "Grand Dragon," a Congressman, the mayor of Indianapolis, and various lesser officials to prison. Even before this, legislation in New York, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Texas, and some other states had banned masked brotherhoods. Further evidence of the decline appeared in the Democratic nomination of Al Smith in 1928, and the same year saw the United States Supreme Court, in a case appealed from New York, denounce the Klan for "conduct inimical to personal rights and welfare" in taking the law secretly into its hands.

Of greener memory is the scaremongering associated with the term McCarthyism. This affair, different from its predecessors, was largely the work of one man operating from an important position in the federal government under the protection of Congressional immunity. As in the other episodes particular circumstances facilitated his success. The public, only recently recovered from the shock of World War II, faced with dread new perils to peace from the postwar aggressions of the Soviet Union on neighboring states, its acquisition of the atom bomb, and disclosures of several instances of Communist infiltration of the United States Government. On top of all these, America's springing to arms to save Korea

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from Communism brought the danger vividly home to every segment of the population.

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, hitherto an inconspicuous figure, seized the opportunity to exploit the anxieties apparently in a compulsive desire to win national prominence. Starting in 1950 he recklessly accused federal officials, high and low, of connivance with Russia. He charged that the State Department was knowingly harboring scores of card-carrying Communists. As chairman of a Senate committee he further assailed in public hearings persons of unblemished probity in the military and foreign services, wrecking their reputations and ruining their careers. When General Eisenhower ran for President in 1952, even that popular hero omitted from a speech a tribute to George C. Marshall out of deference to the Wisconsin Senator who had branded the army chief of staff in World War II and later Secretary of State as a party to a "conspiracy, the world-wide web of which had been spun in Moscow."

THROUGH the nation at large as well as in Congress, McCarthy, in the troubled state of the popular mind, rallied an impassioned following regardless of party. Though many people privately denounced his methods, only the bravest dared speak out lest they, too, be pilloried for disloyalty. In due time, however, the public grew tired of the cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" when not one of McCarthy's accusations produced a court conviction. Violations of the constitutional rights of citizens came to loom larger than unsupported allegations of treason. The United States Senate itself administered the final blow when in December 1954 it adopted a resolution condemning McCarthy by the overwhelming vote of sixty-seven to twenty-two.

What did this series of extremist movements have in common? Their basic kinship lay in the purpose to deny to fellow citizens sacrosanct constitutional safeguards, whether freedom of religion, speech, and association, due process of law, the right of suffrage, or other guarantees. It is easy therefore to regard the upsurges as un-American. But, had they really been so, they would not all have been indigenous in origin and gathered the strength they did. The truth is that they reveal an aspect of the national character we tend to forget: the presence of impulses and forces which, though usually latent, are never dead and spring into life when conditions prove favorable.

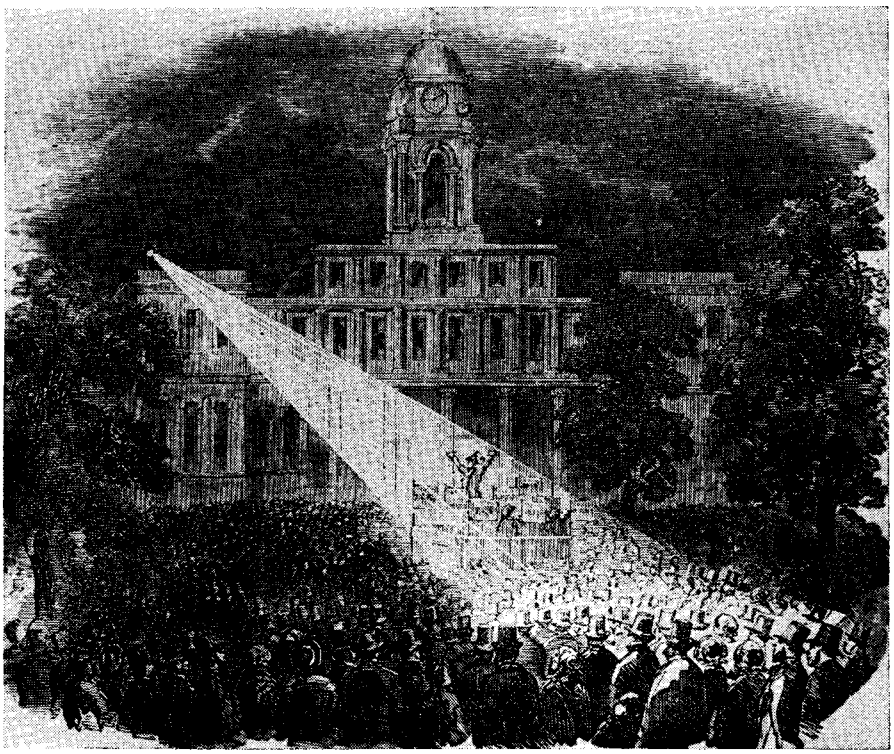
Moreover, those affected, however credulous they may seem in retrospect, were by and large well-meaning persons believing earnestly that they were fighting dragons that threatened catastrophe to themselves and the country. This gave many of them a dedicated sense of participating for the first time in decisions of vital public concern. As soon, however, as the cause demonstrated vote-getting promise, politicians cannily used it to advance their personal fortunes. Only two of the movements, however, generated national parties, and neither outlasted the single campaign. The rest bored from within one or the other or both of the established organizations.

The goals they sought naturally varied according to the special circumstances, but these were always unmistakably set forth, since people are more easily aroused when offered cure-alls for their worries. Xenophobia and Negrophobia received the highest priority. Ironically enough, the initial provocation, Antimasonry, made so transitory an impress that the later insurgencies commonly themselves assumed the form of oath-bound orders.

EMOTION was the mainspring of all of them. "Grand Wizard" Simmons of the second Ku Klux Klan undoubtedly spoke for the lot in saying, "The Klan does not believe that the fact that it is emotional and instinctive, rather than coldly intellectual, is a weakness. All action comes from emotion, rather than from ratiocination." With this conviction the leaders freely resorted to misrepresentation, distortion, and the Big Lie; and their overwrought followers responded by persecuting persons who offered opposition. Bodily harm and arson or, in the case of the McCarthy paroxysm, character assassination constituted their notion of serving the public good instead of the slow and (to them) highly suspect workings of the law.

These repressive movements occurred with a certain regularity, as though a people noted for hard common sense in day-to-day doings had to break loose from time to time when dealing with public matters. About twenty years separated the crests of the four waves in the last century, and thirty years in the two of the present one, thus suggesting that the intervals are growing longer. Despite these differences, however, the outcome was in every case the same, for each upon reaching its peak speedily declined, as if the public, surprised at itself, suddenly recovered its balance. Only once did federal legislation enter in as a factor. The United States is an undoctrinaire country, jealous for the rights and liberties of the individual; and if the testimony of history counts for anything, no movement built on prejudice is ever likely to gain more than a temporary hold.

Against this background the extremism of the Goldwater candidacy should be viewed. Superficially it surpassed all its forerunners by capturing the national convention of one of the two great parties and dictating its nominees and platform. The dramatic victory, however, resulted from the failure of the moderate or progressive Republicans to unite their strength against a determined and well-organized minority. The tail wagged



—*Bettmann Archive.*

"Know Nothings" at New York's City Hall—whispers and violence.

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the dog. When Goldwater declared in his acceptance speech, "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. Moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue," one of his unsuccessful rivals expressed the general sentiment of the party in sternly rejoining, "To extol extremism — whether 'in defense of liberty' or 'in pursuit of justice'—is dangerous, irresponsible, and frightening." The weeks that followed the convention saw massive Republican defections.

From the start, then, the new leaders lacked the broad base of party support from which they had expected to operate. Beyond this they confronted a difficulty which a knowledge of the earlier agitations could have helped them solve. They did not define with clarity the enemy they were fighting and thus denied their followers an effective recruiting cry. Goldwater, on the one hand, pleaded nostalgically for a return to simpler government and greater state autonomy and, on the other, demanded an aggressive foreign policy—two positions hard to reconcile. In addition, his appeal was confused by the vigorous backing of the John Birch Society and of the White Citizens Councils and scattered reincarnations of the Ku Klux Klan in the South. These groups, the first McCarthyistic and the others racist, advocated measures which Goldwater himself neither explicitly avowed nor disclaimed.

FINALLY, the Goldwater endeavor proved ill-timed. If these upheavals partake of a roughly cyclical character, as the evidence suggests, even a more ably conceived campaign could not have got very far in 1964, since not twenty or thirty years but only ten had elapsed since the previous eruption. As it was, Goldwater went down to disastrous defeat, winning only his home state of Arizona and five others in the South. Although these latter had usually been Democratic politically, they saw in his issue of states' rights a means of suppressing the Negroes' human rights. A polling organization, moreover, reported that three out of every four of the relatively few Republican votes he received nationally stemmed from party loyalty, not confidence in the man or his program.

The uniform failure of this procession of extremist movements, even when well managed, to make more than a fleeting impression in the past augurs that they will not fare better in the future. Efforts to intimidate or manhandle fellow Americans because of their personal or social views, or to achieve the same end through repressive legislation, can never hope to win the lasting favor of a people dedicated historically to the principles of fair play and the equal protection of the law.

A Talent for Joy

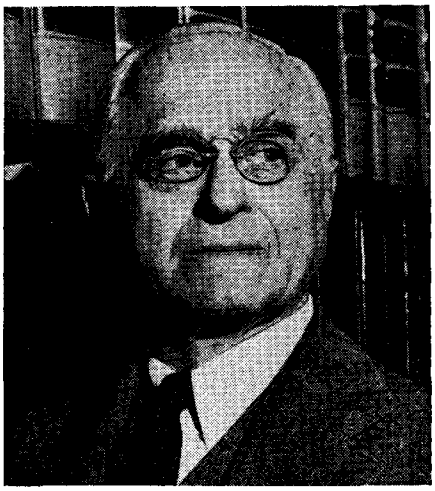
For Felix Frankfurter, Happiness Was No Accident

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE WISEST of the Greeks is said to have warned his fellow mortals to "call no man happy till he dies." Justice Frankfurter, whose impetuous Viennese parents ignored that famous injunction, was known to innumerable friends throughout a long life as Felix. And yet his history, if one rightly considers its achievements, makes no exception to Solon's rule. It was not until Felix Frankfurter died—not till his life could be judged as a completed thing, safe from its own vicissitudes—that any of us understood how truly happy it had been.

I do not mean, of course, that it was only happy, or always happy, or happy in all its accidents and chances. The Justice had his disappointments like other men and, like other men, his failures. His death was difficult and its sufferings—the long inhibition of movement and of speech—were precisely the sufferings he was least prepared by nature to endure, though he endured them. I mean simply that the distinction of his life, the quality above all others that distinguished it, was its happiness—not its extraordinary success, not its good fortune, its offices, its honors, but its happiness.

It is not, I know, a quality much considered in this generation. We regard ourselves as sadder, wiser men (in the modern world increasing wisdom is always increasing sadness) who have learned at last that life is tragic and that those in other ages who accounted happiness its crown were immature or ignorant or both. Even our own American ancestors with their eloquent talk of the pursuit of happiness as the ultimate end and aim of man's existence, leave us uncomfortable and cold. We have seen too much of the world's realities, have looked too deeply into science and men's minds. Happiness, we tell ourselves, happiness in an age like ours, is an incongruity to be left to children —or not, perhaps, to children even: to that innocuous, fairy-tale universe of television and of advertisement where all the words are wishes and only photographs come true.



—*Wide World.*

Justice Frankfurter—A belief in life.

But the fact is, notwithstanding, that it was precisely in an age like ours, because it *was* our age, that Felix Frankfurter's life was lived. And the fact is, further, that his life was happy in that age in the old, high, noble, classic sense. Which means, in the deliberate sense, in the conscious sense: a happiness well aware of the risks of happiness. Yeats described it: the happiness of

> such men as come
> Proud, open-eyed and laughing to the tomb.

When an insensitive man, a thoughtless man, an unthinking man, lives contentedly through brutal and blundering wars, through the destruction of civilizations, through a world-wide psychological collapse that opens cisterns of human depravity long sealed up, long forgotten, his happiness is an affront, a deformity that condemns himself and the society that produced him. But when an intelligent man, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, more than ordinary sensitivity and perception, lives through such a time knowing what it is he lives through, facing its dreadful revelations not in his mind alone but on his physical nerves, himself an intended victim of its most horrifying inhumanity—when such a man can live through such a time believing in life, believing in humankind, delighting still in his work, his world, his friends, his

This article is adapted from a tribute read by Mr. MacLeish at memorial proceedings in the Supreme Court on October 25. Justice Frankfurter died last February 22.

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country, that man's happiness is not ignorance or immaturity. It is not deformity or defect. It is not complacency. It is greatness.

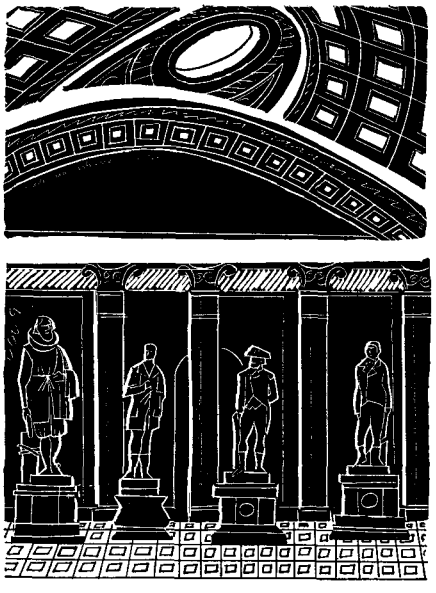
Felix Frankfurter's greatness—and we have not yet perceived how truly great it was—was of this kind. He was one of the very few who kept the belief in life alive in a generation that had more reason than any other in 300 years to lose it. No one, I think, will ever know how many of his contemporaries in positions of high and difficult responsibility thought of him as Landor thought of that fire at which he warmed his hands. And as for the young—as for the intellectual leaders and articulators of the generation that followed his own, the generation that grew older from one world war to another through those years of social and psychological disintegration that were once regarded as nothing worse than economic depression—as for the young of those years, not even the most intelligent of them knew what they owed to Felix Frankfurter. The greatest gifts, the gifts of courage and belief and hope, are no more perceived than the sunlight; they are taken as they come.

BUT if his influence on his time, certainly one of the most remarkable influences in the history of any country, cannot be measured or defined, it can be talked of. Most men who profoundly influence the minds of others reach them as writers or as speakers, as political orators or as university lecturers or as judges of high courts with a gift like that of Mr. Justice Holmes for making the interpretation of a nation's laws interpret its nature or as novelists or even poets—a Herman Melville who can show us the white whale itself or a Robert Frost who can put words in our mouths (and in our minds) whether we like them or not. Felix Frankfurter was none of these. Or rather he was all of them—all, that is, but novelist and poet—and yet his influence was something else.

That he was an articulate speaker numerous members of the bar recall. That he was a famous dialectician in the classrooms of the Harvard Law School where Socrates was once the local divinity is a matter of academic record. That he was a brilliant journalist is notorious: his editorials for the Republican *Boston Herald* were surpassed only by his editorials for the liberal *New Republic*, and his *Atlantic* piece on the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti is as unanswerable today as it was when it stung the conscience of the Boston bar. That he was a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court is, I believe, conceded even by his friends, who were, of course, and over many years, his severest critics. But though all this is obvious—though he was an influential judge, an effective journalist, an exciting teacher, and even, on occasion, the tongue, though not the voice, of political authority—it is equally obvious that it was neither in one capacity nor the other that his extraordinary impress on the time in which he lived was made.

How then was it? That question can only be answered by looking closely at the man himself, and there Professor Isaiah Berlin of All Souls is perhaps our most instructive guide. Speaking of Mr. Frankfurter's year as a visiting professor at Oxford in 1934, Sir Isaiah describes the unsuccessful attempts of the great and the near-great to lionize him "as a man of influence in Washington" and "an intimate friend and adviser of the President of the United States" and then goes on to record the impressions of the younger dons—Berlin's own generation. "So far as I and my friends were concerned his genius resided in the golden shower of intellectual and emotional generosity that was poured forth before his friends. . . . Whenever I met him . . . he was the center, the life and soul, of a circle of eager and delighted human beings, exuberant, endlessly appreciative, delighting in every manifestation of intelligence, imagination, and life."

It is so, of course, that we all remember him. And it is so that he touched our lives and the life of our country. It is an unusual thing, I realize, to speak on an occasion such as this, not of the works of a man, of his deeds, of his achievements, but of the man himself and more particularly of those qualities of the man himself that must necessarily vanish with him or, at the latest, with the memories of his friends. But Felix Frankfurter leaves no alternative. Great as were his achievements as judge and teacher of law, his achievements as a man were greater. To rise from immigrant boy with no word of English to the most exalted court in the Republic is a remarkable accomplishment never perhaps equalled in our history. But there are greater accomplishments even than this: there is the accomplishment of a full and overflowing life.



AND it is that life we remember. What Justice Frankfurter gave his time was something more than intelligence, though his intelligence was vigorous and effective; something more than courage, though his courage was unquestioned; something more than affection, though affection flowed from him and love was the motive and the motion of his heart. What he gave his time was an enlargement of its human life. As long as we could think of him in his office in the Supreme Court, or his house on Dumbarton Avenue, or off at Heath in the Massachusetts hills in the summers, the world had an extra dimension for us all. Whatever we did or wrote or said was somehow more significant because he knew of it or might have known, approving or disapproving—a phone call late at night or an all but illegible note scribbled on one of those little squares of memorandum paper or just a message through a friend. What mattered was not the word sent, the reproof or the commendation. What mattered was the fact that there was someone listening—someone who cared not only about you but about the world, about the country—above all about the country.

For this extraordinary web of relationships that touched so many lives was not a web spun in a private corner for friendship's sake. It was a web spun in the world for the world's sake. However much he may have given to individual human beings—and no man ever left him smaller than he came—Felix Frankfurter's gift to the Republic was greater still. His constant thought, his constant preoccupation, was not merely the well-being of his friends; it was the well-being of his friends *in* that world of possibilities, that world of promise, which the American adventure had opened to mankind. And his first and last and continuing concern was the renewal of that world, the renewal and revivifying of the terms of discourse in which the hope embodied in it was first conceived.

Faith, even faith in the future of one's country, is not taught by arguments. It is taught by lives. And it was Felix Frankfurter's life that was the secret of his profound and pervasive influence on his country and his time: It was the man himself, the indescribable, inexhaustible, various, vehement, creative, understanding man who had the courage to be whole and happy in a tragic age.

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Sappho—Poet and Legend

By KENNETH REXROTH

SINCE THEY BEGAN in the early days of the popular education movement in nineteenth-century Britain, five-foot shelves, world classics, hundred best books have hardly ever included poetry as such, and drama and epic have been distinguished for the trashiness of their translations, because these collections are all programmatic—"the great ideas that have influenced the progress of mankind." I doubt if works of art as such do any such thing, yet no one would dare give his selections so vulgar and unimproving a label as "One Hundred Books That Have Thrilled the Ages." So we have a large collection of Aristotle's lecture notes on politics and ethics, and we have only fragments of Sappho's poems.

The greatest Greek writers, read in Greek, seem hypersensitive to us and possessed of a higher irritability in the medical sense; among us this is considered a morbid condition, because it has been cultivated excessively or pretended to by modern decadents. There is no reason why it should not be thought of as quite the opposite—a symptom of superabundant health. Sappho is as exquisitely sensitive to objective reality as to her own subjectivity and she organizes the poignancies of these interlocked realities with consummate taste.

Since we have only fragments of Sappho the size of Japanese poems, one short complete poem, and single words or phrases quoted by grammarians to illustrate the Aeolic dialect, is it possible that we delude ourselves with the Sapphic legend? If attention is focused sharply on anything whatever from which we expect esthetic satisfaction, a process takes place similar to the raptures of nature mysticism. Our own hyperesthesia is exacerbated; we become hypnotized; the object of contemplation, like a crystal ball, acquires a significance with unlimited ramifications. Is this what we do with the shards and ruins we call Sappho?

> . . . about the cool water
> the wind sounds through sprays
> of apple, and from the quivering
> leaves
> slumber pours down . . . .

is, just as it is, a most impressive poem. Whatever its original context, it is as moving as any similar poem in classic Japanese. How about "more gold than gold," "far whiter than an egg," "neither honey nor the bee"?

The two Edwardian poetesses who wrote under the name of Michael Field expanded many of Sappho's fragments into poems of great poignancy. The best was taken from a scholiast's commentary on a line of Pindar's, where the reference to Sappho is in indirect discourse, "Yea, gold is son of Zeus, no rust/ Its timeless light can stain;/ The worm that brings man's flesh to dust/ Assaults its strength in vain./ More gold than gold the love I sing,/ A hard, inviolable thing." Does the original justify this enraptured response?

It has been difficult to come at Sappho with the Greek. Nineteenth-century England swarmed with mediocre academicians and country clergymen, all in a conspiracy to prove to those without the tongues that Western civilization was founded by tenth-rate minds who wrote atrocious doggerel. Translations of Sappho, until recent years, have been fantastically inappropriate. Catullus, with Baudelaire and Tu Fu, in all the world's literature most nearly approach Sappho's special virtues. Catullus's translation of her lessens her intensity. Today a sufficient number of literal translations by modern poets may enable the reader of English to measure Sappho as we do distant stars by triangulation from more mundane objects. It then becomes apparent that we are not deluding ourselves. There has been no other poet like this. Wherever enough words remain to form a coherent context they give each other a unique luster, an effulgence found nowhere else. Presentational immediacy of the image, urgency of personal involvement—in no other poet are these raised to so great a power.

Both the ancient legend of a romantic, tempestuous life and the Victorian one that portrayed her as a schoolmistress of an academy for brides were constructed from her poems. We know nothing surely except the poetry, which, on the face of it, is the passionate utterance of a woman whose life was spent as lover and guide to a small circle of younger girls. There is no evidence that this was an institutional relationship, like the *thiasos*, the dancing school, of her friend Alkaios. He is obviously a doting professional teacher of chorus girls: Sappho's relationships are as obviously openly erotic.

Passionate love is the very substance of Sappho. In ancient Greece as in China, the love between men and women was of a totally different character where it existed at all, and seldom passionate. In most Greek poetry, however noble or erotic, relations between the sexes are institutionalized, whether Alkestis or the prostitutes of Paulos Silentiarios. Romantic love with its destructive potential is found only between members of the same sex. Sappho's poetry is not only intimate, it is secular. Myth hardly exists and is never the cohesive cement of institutions as it is in Pindar's lyric odes, which are hieratic, hierarchic, and impersonal. The idylls of Theokritos are court poetry, like the eighteenth-century French rococo poets who imitated him. Behind the flirtations of his deodorized shepherds and shepherdesses we always hear time's winged chariot hurrying near, loaded with marriage contracts arranged by treaty between warring dynasties. So Kallimachos was an Alexandrian Voltaire, one of a committee to construct the synthetic religion of Serapis for an atheist court. His one intimate poem is to a man. Erotic love returns in the *Greek Anthology* with late-born Levantines like Meleager and Isaurians with Hittite blood from the Anatolian highlands. Except for them, and a few passages in the choruses of Euripides, what we consider the proper subject for lyric poetry does not exist in Greek verse outside the fragments of Sappho and one tiny bit by the similar Erinna.

Central to the understanding of Sappho, as of Plato, is her sexuality. Critics down the ages have exerted themselves to deny this, most especially when they shared it. To judge by primitive song, legend, and epic, romantic love has commonly existed between members of the same sex, and seldom in the institutionalized relations between men and women until those institutions pass through formalization to etherialization, as in the court circle of *The Tale of Genji*.

Although women in Lesbos were more free than in Athens or Sparta, they were far from free in our sense. Sappho's poetry reveals the intensity of the hidden life of ancient Greek women. The curtain is raised for a moment and we see into purdah. For the rest, history and literature are silent.

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In the Human Interest

THE PRESIDENT of the United States and all the other heads of government have one thing in common: all have taken an oath of office to defend the national interest. This is their supreme responsibility. If all of them—or even a small number of them—should succeed in carrying out that responsibility, the result would be a world nuclear war.

When President Truman authorized the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki with nuclear explosives, and when he further authorized the manufacture and stockpiling of hydrogen bombs, he did so for what he conceived to be the best interests of the United States. When Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union proceeded with the development and stockpiling of their own nuclear weapons, they did so as a matter of stark national interest. When Mao Tse-tung decided to commit vast sums and resources to atomic weapons, he did so in behalf of the interests of Communist China. President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt, President Achmed Sukarno of Indonesia, President Castelo Branco of Brazil, President Arturo Illia of Argentina, and Chancellor Ludwig Erhard of Germany—all these are among the chiefs of state who would like to have nuclear weapons in order to uphold the vital interests of their nations. It is likely that they and others will attain that objective within a few years. When they do, the sum total of their achievement will represent the most fiendishly precarious situation ever experienced by the human race as a whole. For the existence of nuclear stockpiles and the means of instant delivery in a dozen or more nations will convert this planet into an arena of total dread.

What has happened is that the national interest and the human interest have come into clear conflict. The nations cannot do what they were created to do without jeopardizing human life as a whole. When President Johnson a few weeks ago directed the United States Air Force to proceed with the development of a manned orbital laboratory, and then the Soviet Union followed with an equivalent announcement, there was no difference in principle between this decision and decisions of a century ago to fortify coastal cities by building forts with long-range cannons. What is different is that contemporary instruments of warfare, if used, would become engines of national and world suicide.

The same is true of national disputes and ambitions. If the government of Rhodesia acts in what it conceives to be its own best interests, the result is prejudicial to the interests of most Africans. Communist China conceives the political complexion of Southeast Asia to be a matter of its highest national interest. So does the United States. All the major nations have marked out their own spheres of vital interest. The significant thing about these spheres is that no one has devised a way of getting the major nations to agree to avoid overlapping. The attempt to hold spheres of interest, or to maintain a balance of power, however essential and justifiable to the nations involved, does not necessarily contribute to the peace of the whole.

Meanwhile, nothing is more characteristic of the states or the nature of the human predicament today than the fact that not a single nation has put forward a plan for world peace. The nations, like the human race, will not be able to survive without such a plan, but this is not what has been preoccupying the nations. The nations are preoccupied with their historical concerns: national defense, national aspirations, national pride, national interest. It is not surprising that this should be so. This is the nature of absolute sovereignty. What is surprising and deplorable is that the people whom the nations are supposed to protect do not adequately realize that absolute sovereignty, far from being a source of protection, is a threat today both to their safety and to their freedoms. Freedom cannot exist without law. Law cannot exist without a form of its own, without enforcement mechanisms, without direct access to violators. Nowhere is law more necessary than among nations. Nowhere is it less in evidence.

The ideological conflicts in the world could be resolved today but that by itself would not create peace. Armaments could be reduced but that by itself would not create peace. Agreements to advance the cause of international cooperation could be concluded but that by itself would not create peace. If there is to be genuine peace, the nations will have to come within a structure sturdy enough to replace the present anarchy with enforceable law.

The wonder is not that the world since 1945 has been pockmarked by wars in Indonesia, Korea, Suez, the Congo, Southeast Asia, and a dozen other places. The wonder is that, considering the general condition of anarchy among nations, the main centers of civilization are still standing. To the extent that the United Nations has been permitted to function it has represented the vital difference. Of all the collective instruments fashioned by man for his security, the U.N. comes closest to possessing genuine relevance. But it has been impoverished by the nations it was created to serve; it has been subordinated to the individual foreign policies it was set up to transcend.

The U.N. is the proper place for the defense and pursuit of the human interest. It is the logical center for the development of a philosophy of survival. With such a philosophy, it will be natural and right to require that the chiefs of state be given the specific responsibility for upholding the human interest as well as their national interests. World peace will not be achieved by drift or default. The goal must be defined, the approaches must be accepted, the responsibilities must be fixed. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Looking Over the Water Crisis

DURING the controversy aroused by John Lear's study of the fluoridation of water, I exercised the reader's privilege of directing some highly critical remarks at him and at *SR*. Although I still disagree on that subject I believe that fairness requires me to tell you what a superb performance I consider your special issue of October 23 on "The Crisis in Water" to be—especially Mr. Lear's contribution.

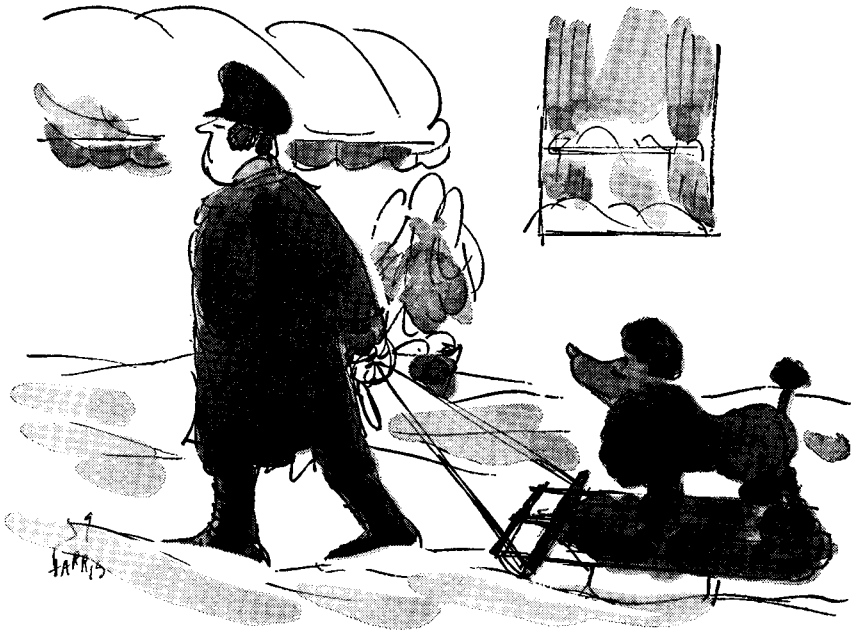
I have been a teacher, researcher, and practitioner in the field of water supply for thirty-five years, and I have not previously seen any popular discussion of the problems involved that approached *SR*'s in excellence. It clearly shows the man-made nature of the difficulties, and tells what may be expected from the various remedies and palliatives proposed, gently deflating expectation where necessary—for instance as Mr. Lear does on the subject of desalination.

The entire section should be required reading for any member of the general public who wishes to discuss the problem intelligently. Failing that, one could not do better than recommend that at least Mr. Lear's article be as widely distributed as possible.

EDWARD W. MOORE,
Lecturer, Division of Engineering
and Applied Physics,
Harvard University.
Cambridge, Mass.

THE ARTICLE "What Brought It On?" by John Lear in the October 23 issue contains several glaring errors on the water resources activities of the federal departments. For example, economist Kenneth Boulding is quoted as stating that "no flood-control program is able to protect a flood plain against the 100-year flood." Flood protection projects for urban centers provide freeboard of at least four feet against the greatest flood of record, studies of which consider all information available since the early settlement of a region. The frequency of the "design flood" is at least 100 years and usually greater. In some instances objections to the heights of levees and walls necessary to provide adequate protection are raised by those receiving the protection.

Elsewhere in the article the implication is made that there are few qualified hydrologists in the federal service because of the small number now available on the Civil Service register. Up until recent years, all technical personnel specializing in hydrology were classified as civil or hydraulic engineers. Over a period of thirty years the hydrologists in the federal service have made major contributions to hydrologic science and practice through official work and through writings in technical journals. If water resources planning in the United States has been far from ideal, it is not from a lack of technical knowledge but because of pork-barrel legislation and indifference on the part of the public as



a whole. Few engineers and scientists with the required knowledge and experience have exerted significant influence in the United States on the ultimate expenditure of either public or private funds. The final decisions are usually made by politicians, lawyers, or bankers. Engineers, who are technically informed, are usually salaried staff members and therefore unwilling to jeopardize their positions by publicly questioning policy decisions.

GORDON R. WILLIAMS,
American Society of
Civil Engineers.
New York, N.Y.

MR. LEAR REPLIES: *Reader Williams should read my report on the water problem again.*

At the point quoted, Professor Boulding was speaking categorically rather than literally and specifically. Later in the same quotation, which was cited in full in my report, he spelled out his meaning as follows: "It may be next year or it may not be for 100 years or for 200 years, but one of these days the really big flood is going to come, the levees are going to break. . . ."

My own reference to federal registry of hydrologists was intended to show only that hydrology, like oceanography and meteorology, is just beginning to be recognized as an integrated discipline of study.

A NUMBER OF US who have read "The Crisis in Water" want to tell you what an excellent job it is, and particularly to compliment John Lear on his contribution. . . .

LAUREN B. HITCHCOCK, Director,
School of Engineering,
State University of New York.
Buffalo, N.Y.

I HAVE JUST READ the article on the water problems of the Chicago area.

In paragraph five of this article is the sentence: "Six Great Lakes states would like to see the water Chicago now diverts from the lake returned as *unprocessed waste.*" This is an incorrect statement since an examination of documents in the present proceedings will disclose that we are asking the Supreme Court to require that Chicago return its *highly processed* wastes to Lake Michigan, in the same manner as is done by every other municipality on the Great Lakes.

We would appreciate it if you would print this explanation in your next issue.

FRANK J. KELLEY,
Attorney General,
State of Michigan.
Lansing, Mich.

Independence Fund

I WOULD BE either a fool or a liar if I said that if John Ciardi stopped writing for *Saturday Review* I would no longer buy the magazine. For each issue offers other outstanding writers who may or may not possess the additional intrigue of a last name with a tricky pronunciation. However, I will say without qualification that should Mr. C. find it necessary to ask for a raise in salary because Mr. Kyker (*SR*, Nov. 6) accepts his offer to pay his $50 fine—or because Mr. C. has paid any other fines he may have guaranteed in his crusade for the perpetuation of human dignity—and *SR* cannot meet this request without raising subscription rates, I will gladly pay a double, triple, or quadruple boost to lend my vote of confidence to the cause and also to assure the weekly delight of Mr. Ciardi's sometimes philosophical, ofttimes tongue-in-cheek, *many times* biting—*but always, always* provocative—thought and expression.

MRS. DOROTHY SHIPLEY.
Flushing, N.Y.

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Illuminating Designs

IT IS A happy event when, on rare occasions, a publisher undertakes the risks of publishing a handsome but necessarily high-priced album of sketches by an important scene designer, for certainly among the most treasured volumes in any theater library are Lee Simonson's *Part of a Lifetime*, Donald Oenslager's *Scenery Then and Now*, and the more recent compilation by Ralph Pendleton of *The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones*.

Now for the first time, the man who in an *SR* survey was rated by his colleagues as America's leading scene designer, Jo Mielziner, has at last furnished us with a portfolio of his sketches. Titled *Designing for the Theatre* (Atheneum, $24.95 until December 25, $29.95 thereafter), it contains full 8½ by 10¾-inch black-and-white and color reproductions of almost 100 sketches selected from the more than 250 productions Mr. Mielziner has designed during his career. This selection has not been based on mere surface beauty, but on the interest the sketches have for a person who wants to understand more about the relationship of settings to the productions for which they were conceived.

In comments that accompany each design, Mr. Mielziner reveals why he chose to do what he did, and frequently what he would do differently if he were doing it again. While he tells us that his designs for *Camino Real* were never used, one look at his unrealistic sketch reminds us of what he modestly does not say, namely that in retrospect the producer blamed that play's failure on its too realistic settings. However, Mr. Mielziner constantly makes apparent that that play's author, Tennessee Williams, and its director, Elia Kazan, have always been for him the most stimulating artists to work with, and he is equally proud of such settings as the one for Mr. Williams's *Summer and Smoke* (see cut), which failed, as he is of those for *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, which were hits.

What emerges most strongly from the sketches is Mr. Mielziner's supremacy as a visionary dramatic artist. Again and again he catches better than his contemporaries the subtle quality of light as it appears to the eye in a great variety of situations we have all experienced, and his use of shadow and of objects distorted by reflection is a poetic adjunct to the plays in which they are employed.

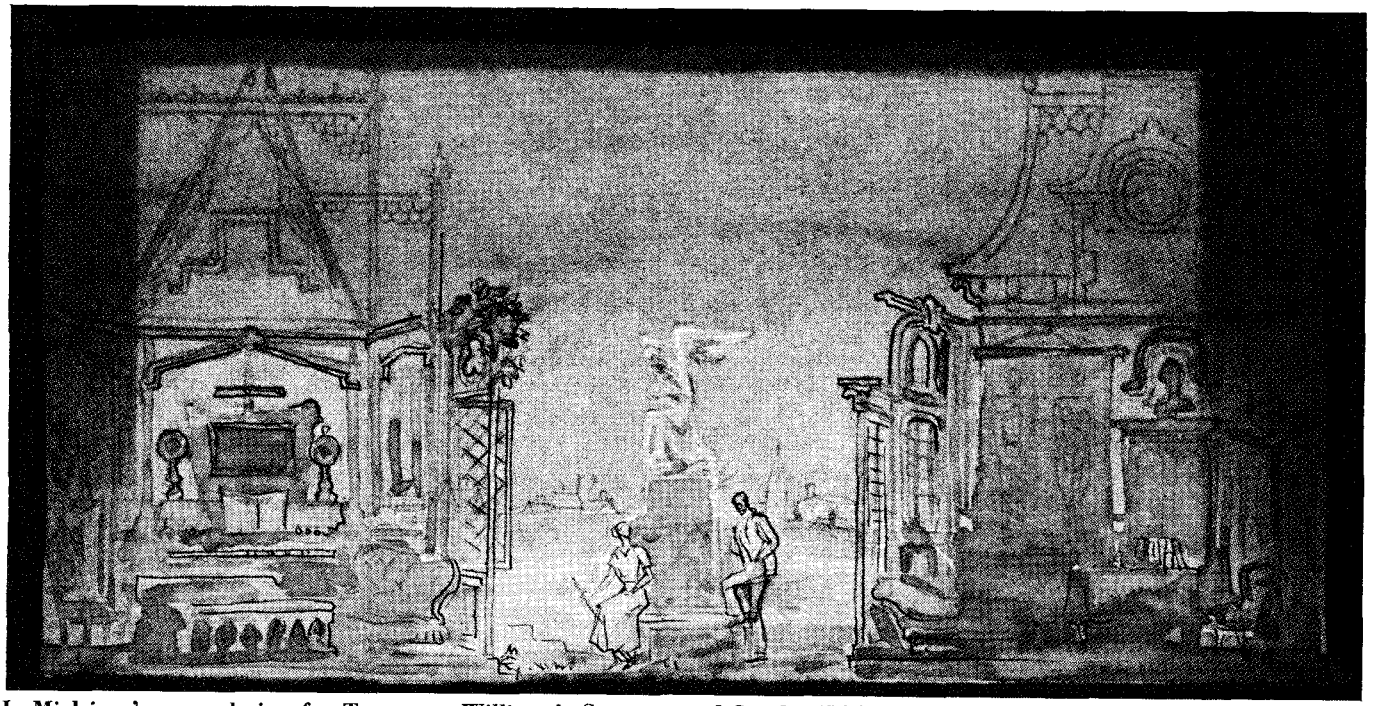
Indeed, Mr. Mielziner has been called by his distinguished colleague, Boris Aronson, the only practicing designer who knows how to design the scenery in advance with its lighting so as to achieve the artist's conception. In his introduction Mr. Mielziner tells us how, early in his career, Edward F. Kook suggested to him that he set up a room in his studio where he could see, before painting his sketches, the colors of his paints and dyes as they would appear under the actual light transmitted through various color gels. He also tells how inexperienced producers are often shocked at the unprepossessing appearance of some of his settings before they see them in the lighting he has planned for them.

However, Mr. Mielziner has extraordinary patience with tactless people, and knows from experience that a willingness to compromise is not only essential but often leads to even better solutions of the problem at hand. He has included in the book an edited diary of his collaboration with *Death of a Salesman* that not only demonstrates this but also constitutes a valuable history of the sort of complexities and hard work that enter into preparing a production for Broadway. Indeed, it leaves the reader with the feeling that many of today's theater practices should be revised so that designers, directors, playwrights, and actors could work more joyously and relaxedly.

Regrettably, if understandably, the book suffers somewhat from what seems to be an overgenerosity of spirit by Mr. Mielziner in assessing the people with whom he has worked, and while we appreciate his desire to lighten the text with recalled anecdotes, these often interrupt the book's continuity. Nevertheless, the album of sketches is stunning, and the text reveals the creative thinking process of a great theater artist whose orderly organization and self-discipline continue to stretch his talent in the direction of ever new possibilities that are built upon forty years of life-and-death combat in our perilous theater.

Although it is lightly amusing and

(*Continued on page* 47)



Jo Mielziner's scene design for Tennessee Williams's *Summer and Smoke* (1948) from the book *Designing for the Theatre*.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Fences, Finances, and Flings

LAST year, in the foreword to *The Horse Knows the Way* (*SR*, Nov. 28, 1964), John O'Hara announced that "for a while at least" he was saying farewell to the short story. *The Lockwood Concern* (Random House, $5.95), which is the first fruit of his new devotion to the novel, begins with an account of the great wall that George Lockwood, a Pennsylvania millionaire, is building around his new home. The reader may suspect that the wall is a symbol, and he will be right; and he will also be right if he concludes that the secret stairway George has built is destined to have an important part in the story.

But then one comes on this passage: "The main contractor, Robert Brackenridge, had a shanty on the grounds. In it he had an unfinished table, some camp chairs, dozens of tubes containing blueprints, fire extinguishers, first aid kit, a telephone, an army cot, a 16-gauge shotgun, several kerosene lamps, a small oaken filing cabinet, a Pennsylvania Railroad and a Prudential Insurance calendar, a water cooler, a board on which hung numerous tabbed keys, and a two-burner kerosene stove." Surely, one assumes, these details must be significant, and perhaps one tries to remember them. But neither Robert Brackenridge nor any part of the equipment in his shanty is ever mentioned again.

O'Hara goes on to draw the character of George Lockwood, who, in this year of 1926, is in his early fifties. He spends freely, but prides himself on getting his money's worth. In New York he says to his wife, "I'd like you to do me a favor if you will. Will you go over to Brooks Brothers and ask for Mr. Huntington. I'll write this all down for you. Tell Mr. Huntington I'd like to have half a dozen shirts. He'll know what kind when you tell him who you are." This is a dodge to get her out of the hotel suite, but he does need shirts, for he left home in a hurry; indeed, he didn't even have time to pack a suit, but that's all right: "I'll go to Brooks and get something later in the day, and if we go out in the evening, I always keep a dinner jacket and evening things at the club."

As we have already gathered, George likes privacy, and he tells his wife that good fences make good neighbors. He also likes women, and we soon encounter one of the women he likes. Furthermore, rich as he is, he likes money, and he is not averse to making more, even from so humble an object as a five-cent candy bar. More than anything else, he values social position, and later on he describes himself as "a complete snob."

To explain why George is a snob, O'Hara relates the history of the Lockwood family. Moses Lockwood, who was born in 1811, settled in Swedish Haven, a small community close to Gibbsville, capital, so to speak, of the O'Hara country. There he made money and won a reputation as a man of violence. His son, Abraham, made more money, married well, and had a social position, but not in the highest rank. His "concern," in the Quaker sense of that term, was "the establishment of a dynasty of his own line." His sons, George and Penrose, were to be the instruments of his ambition.

George's life follows a familiar O'Hara pattern: an exclusive preparatory school, a good college (Princeton in this instance), the making of money, and a suitable if not satisfying marriage. Here, as almost everywhere in O'Hara's work, money and sex are the fundamental realities. But George's life has another dimension, which is what the novel is really about.

Although his father has never specifically told George about his "concern," George has a good idea of what is expected of him, and he aspires to belong to the top social class. In time, however, he realizes that he will never achieve the degree of respectability he hopes for: his grandfather's alleged crimes are held against him, and there are other embarrassing episodes in the history of the Lockwoods. As he ruefully tells his close friends, he will never be a gentleman, but he believes that his son may make it. The son, however, George, Jr., called Bing, hates his father and will have nothing to do with him. He has the Lockwood gift for making money, but, far from attaining respectability, he is acquiring a noisome reputation. As for the daughter, Ernestine, to whom George draws close at the end of the novel, she will never give him the grandsons he wants. He can still find satisfaction in money and sex, but the Lockwood concern is as sterile as Ernestine.

We have met people like the Lockwoods before in O'Hara's novels: the Tates of Fort Penn in *A Rage to Live*, the Chapins of Gibbsville in *Ten North Frederick*, the Eatons of Port Johnson in

31 The Lockwood Concern, by John O'Hara
32 Letters to the Book Review Editor
33 One Thing and Another, by John K. Hutchens
34 The Lost Revolution, by Robert Shaplen; Our Vietnam Nightmare, by Marguerite Higgins; The Vietnam Reader, edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard B. Fall; The Communist Revolution in Asia: Tactics, Goals and Achievements, edited by Robert A. Scalapino; Vietnam and the United States, by Hans J. Morgenthau; Outpost of Freedom, by Captain Roger H. C. Donlon
36 The Unfinished Experiment: Democracy in the Dominican Republic, by Juan Bosch; Dominican Diary, by Tad Szulc; Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned, by Dan Kurzman
37 Lives and Letters: A History of Literary Biography in England and America, by Richard D. Altick
38 Break-Up: The Core of Modern Art, by Katharine Kuh
39 Shakespeare and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," by Paul Bertram
48 John Sloan's New York Scene, edited by Bruce St. John
49 The Gentle Americans: Biography of a Breed, by Helen Howe
51 A Conspiracy of Women, by Aubrey Menen. A Night at Sea, by Margaret Lane
52 A Backward Place, by R. Prawer Jhabvala
53 Criminal Record
54 *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

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From the Terrace, the Millhousers of Lyons in *Ourselves to Know*. These are all rich people, and all of the men and most of the women have extramarital affairs.

The five books are also alike in style, depending heavily on masses of detail, always accurately reported but often as unimportant as the inventory of the contractor's shack in the present novel. O'Hara's knowingness is impressive. If a character has lunch at the Fort Orange Club in Albany, the reader can be sure that that is where such a person would have eaten in the mid-Twenties. If another character wants his martini well shaken, one can be sure that that was permissible at the time. If O'Hara says that "big shot" was new in the late Twenties, one can take his word for it. (The earliest citation in Wentworth and Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang* is dated 1930.) But what does all this knowledge do for his novels? Not much.

In any case I wonder why, having told the stories of the Tates and the Chapins and the others, O'Hara should be fascinated by the story of the Lockwoods. Except possibly in their sex lives, they are dull people. In his years of disillusionment George becomes a somewhat complex person, but this means only that he is less dull at the end that at the beginning. (His father, on the contrary, is more interesting at the outset of his life, when he is nicknamed "Stud Horse," than he is at the close.) There is no such thing as a good subject or a bad subject for a novel; everything depends on what the novelist makes of it. If O'Hara wants to write about Pennsylvania millionaires, that is his privilege, and the sales figures prove that what he writes interests many people. But the more closely one examines his novels—as opposed to the best of his short stories—the more one feels that these particular oranges were squeezed dry a long time ago.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1164

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1164 will be found in the next issue.

PJO BWJ PQWJ BSM MQ DJR-

XJKJ IZBM MZJE RJBYM AOHJ-

WYMBOH.

PQOMBXNOJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1163

Free advice is the kind that costs you nothing unless you act upon it.

—Anon.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Black Dictatorship vs. Colonialism

I have not yet read Thomas Molnar's *Africa: A Political Travelogue*. Nevertheless, on the basis of the excellent review [by Hal Lehrman, *SR*, Sept. 4] I feel I must congratulate Mr. Molnar for his courage and perspicacity. His book cuts like a radar beam through the euphoric fog of American thinking on the underdeveloped nations and outlines the mountains of difficulties that lie ahead. . . .

Two years ago when I first came to Africa from USA to try and help in one of the developing nations, I was warned by an old hand of the disillusionment awaiting me. I had worked in Asia for years and was no rosy-cheeked young idealist but watching the slow disintegration and exploitation of the people has been a nauseating experience even for a hardened traveler. And it was all predictable!

What American businessman in his right mind would hand over his firm to junior clerks, mechanics and laborers? Yet, in effect, this is what the USA and the U.N. have pressured the colonial powers to do. The results are obvious. The clerk now rides in the president's car, lives in his house and adopts his manners. The mechanics, unable to read blueprints, are letting the machines fall apart. A few experts, Europeans or Asians, left over from the old days or recently arrived to help, try to prevent the disintegration but are overwhelmed by the task. The laborer, his wages cut by falling profits, looks sadly at his divided paycheck and multiplied family and wonders what became of the glorious future promised him by the men who now ride in the big black cars.

Is it any wonder that the white Rhodesians, viewing the chaos north of them, are ready to fight rather than hand over all they have wrought in four generations of blood, sweat, tears and toil?

There is little use in saying what should have been done. Idealists have demanded freedom and dignity for all men and they are right. But is it better to have a black dictatorship and economic slavery than a white colonialist master who knew how to run the government and was, at least in the British colonies, a reasonably benevolent autocrat?

S. McClatchie, M.C., M.D.

(Address witheld by request)

The "Ultimate Outsider"?

Daniel Stern's review of James Baldwin's *Going to Meet the Man* [*SR*, Nov. 6] . . . laments that "a whole generation is taking up the theme of the homosexual as the ultimate outsider." If the homosexual is the ultimate outsider it is only because so many like Mr. Stern have an odd fascination generated by the subject. The truth is that Mr. Baldwin's books are full of sexual references which have no relation whatever to homosexuality. This indiscriminate resort to sex has made the Baldwin books a vessel of smut, which is a pity, since the author has obvious talents which could bring forth great literary works. Mr. Stern closes his eyes to the heterosexual filth in the Baldwin books and sees only the "homosexual special pleading."

Nevertheless, Mr. Stern makes a very strong point for Mr. Baldwin. The smug assurance with which Mr. Stern characterizes the homosexual as "a clinical case," and homosexuality as "infantilism" and a "psychic deformity" is typical of all who substitute psychoanalytical jargon for reason and scientific knowledge. . . . Actually, it is utter nonsense to refer to homosexuality as a "revolt against Woman," as Mr. Stern does. Would Mr. Stern conceive that he is in revolt against Man because he happens not to prefer sexual relations with the male sex? This absurdity is equal to that which he utters.

Proper scientific inquiries have established that the homosexual motivation is identical with that of the heterosexual. Like heterosexuality, homosexuality is the result of an involuntary response to the natural sex object of the individual, which, in turn, is governed by chromosome structure. It is, in short, a physiological, and not a psychological reaction, in spite of Mr. Stern's smug, but erroneous, assumptions. Advanced psychoanalytical techniques now utilize this knowledge to relieve anxieties which people like Mr. Stern create for the homosexual "outsider."

Modern authors are not as far wrong as Mr. Stern supposes, therefore, when they use the homosexual as an apt figure of the outsider, who, though hurt and offended by society's amazing complacency, has the maturity and wisdom to care about society. It seems clear, however, that the day when society can safely applaud Mr. Stern's brand of ignorance is at an end. This is what Mr. Baldwin and others like him are so eloquently alleging.

Bergman.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Wrong Locale

Surely your error in the notice about Peter Matthiessen's books [*SR*, Nov. 6] is typographical and not geographical confusion. If you would, as you should, say West Irian you might have avoided mistaking it with New Zealand.

It is so uncommon to find your fine periodical misleading that it is difficult to pass up the chance to point it out.

J. F. Shepherd.

Nyack, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Peter Matthiessen's* Under the Mountain Wall *is indeed set in West Irian, as the Indonesians call the Netherlands New Guinea, which Granville Hicks confused with New Zealand.*

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The Vaudeville Ritual

IN THE chapter on "The Life and Death of Vaudeville" in his wonderful autobiography, *Much Ado About Me,* Fred Allen got to recalling certain quaint artists with whom he had played the small-time circuits here and there across the land, and among the names he came up with was that of one Orville Stamm.

"It was not easy to forget Orville," Allen mused. "He billed himself as the 'Strongest Boy in the World.' To demonstrate his great strength, Orville played the violin; as he played, he had suspended from the crook of his bow arm an enormous English bulldog. The bulldog made graceful arcs in the air as Orville pizzicatoed and manipulated his bow. For the finish of his act, Orville lay flat on the stage and arched his back; in the better acrobat circles, this was known as 'bending the crab.' When Orville's chest and abdomen attained the correct altitude, a small upright piano was placed across his stomach. An assistant stood on Orville's thigh and played the piano accompaniment as Orville, in his 'crab' position, sang *Ireland Must Be Heaven, 'Cause My Mother Came from There.* This finish was a sensation, and I'm sure it was Orville's own idea."

And now, for something like a week, one who began his vaudeville-going as a patron of Pantages circuit culture way back there in a Montana town, and remained an addict until the demise of the two-a-day era at New York's fabled Palace in 1932, has gone sleepless. What, I have tried to imagine as I tossed and turned through the long nights, would Orville think if he could look into Albert F. McLean's *American Vaudeville as Ritual,* lately published by the University of Kentucky Press ($6.50)?

Relaxing from his caper with violin, bulldog, and piano, Orville would find Mr. McLean examining American vaudeville as "a manifestation of psychic and social forces," as "a means of assimilation and a crystallization of very important and historically significant value judgments upon life in an expanding industrial democracy," as "one form of the symbolic activity appropriate to myth-making."

"Who? Me?" I keep hearing the baffled Orville say as he and his bulldog look each other in the eye and wonder if they went into the right business after all.

But the truth is that they did, along with some rather subtler performers like Mr. Allen himself, Joe Cook, Burns and Allen, Nora Bayes, Jack Benny, and the like, as Mr. McLean doubtless would be quick to concede, because the world of vaudeville had room for just about anybody who could impress an audience with reasonable speed—in fifteen seconds, say.

AND who, you may be asking, is Mr. McLean? He is a bright young professor of English at Transylvania College, Lexington, Kentucky. He is, in fact, so young that he knows about vaudeville only by hearsay and research. Pity all but overcomes me as I contemplate the gap in the existence of anyone and everyone who never heard Belle Baker belting out a blues song, never saw Will Mahoney dancing on a xylophone, never watched Joe Frisco sputtering and stuttering his way through a soft-shoe routine. On the other hand, perhaps it's just as well in Mr. McLean's case, because it means that he can write with detachment and perspective, as a scholar presumably should. Sometimes his scholarship is a mite above the low brow of an old Palace Theatre buff, as when he meditates on how "vaudeville stood in relation to the American dream of human progress and personal achievement as primitive ritual stood in relation to primitive myth," or dwells on the "mythic ambiance" of "the vaudeville ritual." (Are you listening, Orville?) But even this old Palace fan can see that Mr. McLean makes sense when he portrays vaudeville as a folk art reflecting directly the mores and tastes of a huge stratum of Americans, their shifting ethnic patterns and country-to-city movement, and their inevitable desertion of vaudeville in favor of films and radio.

In short, I am glad to have read *Vaudeville as Ritual,* which does honor to a glorious medium. Having said this, I trust that the old buff will be forgiven if he adds that his mind tended to wander now and then during the perusal of Mr. McLean's erudite pages. When this happened, it was suddenly a faraway Opening Day at the Palace—originally Monday afternoon, later changed to Sunday—and all the regulars were there, the booking agents and talent scouts, the hard-boiled reviewers for the theatrical trade papers, and the plain devotees who packed the galleries, knew the established acts as well as the artists themselves did, and by turns were tough and sentimental. The house lights dimmed, the curtain rose on an opening act that served chiefly to let the audience find their seats and stop talking. From there on, it was pure delight.

Do time and affectionate memory adorn the hours that followed? Perhaps, but I honestly don't think so. Out of the past comes a composite bill that might have included Frank Fay, toying with his necktie and carrying on a sort of one-way, maliciously witty conversation; Julius Tannen, The Human Chatterbox, interrupting his monologue to silence a heckler with "Save your breath, you may want it to clean your glasses"; Bill Robinson dancing, with infinite delicacy, the story of a young man calling on a girl for the first time; Sophie Tucker booming out *Some of These Days;* Clayton, Jackson and Durante tearing the stage to pieces, the piano banging, the hats flying.

NOW and then a new act would be making its Palace debut. Understandably, at that temple which was the goal of every vaudevillian from the honky-tonks up, the ordeal usually inspired a painfully obvious terror. Nervous sweat stood out on foreheads, pallor peeked through makeup. But not always. Came a Sunday afternoon in 1930 when a former stenographer from Brooklyn, all poise and no nerves, stood beside a piano and cut loose with *Sing, You Sinners* in a voice that set the Palace's chandeliers to swaying. Beginning at that very moment, Ethel Merman was on her way, and everybody in the place knew it at once.

But I'd better stop right here, before I get to crying too hard and saying how marvelous those days were and how they will never come again, which is a fact.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

—*Wide World.*

Fred Allen—"a manifestation of psychic and social forces"?

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The War in Asia: More Questions Than Answers

Will it take one million American soldiers to end the war in Vietnam? This is only one of many questions raised by six current books concerned with our involvement in Southeast Asia and what we may reasonably expect: ***The Lost Revolution,*** *by Robert Shaplen (Harper & Row. 404 pp. $6.95);* ***Our Vietnam Nightmare,*** *by Marguerite Higgins (Harper & Row. 314 pp. $5.95);* ***The Vietnam Reader,*** *edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard B. Fall (Random House. 415 pp. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95);* ***The Communist Revolution in Asia: Tactics, Goals and Achievements,*** *edited by Robert A. Scalapino (Prentice-Hall. 405 pp. $10);* ***Vietnam and the United States,*** *by Hans J. Morgenthau (Public Affairs Press. 112 pp. $3.25), and* ***Outpost of Freedom,*** *by Captain Roger H. C. Donlon, as told to Warren Rogers (McGraw-Hill. 206 pp. $4.95). Richard Dudman, who evaluates the books, is Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He has twice reported on the war from South Vietnam.*

By RICHARD DUDMAN

ALL THE easy ways to win in Vietnam have been failing, one after another. Billions in military aid to the French led only to Dien Bien Phu and an armistice that neither side intended to keep. More billions given to President Ngo Dinh Diem helped him, not to end the insurrection, but to build a family dictatorship until the United States gave the green light for his overthrow. Military advisers rarely could persuade the Vietnamese army to go out into the jungles and rice fields and fight the elusive enemy. Napalm and white phosphorus and bigger and bigger bombs rained on South Viet Nam, but the Viet Cong kept gaining recruits and territory. Progressively heavier bombing of North Vietnam, starting last February, has not stopped infiltration, slowed the fighting in the south, or brought Hanoi to the conference table.

The latest step is the commitment of American combat troops in numbers that soon could match the 275,000-man American peak in Korea and, some military authorities say, may have to reach 1,000,000 before the job is done.

As the United States thus finds itself ever more thoroughly bogged down in a land war in Asia, there is a tendency to stop thinking and go forward. An otherwise intelligent person can say, "I really don't understand the situation in Vietnam, but now that we're into it this far I suppose we have to see it through." Only slightly less thinking is the person who says, "We've got to draw the line somewhere," and lets it go at that.

Fortunately, some Americans want to know how we became involved in Vietnam, exactly what we are doing there now, and what conclusion we can reasonably expect. Fortunately, too, there are some books appearing now that address themselves to these questions.

Robert Shaplen, whose pieces in *The New Yorker* have been among the best reporting from Vietnam, treats these basic questions fully in *The Lost Revolution,* a detailed story of the last twenty years of what Ambassador Edmund Gullion has called a "pattern of prediction and disappointment." Shaplen sees the Viet Cong as "still very much a southern revolutionary force in its own right," despite the men, supplies, and strategy direction that it gets from the north.

In Shaplen's view, the war was going badly long before Diem's overthrow. The largely phoney strategic hamlet program, the false Vietnamese reports of enemy casualties and progress in pacification, and the official optimism by top Americans combined to obscure the truth at the time. Shaplen credits American troops and air support with forcing the Viet Cong to back away from their plan to cut the country in two and attain victory in 1965. But he remains pessimistic about the possibility of an American victory or even a satisfactory stalemate.

Groping for an explanation for the many American failures in Vietnam, Shaplen says, "It seems to me that we have consistently approached Vietnam negatively—'to prevent' its military conquest and subversion, and 'to preserve' freedoms that have never actually existed—and have failed to deal with it creatively and with authority. This has inhibited our understanding of the real difficulties, and at the same time of the potentialities." In short, the United States has "proved incapable of dealing in revolutionary terms with a revolutionary situation." Of many turning points in the last twenty years, he says, "none was as significant, in my estimation, as our failure to influence the French to grant the Vietnamese in the south a decent amount of independence before it was too late." He suggests that the revolution in Vietnam actually was lost back in 1947 and 1948, when the first unsatisfactory agreements were signed between the French and Emperor Bao Dai.

In those years, he says, few Americans knew much about Indochina. Now there are many American experts on that area, but "the deeper and more pressing question remains: How interested, let alone involved, were we really in the revolutionary possibilities and the revolutionary dangers in Indochina? . . . The sad truth of the matter, it seems to me, is that we have lost our revolutionary zeal; we tend not to think so much in terms of change and revolution as of adjustment and accommodation." As a partial remedy, he suggests that a School for Revolution be set up and that foreign service officers be required to attend it as they now often attend the Army and Navy war colleges.

MARGUERITE HIGGINS, concentrating on the last few years, is bitter about the past but optimistic about the future—if it can be called optimistic to look toward the possibility that the United States will "keep up its operations in Vietnam on a steadily rising scale, year after year, and decade after decade, if that is vital to our interests."

Our Vietnam Nightmare contains some good reporting, notably many new details about a cablegram drafted Aug. 24, 1963, by Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman and Assistant Secretary of State Roger Hilsman. It directed Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to encourage the Vietnamese generals to revolt if President Diem would not fire his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, and restore suspended civil liberties. The cablegram created a sensation and led to an almost open breach in Saigon between top CIA and military leaders, on the one hand, and Ambassador Lodge, lower-level CIA men and officials of the aid mission and the United States Information Service, on the other, who by that time were

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swinging to the Diem-must-go school.

Miss Higgins makes the case that this move to "rock the boat" in Saigon was the work of an anti-Diem group in Washington, which rushed the cablegram out on a weekend when top officials were unavailable. President John F. Kennedy was in the shower at Hyannis Port, she says, when Under Secretary of State George Ball telephoned to read him a "cryptic" summary given Ball shortly before by Harriman and Hilsman on the golf course at the Chevy Chase Country Club in Washington. The message then was "cleared" with second- and third-level Defense and CIA officials as having been "approved by the President." In the locker room of the club, she says, someone reached Lieutenant General Victor H. Krulak, who "felt a sense of alarm" and alerted his superiors in the Pentagon, but to no avail.

The details are sinister only if it is assumed, as does Miss Higgins, that Diem was a satisfactory national leader, that the war was going well, and that the Kennedy Administration would have acted differently had it not been for implied deception in sending out the cablegram. Actually, Diem was far from satisfactory, the war was not going well, and President Kennedy himself encouraged the overthrow of Diem a few weeks later by calling for changes in "policy and perhaps personnel" as a necessity for getting on with the war.

Miss Higgins goes to great lengths to demonstrate that practicing Buddhists are a minority in South Vietnam and that the suicides by burning were intended to have political effect. True enough, but even a minority has a right to be free from persecution, and the suicides were no less real for being politically motivated.

In addition to being a defense of Johnson Administration policy, Miss Higgins's book is a catalogue of bad guys and good guys. One of the chief among her bad guys is Hilsman, whom she telephoned at 2 A.M. on learning of the killing of Diem and Nhu and said: "Congratulations, Roger. How does it feel to have blood on your hands?" One of the chief among her good guys is Madame Nhu. Miss Higgins asks whether Madame Nhu is a Dragon Lady or a Joan of Arc and answers that she is an "oriental Valkyrie."

In The Vietnam Reader Marcus Raskin and Bernard Fall provide a useful collection of observations and documents on many facets of the Vietnam problem. They range from articles by Senator Thomas Dodd and Walt W. Rostow in support of continued American involvement to an essay by Gary Porter of the Institute for Policy Studies questioning the value of staying there any longer. Porter links the war in Vietnam with a "globalist ideology" that has erased the old distinction between vital and peripheral interests and empowers the United States to recognize and act in behalf of "free-world interests" whenever it sees them threatened.

The Communist Revolution in Asia, Robert Scalapino's scholary volume, is a textbook or reference work with facts about the various Asian Communist parties and estimates of their aims and capabilities. His own first chapter, a view of the whole continent, seems to imply that current revolutionary ferment in Asia is exclusively a Communist affair.

Morgenthau's *Vietnam and the United States* contains articles by him that have appeared elsewhere since 1956, with the addition of a first chapter and a chronology. He argues that the United States in Vietnam is being driven along the same path that the Germans took in World War II and that the war in Vietnam can be won only "by the indiscriminate killing of everybody in sight—by genocide." He writes:

> We have embarked upon a scorched-earth policy by destroying villages and forests; we have killed combatants and noncombatants without discrimination because discrimination is impossible. The logic of guerrilla war leaves us no choice. We must go on torturing, killing, and burning, and the more deeply we become involved in Vietnam, the more there will be of it. . . . The policy makers who are so concerned about our collective and their personal prestige might take a moment to reflect on the kind of country America will be when it emerges from so senseless, hopeless, and brutalizing a war.

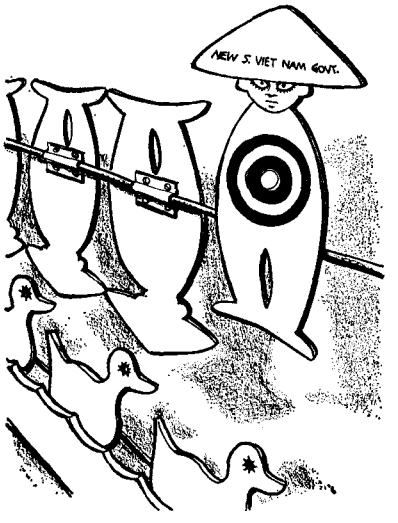
In *Outpost of Freedom,* Roger Donlon's story of horror and heroism has, sad to say, been expanded into a second-rate book that probably will lead to a second-rate movie. The account of the Special Forces' courageous defense of Camp Nam Dong, which won Captain Donlon the Congressional Medal of Honor, has been cheapened by the addition of youthful anecdotes like the time he waited tables at a college sorority house after drinking too much beer with the girls and spilled spaghetti and meatballs into the housemother's lap.

More serious, he dismisses the destruction of rice crops by aerial sprays as just so much Communist propaganda. The truth is that officials now admit and defend the practice as one of the unpleasant devices considered necessary in an unpleasant war.

Above all, the book is dated. The Special Forces have been left on the sidelines in a war in which they never were permitted to play fully their intended role of tracking down the guerrillas in continuing small independent operations. Now the war has passed them by as it has expanded into a conflict of strategic bombers, napalm high-explosive shells, and masses of nineteen- and twenty-year-old soldiers trained in conventional warfare in the hope that they can defeat an unconventional enemy.

If one picture is worth a thousand words, a Bill Mauldin cartoon is equal to several editorials. His latest collection, *I've Decided I Want My Seat Back* (Harper & Row, $3.95), covers the human scene from the Deep South to outer space, scattering grapeshot at friend and foe and extending sympathy to luckless bystanders. Spanning the years 1961-65, the book closes with a brief note on the author's visit early this year to Vietnam, where his son is stationed.

"Whatever it is, it isn't paper."



"The Gallery."

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Between Rebels and Rightists

The Unfinished Experiment: Democracy in the Dominican Republic, *by Juan Bosch (Praeger. 239 pp. $5.95),* ***Dominican Diary,*** *by Tad Szulc (Delacorte. 306 pp. $6), and* ***Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned,*** *by Dan Kurzman (Putnam. 310 pp. $5.95), agree that U.S. intervention in the recent revolution "frustrated the will of the majority." Hal Lavine covered the Cuban revolution for Newsweek.*

By HAL LAVINE

AMERICAN foreign policy has frequently been criticized as too little, too late. But when the revolt broke out in the Dominican Army against the government of Donald Reid Cabral on April 24, the Johnson Administration reacted almost instantly and with overwhelming force. In a matter of hours the aircraft carrier *Boxer,* with 1,500 Marines aboard, had moved into Dominican waters to prepare to evacuate the Americans and other foreigners in Santo Domingo, if necessary. Less than four days later 405 Marines were ashore. Soon after, the Dominican capital was swarming with Marines and paratroopers from the 82nd Airborne, 22,000 men in all. They had orders that would have baffled any soldier: not to join in the fighting between the rebels and the forces of the military junta that had taken over the government from "Donny" Reid, but to stop it, while U.S. diplomats negotiated a settlement.

The Administration reacted without quite knowing what really was happening. Only the day before the revolt U.S. Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett, Jr., had left Santo Domingo to visit his mother in Georgia and then consult with State Department officials in Washington. Eleven of the thirteen members of the Military Assistance Advisory Group had gone to Panamá for a conference. The U.S. Embassy's naval attaché was dove hunting in the Cibao Valley. In charge of the Embassy was William Connett, Jr., who had been in the Dominican Republic for less than six months.

Possibly the outcome would have been different if these officials had been in Santo Domingo when the revolt broke out. Probably, however, it would have been precisely the same. For the specter that haunts the White House—the specter that haunted Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy and now haunts Lyndon B. Johnson—is that of "another Cuba." The rebels were demanding the return to power of the Dominican Republic's exiled former President, Juan Bosch; however, in the State Department Bosch was considered "soft on Communism," if decidedly not a Communist himself. Moreover, the rebels had distributed arms to anyone who asked for them; obviously, some of the civilians fighting with the rebels must have been Communists, since they would have been among the first to ask. On this basis—and very little, if anything, else—the Embassy was reporting that Bosch's return would inevitably lead to extremism or even Communism "in six months." The Johnson Administration's reaction was nearly as predictable as nightfall.

Now, seven months later, U.S. troops are still in Santo Domingo. They have imposed an uneasy peace on the country, a peace broken night after night by gunfire. They have imposed a caretaker government headed by a decent and highly respected man named Hector García-Godoy, who is supported almost solely by the U.S. troops. When President Johnson will find it possible to recall them nobody, including Mr. Johnson, can even begin to guess.

WAS U.S. intervention a case of too much, too soon? Tad Szulc and Dan Kurzman, who covered the fighting, one for *The New York Times,* the other for *The Washington Post,* clearly think so. And so, naturally, does Bosch, whose book does not deal with the revolt that was made in his name but with the events that led to his ouster by the military. Bosch not only denies that he was "soft on Communism"; he goes further: he accuses his conservative opponents, the members of the National Civic Union who supported his ouster, of being the real "softies." He says his own party, the Party of the Dominican Revolution, was clean of Communists, while the Civic Union was full of them.

What he asserts is a half-truth (the Communists had infiltrated both groups), but it's a half-truth the State Department some day should ponder. For all their denunciations of Communists, Dominican right-wingers have long pampered them. Realizing how much the possibility of "another Cuba" frightens the United States Government they consider the Communists a valuable asset. After the Organization of American States had voted sanctions against him, the late Rafael Trujillo Molina actually imported Dominican Communists from Cuba; by creating a "Communist menace," El Benefactor hoped to frighten the U.S. into pressuring the OAS to lift its sanctions. Following Trujillo's assassination, his son, Ramfis, continued his policy. The U.S. urged him to expel the Communists, and he did expel several, but the others he permitted to "escape."

As Bill D. Moyers, the President's press secretary, recently made clear, Mr. Johnson was and still is annoyed by the dispatches that Szulc and Kurzman sent from Santo Domingo. The fact is that both reporters are quite temperate in their criticisms of U.S. intervention. They do not believe the Johnson Administration made a good case for its contention that Communists dominated the rebel forces and that, if the rebels won, the Communists would take over the Dominican Republic. On the other hand, they do not rule out the possibility of the Communists' eventually coming to power as a result of the revolution. They are aware of the dilemma Mr. Johnson faced, and they sympathize with him.

What they say, in effect, is that he should have taken a chance. If the rebels had won and if Bosch had returned, the result might not have been the disaster the Embassy predicted; there might merely have been an ineffectual government, leftist but still democratic. (Bosch, despite his protests, was an ineffectual President; and even the State Department will admit he is a democrat.)

The Dominicans were once intensely pro-American. I can remember the day when Ramfis Trujillo left the country and his uncles Hector and Arismendi attempted to seize the government from the then President Joaquin Balaguer. U.S. warships appeared on the horizon to warn them off, and Santo Domingans crowded the waterfront shouting: *"Viva las imperialistas!"* No one is cheering the *imperialistas* now, because, as Szulc, Kurzman, and (of course) Bosch agree, the vast majority of the Dominican people supported the rebels when they called for the return of Bosch. By preventing him from assuming power the United States frustrated the will of the majority. As Tad Szulc says:

> . . . in the first days of the revolution the United States Embassy lost, perhaps out of prejudice, a great chance to become aligned with a popular democratic movement while using the leverage that the U.S. would then possess to root out the Communist influences. Instead, I believe, we closed all the democratic options to the rebels and placed the Communists in the role of being the only "friends" of Dominican democracy.

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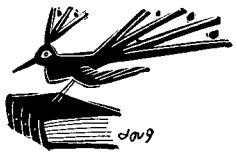

A Sporting Occupation

Lives and Letters: A History of Literary Biography in England and America, *by Richard D. Altick (Knopf. 438 pp. $8.95), traces the development of writing about writers from moralizing hagiography to modern iconoclasm. Louis Untermeyer's latest book is "Bygones."*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WRITING a literary biography is, in a double sense, a sport. It has no prescribed form; it is something between an art and a science, an alternation (and, when it succeeds, a combination) of fact-gathering and gossip, journalism and conjecture, legend and literature. Biographies of the great are, as Philip Guedalla said about history, not merely written but rewritten. Concealment is a virtue in one generation, a repressed vice in the next. The once cherished convention of reticence is challenged by a desire for serious scrutiny, and traditional privacy is invaded by the historian's need —and the reader's demand—for complete candor. Reputations rise and fall as unpredictably as tomorrow's hemlines.

No one has traced the erratic course of literary biography better than, if as well as, Richard D. Altick, whose *The Scholar Adventurers* was an engrossing account of forgeries and literary concoctions. He divides his *Lives and Letters* into three parts: a short preliminary flourish, "The Beginnings," and two major sections, "From Boswell to Strachey" and "The Modern Age." He gives 1598 as the date of the first literary biography in the English language, a haphazard and wholly supposititious "life" of Geoffrey Chaucer. There had been other writings that purported to be "lives" of saints and kings. But they were, at best, a primitive sort of biography, ecclesiastical and royal glorifications without humanizing particularities. "Haloes and homely details did not go well together," says Altick, "nor did crowns and crotchets." Until the middle of the nineteenth century the chief purpose of a biography was to point a moral, to instruct and uplift. Only recently has the relation between the creative person and his product been thought worthy of a biography. In the not-so-distant past the artist was a worker, a craftsman employed by the church or a private patron—"the poet was a mouthpiece, not an originator"—and the worker did not merit study as an individual whose emotions and experiences had some claim to attention.

It was eighteenth-century Grub Street with its pickers and stealers and snappers-up of unconsidered trifles that brought about the vogue for biography, and it was Richard Curll who capitalized on it. Curll, profiting by the never-sated appetite for scandal and the more flavorful sins, paid little attention to the well-placed worthies, and saw to it that his hacks turned up enough lurid details for him to churn out full-length biographies of roués, gamblers, slave-traders, reformed prostitutes, mercenaries, actors and actresses—narratives compounded of one part fact and three parts fiction. Altick goes on to show how fiction returned the compliment as many of the novels of the period reflected the growing taste for biography. He cites such titles as *Clarissa, or the History of a Young Lady; The Life of Jonathan Wild the Great; The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling; The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman.* Which brings him inevitably and not too abruptly to Johnson and Boswell.

Despite his admirers' disclaimers, Johnson thought of literary biography as a means of moralizing. His partisanship—or salesmanship—and prejudice are apparent in his praise of such placid nonentities as Edmund Smith ("his contrivances were adroit and magnificent, his sentiments majestic"), Wentworth Dillon ("the only correct writer in verse before Addison"), and John Denham ("deservedly considered one of the fathers of English poetry"), and in his sneering condemnation of Milton, the troublesome nonconformist. Johnson was unquestionably a master of the rapid thrust and the keen disposal, a constant if controversial stimulator, but Boswell was a greater biographer. Boswell's unsparing frankness made his *Life of Johnson* a sensation in his day and a joy in ours. Replying to the critics who complained that Boswell had dwelt too much on Johnson's less monumental side, Altick says that they were objecting to Boswell's insistence "on the revealing, private detail rather than what tradition considered the proper concern of biography, the great and memorable act. . . . Boswell chose to make Johnson come alive. . . . His raw material was the individually minute data of the senses—sharply observed particulars of personal appearance, dress, conduct, peculiarities of speech, locale. From these thousands upon thousands of small details, carefully arranged on the broadest canvas a biographer had ever commanded, Boswell produced a vivid portrait—or whole set of portraits—which makes the *Life of Johnson* a masterpiece."

The field that Altick tries to cover is so wide that, in the midst of it, he sometimes runs out of breath. He wobbles a bit in "The Uses of Biography," a diffuse and rather dull chapter, and wanders haphazardly in "Poet and Public." In his catch-all of real-life narratives, he scoops up anecdotes of the *Tristram Shandy* craze, David Garrick's Grand Jubilee, the never-realized jubilees of Milton and Addison, and sidelights on the thriving Shakespeare industry. Altick retells the story of the mulberry tree supposedly planted by Shakespeare and how it was cut down and converted into an "inexhaustible stock of small boxes, goblets, toothpick cases, and other mementos. Although the more reflective tourists who bought them must have found it wonderful that the old tree had so much wood in it, a more powerful impulse overruled their skepticism: a desire to feel a little close to an author whom they venerated."

Most of the time, Altick steers his course adroitly down the meandering mainstream of English biography. It is an enlivening journey. He quotes a few happy quips by the unabashed John Aubrey (although he omits the more lubricious ones), reveals how often a man's life conditions the critic's estimate of his work (see Gilchrist on Blake, Eliot on Milton, etc.), and shows how the craving for toppling the statues from their pedestals led to the popularity of Lytton Strachey, whose mischievous style matched his iconoclastic spirit. Nor does the author neglect to pay his non-adulating but sincere respects to Van Wyck Brooks, Newton Arvin, Leon Edel, Peter Quennell, Mark Schorer, Richard Ellmann, and other contemporary biographers.

A book as big as this in scope as well as in size is likely to blur, but Altick brings most of its significance into sharp focus. He piques our interest and satisfies the Peeping Tom in everyone. The best biographies are books which are not for the historian rechecking data or the researcher sniffing out errors, but books of intimate glimpses and unsuspected pleasure for the browser. *Lives and Letters* is such a book.

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Life and Art in Bits and Pieces

Break-Up: The Core of Modern Art, *by Katharine Kuh (New York Graphic Society. 136 pp. $7.95), sees contemporary painting and sculpture as reflecting the unrest and change of our time. George Heard Hamilton is professor of art history at Yale.*

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

KATHARINE KUH begins her book with a fresh, and refreshing, statement of intention. She does not propose to write still another history of modern art, but to "uncover meanings and motivations." In her support she quotes Mark Tobey's statement that "the content of a painting is tied up with time, place, and history. It is always related to man's beliefs and disbeliefs, to his affirmations and negations. How we believe and disbelieve is mirrored in the art of our times." From this it follows, as Mrs. Kuh believes, that "to understand art is to relate it to the life it comes from."

To find her starting point she looks at life today, where she discovers certain "basic symptoms reflecting unrest and change" which occur also in the fine arts, literature, music, architecture, the dance, and the theater. The visual aspects of unrest and change in painting and sculpture she describes as "shattered surfaces, broken color, segmented composition, dissolving forms, and shredded images." In sum they amount to what she calls break-up, analogous to the symptoms of unrest and change projected into social life in the acute form of war, which shatters society, and into intellectual life as science, which has smashed not only the atom but conventional systems of describing reality. Artists, also, have shattered traditional forms of seeing and feeling by breaking up the constituent elements of their art.

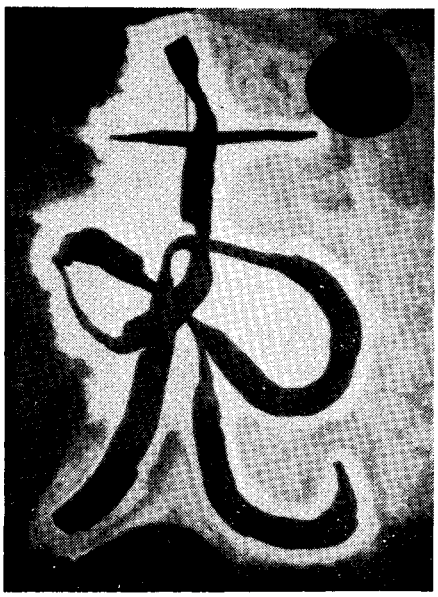
Mrs. Kuh develops her argument by pursuing several categories of formal experiment, such as the break-up of color, pigment, texture, form, content, space, design, and surface. Within each category the illustrations of significant works of art, chosen from the central progression of Western modernism, are accompanied by a long paragraph or page of exposition. They are arranged chronologically from Monet and Van Gogh (for color and pigment) to César, Paolozzi, and John Chamberlain, whose works exemplify sculpture broken up by new methods and materials. Thus the schema of recent history is preserved, suggesting that the demolition of tradition has followed some sort of order, however disorderly it seemed at the time. Some of these categories may be thought to overlap, such as color and pigment, or form and space. At least one category, content, which for Mrs. Kuh means the temporal discontinuities of theme and subject projected by the Surrealists, is well and centrally placed. The Surrealist esthetic is still with us, long after its specialized and subversive disruption of form and space turned out to be little more than sleight-of-hand.

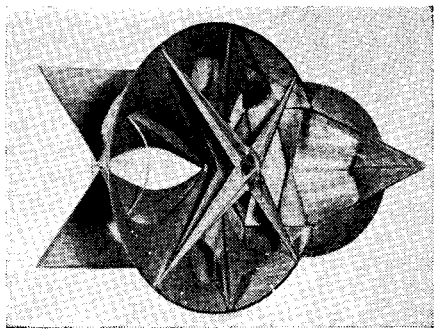
Mrs. Kuh is known to readers of *SR* as a sensitive student of modern art who has won her honors by long and enthusiastic participation in the promotion and elucidation of many phases of the movement. To read the extended captions in which she explores the meanings and motivations of no less than ninety-six paintings and sculptures is like conversing with an old and valued friend whose interests, and prejudices, are familiar, whose perceptions often sharpen one's own in unexpected ways, but with whom one would like to prolong the discussion here and there.

For instance, is the key word well chosen? Mrs. Kuh explicitly states that "dissolution today does not necessarily mean lack of discipline"; but "break-up" sounds perilously like "break-down," and I do not see how it can have other than negative connotations for many readers. It could well stand in the way of their seeing the superb organization of junk in Schwitters's collages, or the weird power of Dubuffet's tortured surfaces. And, although I have no better term to suggest, I regret it the more because Mrs. Kuh is most eloquent and incisive in her discussions of the particular works of art—by Duchamp and Bacon as well as by Schwitters and Dubuffet—in which dissolution of form, space, and content are critical factors. One may even interpret the evidence quite the other way round, for the constitutive rather than the destructive values in their fractured and shredded surfaces seem more capable of surviving the mess that is so much of modern life.

Nor does the term break-up seem appropriate for the several kinds of art and artists (and architects!) who have strenuously opposed the disorder and anarchy of war and science. Kandinsky was such a one in his later years; Mondrian and Brancusi were others. Mrs. Kuh makes a case for their anti-traditional treatment of form, mass, and surface, but surely they would have abhorred being thought part of a break-up. This point may seem corroborated by Mrs. Kuh's innate feeling for the logic of taste and history when she writes that in a late Braque still-life "the focus on co-ordinated design becomes total."

But these queries are only quibbles. How many books on modern art force one to try to re-experience one's own perceptions and rephrase one's own methodology? That is quite enough to put us in Mrs. Kuh's debt. Her book should prove interesting especially to those readers having already a little of the history of modern art who would like to try transforming it into a philosophy of art in relation to their own modern lives.





—*From the book.*

(above) "Fauna of the Ocean," by Antoine Pevsner.

(left) "Dark Figure and Sun," by Joan Miró.

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William and the Scholars

Shakespeare and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," *by Paul Bertram (Rutgers University Press, 306 pp. $10), presents a variety of evidence to prove that the play, generally held to have been written in collaboration with Fletcher, is by Shakespeare alone. Bernard Grebanier wrote "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."*

By BERNARD GREBANIER

PAUL BERTRAM of Rutgers University has written a full-length study of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* that should be required reading for every student of the play. No Shakespearean scholar can afford to ignore the book, for it not only summarizes a great deal of what has been said about the authorship of this interesting drama—which De Quincey called "in point of composition" the "most superb work in the language"—but also advances a strong argument for dismissing Fletcher's possible collaboration, concluding that Shakespeare was the sole author. To date there has been no work on this subject which can make an equal claim to our respectful attention. As a kind of bonus there are two chapters rather tenuously connected with the discussion, though only a churl will be ungrateful to find them included in the book: one on *Henry VIII* (which Professor Bertram is sure is all Shakespeare's, too) and another on the lost play *Cardenio* and the scholar Theobald's connection with it. Both chapters reveal considerable scholarship.

Although a handful of Shakespearean critics have taken the position that Shakespeare never collaborated with others in the writing of a play (Professor Bertram implies sympathy with that view), there are a number of dramas regularly found in collected editions of Shakespeare which most of us are convinced are only partially from the hand of the Bard: *Pericles* (the first two acts of which could not conceivably be his); *Henry VIII* (of which I believe only a small portion to be Shakespeare's); *Timon of Athens* (in parts of which some inferior dramatist surely did the writing); *The Taming of the Shrew* (in which the subplot is clearly the creation of an ungifted poetaster); and the three *Henry VI* plays (Shakespeare introduced but little of his own in Part I, and we have printed proof that he merely added here and there to the work of others in Parts II and III). In addition there are those annoying passages tagged onto *Macbeth* and *King Lear* by some tasteless later meddler. But, in any case, it is strange that very few collected editions print *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for Shakespeare wrote a large part of it, and it therefore has greater title to inclusion than *Henry VIII*. It is, moreover, far superior as a play to *Pericles*.

When first published, in a quarto of 1634, the drama was described on the title-page as "Written by the memorable Worthies of their time; Mr. *John Fletcher*, and Mr. *William Shakspeare*. Gent." (Both dramatists had been dead for years.) This was, naturally, the origin of the ascription of authorship to both men, though the play was printed in the Second Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher (1679). Pope in his 1725 edition of Shakespeare declared that he could find no traces of Fletcher and that the play had "more of our Author than some of those which have been received as genuine." However splendid as a poet, Pope could lay little claim to true appreciation of any of the Elizabethans; it is not surprising that his opinion has been seconded by few—prominent among whom are De Quincey and, now, Professor Bertram. George Steevens, one of the first great Shakespeareans, decided in 1778 that the play was entirely Fletcher's, for reasons that are astonishing to entertain. However, in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* (1808), Charles Lamb, a sensitive lover of Shakespeare's age, expressed the opinion that Shakespeare was a collaborator with Fletcher. Coleridge's note tells us that he could "scarcely retain a doubt" that the first act was Shakespeare's; the blank verse "proves beyond all doubt" throughout the play "an intentional imitation, if not the proper hand, of Shakespeare"; but "the harshness" of many passages, "a harshness unrelieved by any lyrical inter-breathings, and still more the want of profundity in the thoughts," kept him from "an absolute decision" about the play as a whole.

Since then the case has been variously argued; now, Professor Bertram presents the first impressive brief for Shakespeare as sole author. His extensive comments on the manuscript-source of the quarto, on critical opinions concerning many facets of the play, and on its composition and date are estimable and full of originative suggestion. Professor Bertram establishes that the play was printed from a prompt-book, and shows how the prose passages' first having been printed as verse has confused the issue of authorship. For most of the "scholarly" arguments that Fletcher was co-author he has a reply. He also answers many a question, such as: If Shakespeare alone was author, why did Heminge and Condell omit the play from the First Folio?

In short, Professor Bertram makes an almost perfect case in his use of methods common to modern Shakespearean scholars – methods rigidly "objective" and closed (as approved by I. A. Richards) to esthetic judgment. There, as I see it, is the shortcoming—not of Professor Bertram but of most contemporary Shakespearean commentary. Apply such tests as those employed by C. Hoy when he counted 4,507 uses of the pronoun *ye* in fourteen plays by Fletcher and only two in fifteen plays by Massinger to prove that the latter could not have been co-author of *The Kinsmen*—or count the number of feminine endings, etc.—and when you have your statistics tabulated, you will concede that Shakespeare could have written any rubbish provided the work under consideration matches your statistics. But it is the tissue of his language which above all portrays the presence of a great poet in his maturity. And since that is a matter of esthetic perception, modern scholarship will have nothing to do with it. Tissue of language requires the apprehension of taste, not tables.

OF this weakness in the tools of modern scholarship Mr. Bertram is unconsciously aware, for he makes one appeal to esthetic judgment. He proves beyond disagreement that the play was written in 1613—that is to say, it may have been Shakespeare's very last composition—and yet he asks us to consider the similarities between a passage generally held to be Fletcher's in this play, and passages from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Romeo and Juliet*, both written some two decades earlier. To seek to prove Shakespeare's authorship of the passage by comparing it with two passages embarrassingly illustrative of Shakespeare's early occasional ineptness and fumbling—to ask us to believe that Shakespeare could have written that passage from *The Two Noble Kinsmen* after *King Lear* or *The Tempest*—is close to absurdity. I do not know who wrote that loosely-put-together passage; I am only sure that it could not have been late Shakespeare. After all the proof, it is such considerations which leave me convinced that parts of this play come from another hand. I am aware that many would call this a conclusion based on too subjective a premise. Being sure of my taste, I cannot think it is.

(*Book reviews continue on page* 48)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ghiaurov's *Faust*, Freni's *Elisir*—Niska

WHAT HAD begun the Metropolitan Opera's season as Jean-Louis Barrault's production of Gounod's *Faust* became, by only its fifth performance, Nicolai Ghiaurov's Méphistophélès, as the celebrated Bulgarian basso made his New York debut. There was not much opposition to this takeover from Jean Fenn as Marguerite, even less from Barry Morell as Faust, completing a trio wholly on its dramatic own (that is, with little or no Barrault influence). However, what Ghiaurov owns, dramatically and vocally, would have subjugated even more formidable opposition.

Accepting as indisputable the aura of importance he disposes, the question remains: What are its components and how valid? His is a Méphistophélès given to sneering laughter and underworldly contempt for the humans who put themselves at his mercy, and he can produce a very considerable volume of sound when he chooses to do so. But in each there is a certain amount of falsification. His acting, as it must be described, is neither subtle nor distinguished by much finesse; it rates high in the field in which he functions on the same premise that a one-eyed man in the kingdom of the blind is king. To be productive of an effect worthy of esteem, acting should suit the character with which it is associated, and Ghiaurov's Mèphistophélès did not always do that. It was coarse, broad, and animalistic, qualities which may connote devilish abandon to some, but which are at variance with the suave and gentlemanly personality portrayed by Gounod.

Vocally, Ghiaurov has a dark, well-focused voice which is anti-bass to the extent that it is better at the top than the bottom. In the range of A to E, he can maximize his output so that it sounds like a very big voice indeed; but it was apparent, after a series of exploits like "*Veau d'Or*," the Invocation, and the Serenade, that the big sound is concentrated there. Down below, where the bass's equivalent of a soprano's top notes should be available, it is neither so rich nor so voluminous. At least two of the Metropolitan's current bassos are better equipped in this respect. What distinguishes Ghiaurov from them (and other competition) is what is likely to make him a crowd-pleaser: the zest he imparts to his work, the vivacity he summons for his actions (he is very agile for a big man), and the assurance with which he portrays even his wrong ideas.

For the rest, this was a *Faust* that could be described as penny-wise and pound-foolish, in which the budgetary outlay was concentrated on the low end of the scale, leaving other values to adjust themselves as well as they could. Rather than combining Ghiaurov with the best the Metropolitan could command otherwise, it allowed the audience to suffer the comparison of a technically competent, temperamentally pallid Marguerite by Fenn and a labored Faust by Morell.

The same week provided the season's first performance of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which is about 100 per cent better than the original ones (in this production) of 1960. At that time it did not have even one singer with both the voice and the sense of style for the music. Now it has one. That is, of course, Mirella Freni whose Adina is not only delightful, delicious, and delectable, but, above all else, Donizetti. That is to say, she possesses the discipline of mind as well as the flexibility of voice to sing his roulades and cascading intervals with the same ease and finish she imparts to the legato line of Mimi in *Bohème*.

What is more, Freni proved herself worthy of the accolade reserved, by Kipling, for the ones who can keep their heads when all about are losing theirs. Unlike her associates, from Nicolai Gedda as Nemorino through Fernando Corena as Dulcamara to Mario Sereni as Belcore, Freni's Adina was as capably characterized as it was well sung, which is to say that it was completely to her credit, which continues to mount. What they offered was more in the category of opera boffo than *opera buffo*.

Her closest companion in quality was Gedda, especially in one inspired moment when he echoed (in a perfect falsetto) a burst of typically soprano laughter. He knows, too, how this music should be sung, though he couldn't mimic equally well Freni's limpid tone formation or well-produced sound. Corena aroused a considerable amount of the laughter that a Dulcamara should, but mostly without the unction, thrust, or vocal virtuosity that is written into the vocal line. Sereni's Belcore was much of the same sort, which is to say directed to the eye rather than the ear. Thomas Schippers's conducting was in the slapdash spirit of the whole.

The memorable experience of the Metropolitan National Company's last presentation of its repertory in the New York State Theater was not so much Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah*, whose admirable qualities were renewed under Robert LaMarchina's direction, but Maralin. That is Maralin Niska, the California-born soprano whose lustrous soprano formed Floyd's vocal line in a way to suggest that it could do more demanding things equally well. She had the youth and vibrance to make the role credible, and she may be put among the members of the Stevens-Manuel group clearly marked for bigger things.

This production of Floyd's durable work, which is still waiting its "logical" successor from him, profited greatly from David Hays's simple but artfully conceived decor. Its outline drop sets (illuminated from the back through a light-admitting scrim) came and went with noiseless efficiency and a suggestion of lightness ideally suited for a touring company. The worse luck, then, that Floyd's text was all but indistinguishable in the hash that some locations in the State Theater make of verbal articulation. This company's resources are otherwise well-suited to *Susannah*.

Later in the week Niska delivered a brilliant Butterfly in an English-language version of Puccini's opera. She sang all of Act One with a solid, full sound that was admirably suited to the music, and acted it with an affecting simplicity. Here, from a seat at the side, her enunciation was excellent, as was that of Robert Bennett, whose Pinkerton was good to hear when the range did not take him too high. With Julian Patrick as Sharpless, this was the best of all the company's performance that I heard.

The *Susannah* evening also provided the first of two visiting orchestras on successive days in Carnegie Hall, with Izler Solomon bringing his Indianapolis Symphony to New York for the first time. In this context "his" is a meaningful word, for it has improved considerably as a performing body since the time of his predecessor. It was risky, as well as self-sacrificing, for Solomon to devote as much of this rare opportunity as he did to Schubert's C-major Symphony, for the triumph in the end must be Schubert's rather than the conductor's. Much of what it requires was conscientiously provided in a musically poised, tastefully conceived performance. Other works of the evening were a symphonic fantasy by Easley Blackwood and the Rachmaninoff *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* with Byron Janis as Rachmaninoff.

On the following evening William Steinberg performed, with the Pittsburgh Symphony, what may be the first all-Schoenberg program in these surroundings. This tended to the readily assimilable *Pélléas und Mélisande* and *Five Orchestral Pieces*, but also included the songs of Opus 22 (Helen Vanni was the intelligent soloist) and the theme and variations, Opus 43B.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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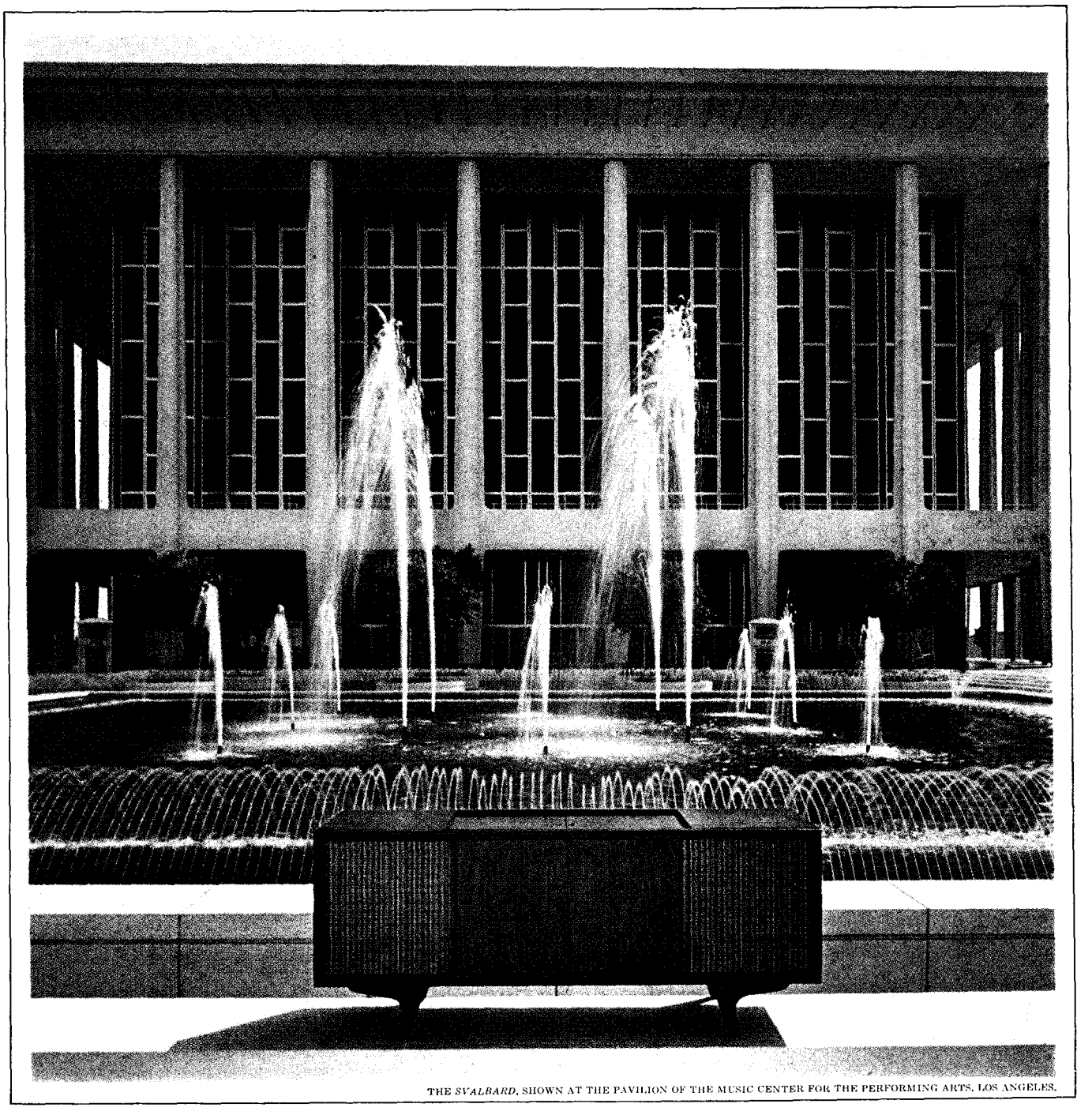

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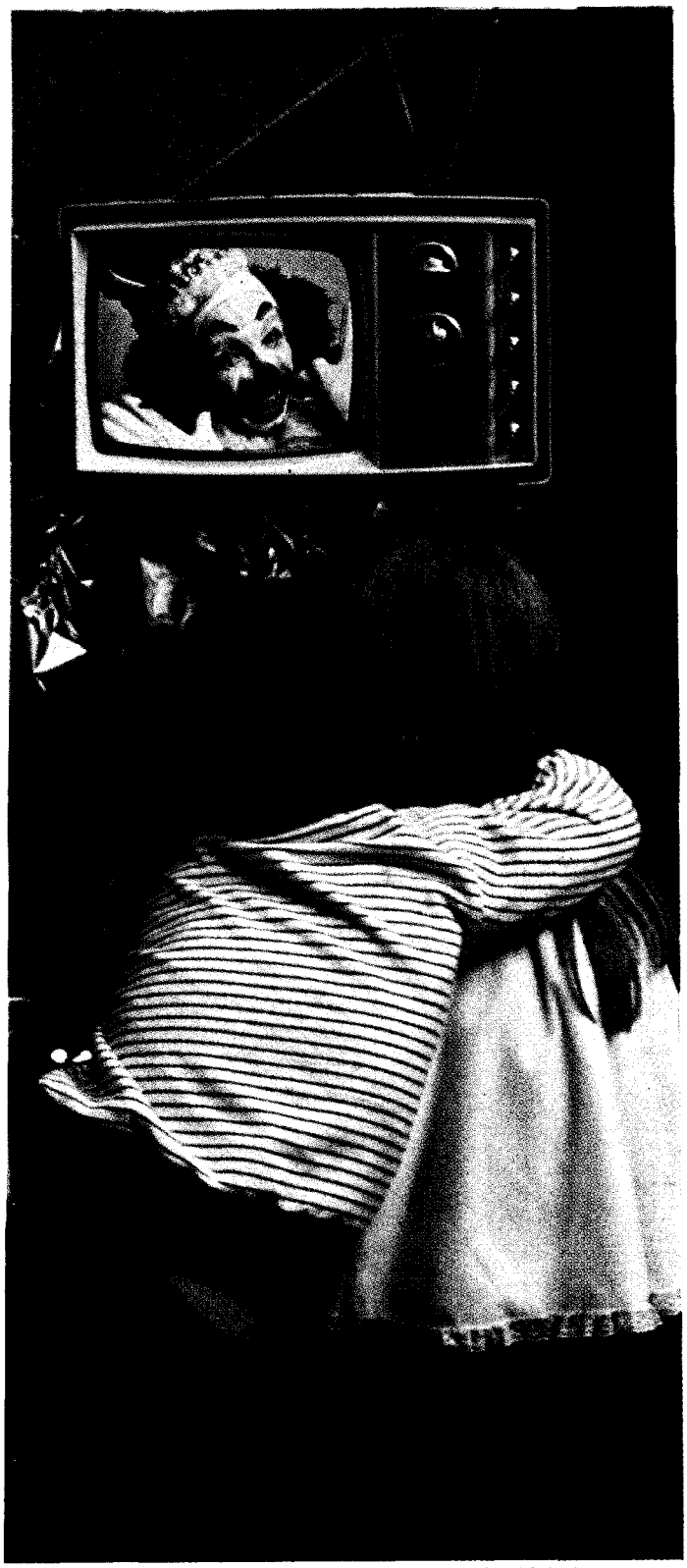

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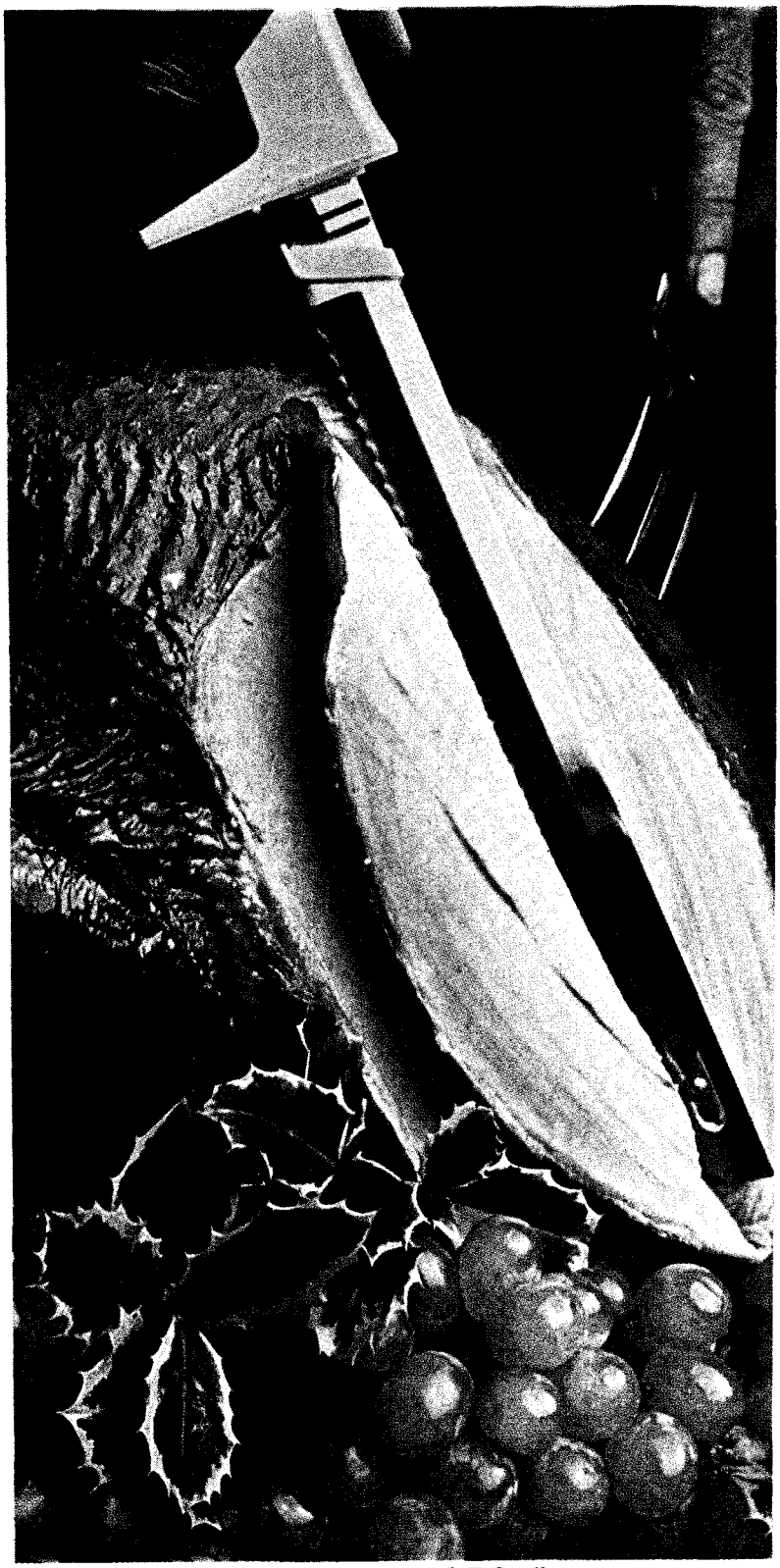

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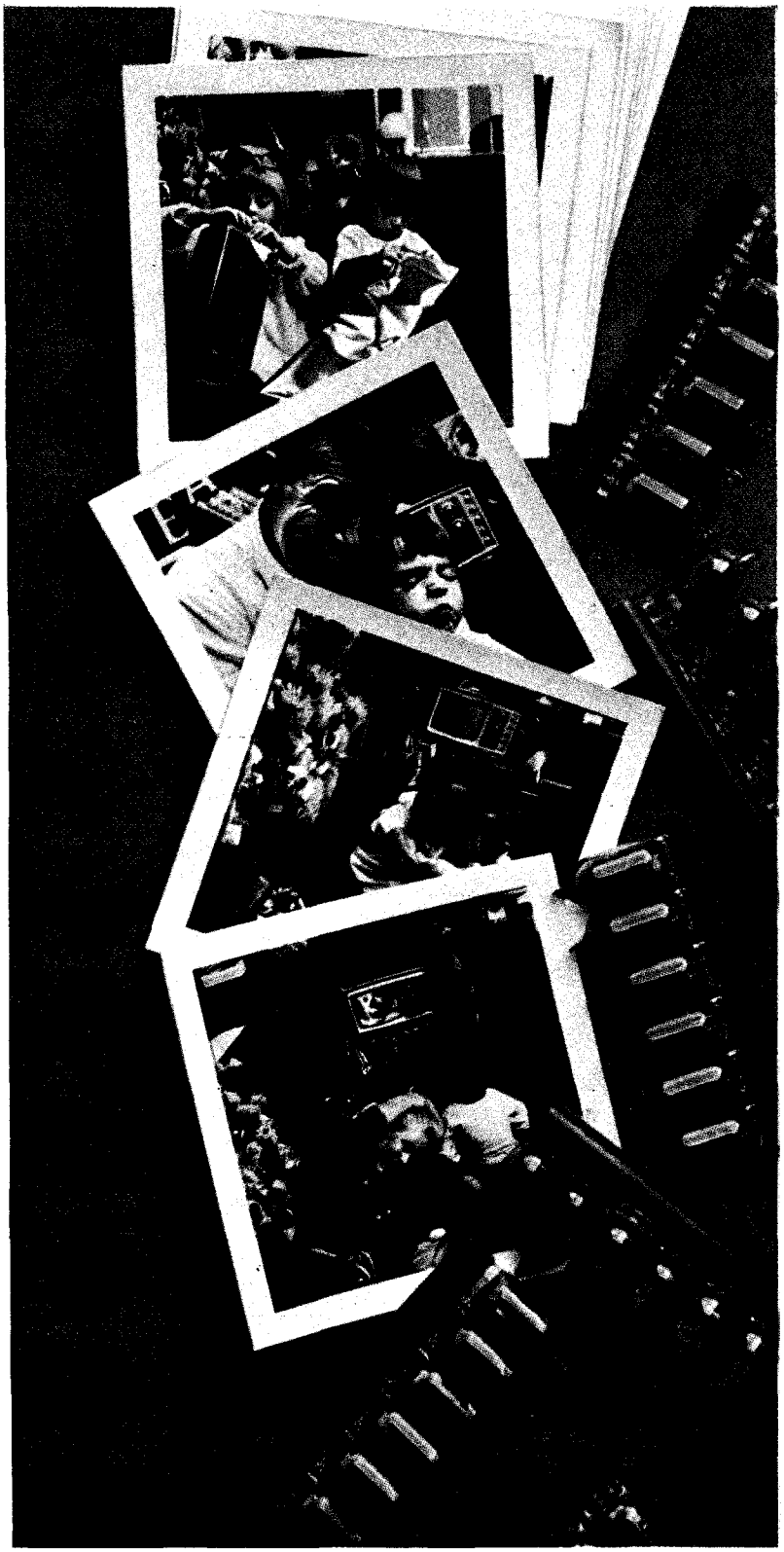

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Retrospective

I NOTICE it is almost exactly fifteen years since I began contributing regularly to *SR*'s movie column, which began, on a farm-out basis, back in 1950. Among the contributors in those days were Gilbert Seldes, Richard Griffith, and the late Lee Rogow, and if we did not share a common point of view we were at least bound together by an enthusiastic interest in, and at times admiration for, the film form. Somehow, Arthur Knight and I hung on the longest, with the result that here I am today, taking this opportunity for a backward look.

What do I see from the vantage point of 1965? Well, primarily that the situation in films has undergone considerable change during those fifteen years, and that attitudes have changed as well. I remember, then, that in Hollywood the television scare was developing, that statistics revealed the dreadful fact that fewer people were going to the movies, and that certain prophets of doom foresaw almost total collapse of the industry. Even so, Hollywood still tried to do things the old way. They kept stars on long-term contract, they continued the practice of making sons-in-law of studio heads into producers, and they were only beginning the expedient of selling off old movies to television, with a consequent even greater decline at the box office.

But the winds of change were beginning to stir. It was around 1950 that Hollywood began talking about "maturity." Older folks had to be lured back to the movies, and maturity was the gimmick that just might do it. In studio parlance, *mature* usually meant that actors talked about sex, while *adult* movies showed it. Nevertheless, movies did seem to be getting more mature, little by little. The first film I reviewed, I recall, was a social thriller, *Panic in the Streets*. *Sunset Boulevard* appeared in 1950, and within the next year or two came *All About Eve*, *A Place in the Sun*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

As I look back, I can see now that it was an exciting fifteen years of moviegoing. Foreign films came along in increasing numbers, and art houses sprang up year by year. In 1950 Federico Fellini was just beginning his auspicious career, Ingmar Bergman was at work in Sweden, and Kurosawa in Japan. How strange it is today to read someone like Wolcott Gibbs claiming in the late 1940s that movies were beneath the intelligent person's contempt.

Various nostrums were applied by Hollywood to save its own kind of movies. First there was 3-R, then came Cinerama, CinemaScope, and Todd-AO. The systems have come, gone, and stayed, and none of them overwhelm us.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, thrones of power have toppled. Where is the old RKO studio? Lucille Ball has it. Much of 20th Century-Fox's studio property has been turned into business and housing developments. An agency, MCA, took over Universal. The most successful film company, at the moment, is United Artists, and it doesn't own a studio, nor does it produce movies. What it does do is finance and distribute them. Get yourself a star and you have a deal with UA.

And what about those stars of yesteryear? When the studios panicked, the stars threatened to take over; they became corporations; they made pictures. They don't do it much any more; instead, they prefer to work for a piece of the action. Directors became the key figures. Get yourself a big director and you have a deal with UA, or with MGM, Fox, Columbia, or Universal. Hollywood was making more than 300 movies a year in 1950, and today it's perhaps fifty.

Could anyone have believed in 1950 that we'd have a film called *Last Year in Marienbad*, that *La Dolce Vita* would make more money than an Esther Williams swimical, that Stanley Kubrick would unsettle us with his fierce, wild satire on the fail-safe system? Stanley Kubrick, in 1950, was just a kid from the Bronx with a still camera. You can see how tentative we were about this business of covering movies. We called the column *SR Goes to the Movies*, with the implication that we were being just a bit daring and kind of doing it for kicks. No, it's all changed and, if anything, movies are being viewed with too much solemnity. A whole batch of intellectually oriented critics have climbed aboard the bandwagon (where were *you* in 1950, Dwight Macdonald?) and they spend as much time reviewing each other as they do the movies.

I didn't know it in 1950, but movies were just on the verge of making that big leap into legitimacy. Movies are "in" now, very much in. No one objects to their talking, or their being in color or on wide screen. As I remember, though, almost all of us objected to their smelling. I hope we haven't settled down about movies. I still think it's healthy to rage and rave. And it's still fun to write this column and exactly fit this space.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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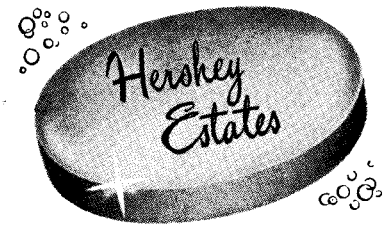

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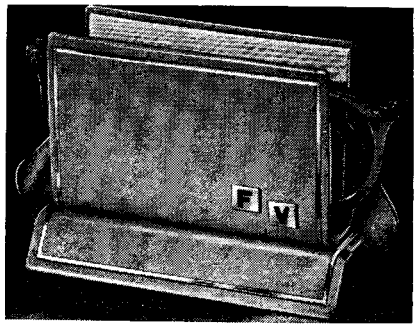
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Castle Under Siege

EXOTIC, visionary, cluttered with pseudo-Moorish flourishes, Olana (Arabic for "Castle on the Hill") is in danger of extinction. This wonderfully hybrid architectural mélange, this romantic image of Victorian America, was recently rescued from the auctioneer's hammer literally in the nick of time. Now only public or government support can prolong the rescue permanently. To lose Olana, the spectacular hilltop home of Hudson River painter Frederic Church, would be to lose one of America's most endearing historic documents and one of the country's most authentic relics. The house and its multifarious contents are unique testaments to nineteenth-century art and manners. At times, we in the United States take considerable pains to reconstruct our architectural past. Witness, for example, Williamsburg and Cooperstown. At Olana nothing is needed but foresight and a relatively modest sum to preserve an already intact record of former days, a record, let me add, that is full of human and esthetic interest.

Magnificently situated in a 327-acre park replete with romantic artificial lake and peerless views of the Hudson River and Catskill Mountains, Olana dates from the early 1870s when Church designed the twenty-five-room Moorish-Italian villa near the town of Hudson, New York. The house, virtually unchanged since the artist's death in 1900, was occupied until 1964 by his daughter-in-law, who died last year at ninety-six. Immediately, the estate was put on the market and its contents—paintings, furnishings, sculpture, and Church's personal belongings—were slated for auction. Only through the split-second intervention of a dedicated group of citizens called Olana Preservation, Inc., and spearheaded by David Huntington, Smith College Professor of Art History and an authority on Church, was the sale of house and grounds postponed. Now the committee is actively engaged in raising the funds necessary to keep Olana intact. The hope is eventually to turn it into a public museum and park.

Frederic Church, generally considered the last important member of the Hudson River School, moved to Catskill, New York, when he was eighteen in order to study under Thomas Cole, an artist often rated as the greatest Hudson River painter. Later, Church became an inveterate traveler, a man of urbane, even opulent taste. Driven by an insatiable appetite for adventure, he investigated such remote nineteenth-century outposts as South and Central America, Labrador, the West Indies, Mexico, the Holy Land, and Greece. In Greenland he painted icebergs; in Ecuador, volcanoes; in the Near East he familiarized himself with Islamic architecture, which may explain, in part, Olana's intricate ornamentation. According to the architectural historian Vincent Scully, "Nineteenth-century critics . . . tended to call Olana 'Moorish'; Church always referred to it as 'Persian.' In reality, beneath its excellent exotic detailing, it is a solidly conceived and boldly massed Italian villa."

Interested in botany, geology, and the caprices of light, Church organized enormous, painfully detailed landscapes celebrating phenomena of nature and the wonders of science. Though he was best known for his huge Latin American canvases, which were equally famous in Europe and the United States, it is his modest oil sketches that appeal to modern eyes. These latter, usually painted from nature and sometimes used as notes for larger, official, and, alas, often more sterile works, are memorable for their spontaneity, luminosity, and unexpected economy of means.

At Olana one finds 125 of the oil sketches (a larger group can be seen at Cooper Union), fifty framed paintings, and innumerable drawings, some of them architectural designs for Olana. In addition, there are two Thomas Coles and a number of post-Renaissance European (mostly "school-of") canvases, all collected by Church. Other interesting memorabilia include books, letters, photographs, palettes, manuscripts, and journals, to say nothing of the sometimes "corny" but always entertaining souvenirs Church brought back from his incessant travels. Tiffany glass, Persian brass, a stuffed moose head, Thonet bentwood chairs, impaled tropical butterflies, Moroccan pistols, Oriental bronzes, Turkish rugs, and Chinese hangings are a sampling of the capricious objects that fill Olana.

Crowded it is, and yet architecturally the building has a fine sense of scale and space. Large windows look out on dazzling views, for everywhere the house has been oriented to its majestic site far above the wide, winding river. In a Boston newspaper article of 1890 describing Olana as "Mr. F. E. Church's chateau on the Hudson," the artist was asked whether he designed the house himself, to which he replied, "Yes, I can say, as the good woman did about her mock turtle soup, 'I made it out of my own head.'" Out of his own head it did come, but it is known that the architect Calvert Vaux, who along with Frederick Law Olmsted laid out Manhattan's Central Park, assisted him. However, there is no doubt that the concept from beginning to end was Church's.

In writing of Olana, art historian

Frederic Church at Olana (ca. 1890)—"urbane, opulent taste."

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Olana—"a unique testament to nineteenth-century manners."

James Thrall Soby observed that "nowhere else . . . is there so grand and complete a monument to later American romanticism in the fine arts. Nowhere else, amid our nineteenth-century architectural remains, do the American painter and nature stand so aggressively together." Soby is right; one need only look out any window at Olana to realize how much the surrounding panorama nourished the man who lived and worked there. For this noble site has become in a sense the symbol, even the apotheosis, of all Hudson River landscapes. And yet were it not for a few informed private citizens struggling against difficult odds, Church's extraordinary "Castle on the Hill" might well have gone down the drain. I am all for Congress passing bills to beautify America, though I am not as convinced as Mrs. Johnson that prettying up the highways is the answer. And, indeed, what will our artists do for subject matter if billboards and junkyards are eliminated? But, more seriously, we will have no living architectural history left in America if federal and state governments persist in neglecting this aspect of our national resources. Planting a symbolic tree is useful; more pressing is the preservation of meaningful architectural monuments. Our real enemies are not billboards but bulldozers, not urban realities but the heedless demolition of our natural and man-made heritage.

—KATHARINE KUH.

Stairway at Olana—The real enemy is bulldozers.

Broadway Postscript

Continued from page 30

anti-apartheid (has anyone ever presented a pro-apartheid play here?), *The Zulu and the Zayda* scarcely requires critical consideration. This new comedy, written by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is based on Dan Jacobson's story of the odd friendship that sprang up between a Yiddish-speaking grandfather and the Zulu-speaking servant engaged to take care of him. It has pleasant songs composed by Harold Rome, is directed benevolently by Dore Schary, and is played characteristically by Menasha Skulnik with expert support from Louis Gosset and Ossie Davis. A great deal of the humor is more readily appreciable by persons understanding Yiddish, but brushing up on your Zulu is not really central. The traces of a better play are visible at only a few moments. One is the quiet pause when an African housewife sets aside her fear in order to follow the rules of hospitality. A second comes when one Zulu servant explains to another how Africans must look into the faces of Europeans in order to discover what sort of response to their conversation is safe. And finally the rebellion of the retired Zayda and his teen-age grandson against the more responsible but less courageous head of the household understatedly points at a universal situation. However, these ideas are not developed, and what is left is not much more than a repetitive series of sketches in which Mr. Skulnik can be as unvaryingly entertaining as he is.

—HENRY HEWES.

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An Artist's Angle of Vision

John Sloan's New York Scene, *edited by Bruce St. John (Harper & Row. 658 pp. $12.50), the artist's diary from 1906 to 1913, comprises both a personal record and a social history. Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., is director of the Addison Gallery of American Art at Phillips Academy.*

By BARTLETT H. HAYES, JR.

"LOOK around you and tell me how many right angles you see in this room," I once heard John Sloan say to some seventy-five students seated on the floor about him. Promptly their heads began to twist like a covey of wide-eyed owls. Hands were soon raised as each challenged youth sought to give the answer he had found in the architectural moldings, the corners of the furniture, and the paintings and frames that adorned the surrounding walls. Sloan allowed the game to continue for a minute or so, then firmly called it to a halt. "I believe," he said, "that none of you is in a position to see one right angle and certainly not more than one, because you must be directly perpendicular to one in order to see it that way. What most of you actually see is an obtuse, or an acute, angle, depending on where you are. Move a few feet and the angle will change from your particular point of view." This is a vivid example of Sloan's personality as it came through to others, and as it does not come through in this diary, written before he had ever sold a painting.

Trained as a newspaper illustrator, he earned a marginal living by his wit and observation. Entry after entry includes such comments as, "Sent off a puzzle to the *Press* (Philadelphia). Manuscript from *Appleton's Magazine* arrived." This brief notation was the entire entry for July 3, 1906, and many others in this daily record of seven and a half years are scarcely longer or more stimulating.

On the other hand, even if there is repetition in the prosaic record of who called, who was entertained and where, or what work was in progress, there are moments when the reader comes on reminders of how significantly the New York scene has changed in little more than half a century. For instance, on July 22, 1908: "Dolly [his wife] and I went to a new place, Sutor's, on Seventh Avenue. The cooking is done by the proprietor and his wife, a little French woman, waits on the table. It is a fairly good dinner for the price, thirty cents with wine!" However, the following night, ". . . Dinner at home, which after all is much the best. . . ."

Comments such as the latter were not so innocent as one might suppose. The diary was begun at the recommendation of Dolly's doctor as a "safety valve" for Sloan's melancholy, and also to please Dolly herself and give her confidence in her battle with neurosis and alcohol. Sloan said, "I tried very hard to write things that would make her happy," and he often expresses his need of her: "As I expect Dolly to come home to her very lonely me tomorrow, I spent several hours today trying to make the studio and the front room look a bit cleaner. I swept and dusted and had the satisfaction of getting a good heap of dust which is always pleasing; to sweep a house and not get a good lot in the dustpan is a disappointment. . . ." (August 23, 1908.)

In contrast to the earlier years, the diary for 1911 and 1912 almost achieves a narrative quality. Not only is it a very human document; it is also a source of social study, for Sloan was much concerned with the problems of the day and was active in the affairs of the Socialist Party (from which he resigned in 1914), as well as with publications such as the *Call, Coming Nation,* and *New Masses.* Dolly shared his interest, going from one Socialist Party street meeting to another, and serving on the committee that helped the Lawrence, Massachusetts, textile workers' strike.

But essentially this is the diary of an observant artist. Painters, writers, and editors move in and out of the picture as they battle for freedom of ideas and seek esthetic justice. The famous exhibition of the "Eight" in 1908 and the Independent Artists Exhibitions begun in 1910 could have been held from no other motives, and Sloan recounts his own vital role with both humility and conviction.

An introduction by Sloan's second wife, Helen Farr Sloan (Dolly died in 1943), and a foreword by Bruce St. John, director of the Delaware Art Center, where the Sloan papers have been deposited, give the general background of the diary and of its artistic environment, which is useful for the reader who may know little of this aspect of the social history of the early twentieth century in America. The diary, however, speaks for itself, for Sloan was both a conscious observer of the passing scene and a humanist who protested the injustices he saw in it, although he kept the two quite distinct. He describes it best himself, the day before his fortieth birthday: "Wrote to Abe Simons of the *Coming Nation*

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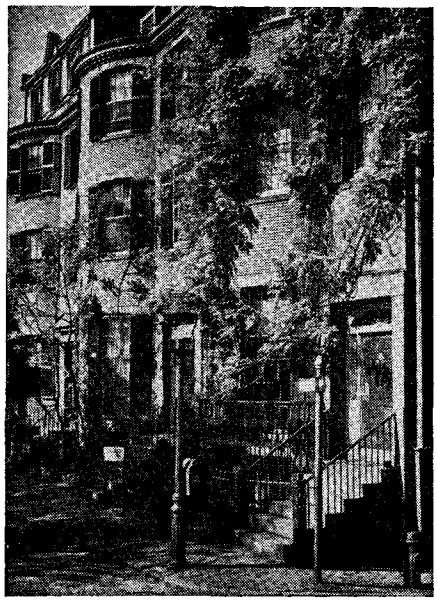
The Bygones in Boston

The Gentle Americans: Biography of a Breed, *by Helen Howe (Harper & Row. 435 pp. $6.95), focuses on the Victorian Boston of Mark Anthony DeWolfe Howe. Iola Haverstick is a free-lance critic who specializes in the nineteenth century.*

By IOLA HAVERSTICK

AT A monthly meeting some years ago of Boston's intellectually élite Saturday Club the late mathematician and philosopher Alfred North Whitehead was quoted as saying: "If I were asked to choose a representative of homo sapiens to send to Mars, I believe I should choose Mark Howe." He was refe..ing, of course, to Mark Anthony DeWolfe Howe, the biographer, historian, editor, and poet who, from the turn of the century until his death at the age of ninety-six in December 1960, was not only prominent in the world of letters, but highly respected by those who knew him as an exceptionally warm-hearted and well-balanced human being. Accordingly, it is not surprising to find philosopher Whitehead's would-be Martian ambassador the focal point of *The Gentle Americans,* an exceptionally warm-hearted and well-balanced re-creation of a recent and radically different past—the Boston of yesterday—by the would-be ambassador's daughter, monologuist and novelist Helen Howe.



—*Samuel Chamberlain.*

Nos. 20 and 22 Louisburg Square—an environment of eccentricity and individualism.

The seventeenth child of a family of eighteen (his father, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman who later became the first Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, had three wives), Mark Howe, who was born in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1864, remembered seeing soldiers of the Northern Army of Occupation returning from the Civil War, and lived to see his son Quincy act as moderator of the last pre-election television debate between John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon. Although his arrival on the Boston scene in 1887 to attend Harvard, after having graduated from Lehigh, was greeted by the usual "chill" accorded most "outsiders," the convivial young Howe soon found himself (largely through his first editorial job on *Youth's Companion*) in the Charles Street salon of the local sibyl, Mrs. Annie Fields, widow of publisher James T. Fields and friend of such then-recently-defunct New England literary notables as Longfellow, Emerson, and Hawthorne.

It was at Mrs. Fields's that in 1905, as the escort of Julia Ward Howe, Mark Howe attended, along with Henry James, a dinner that the latter was to describe ten years later in the *Cornhill Magazine* as "a haunted little feast of ghosts if not of skeletons." Mark Howe's own memory of this event, as recorded by his daughter, confirms the Jamesian view. "I remember with a special enjoyment," he wrote, "the utterance of Mrs. Howe as she slumped into her seat for the homeward drive. Diminished as she was in stature by her nearly ninety years, she declared with an air of finality, 'Annie Fields has shrunk.'"

Though such links with the past were, inevitably, to shrink to a void, the living world of Boston was for Howe to widen, most notably, in an intimate sense, in the direction of Quincy, Massachusetts, where, abetted by Harvard Professor Charles Townsend Copeland, he finally, after a siege that lasted seven years, married Miss Fanny Quincy. Mother's "qualities," as Miss Howe describes them, were "original" and "in many ways the antithesis of Father's more obvious ones." Father, whose attributes were basically "faith, hope, and charity," "corresponded with any archetypical Father Image." Mother definitely did not, and Miss Howe explains why in a chapter of her book entitled "Mother—

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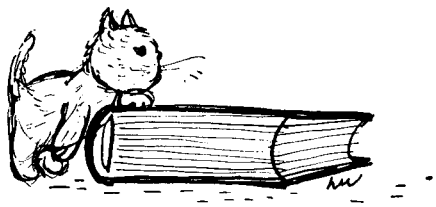
The Principle of Resistance to Boston." It could be said—and Mother herself said it, though it is obviously a vast oversimplification—that "whereas Father expected a check in the morning mail, she expected a bill." Incidentally, under the pen name "Mrs. Grundy," Mother wrote "lively little essays" for the *Atlantic* directed at the younger generation and, during the early years of her marriage, published an anonymous novel entitled *Opal*.

Shortly after their marriage the Mark Howes settled at Number 26 Brimmer Street in Boston, where their neighbors included Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the Antarctic explorer, who seems to have been the only person in Boston of note whom they never met. For it was primarily during the Brimmer Street period (some thirty years, terminating with Mrs. Howe's death in 1933) that Mark Howe's Boston opened up to include what seems to have been virtually an army of friends and acquaintances. This "army"—which, along with Mr. and Mrs. Howe themselves, comprises the "Gentle Americans" of Miss Howe's title – has been subdivided by the author (according to a Boston tradition that distinguished between two different branches of the same family by the way their respective carriage horses' tails were groomed) into "short-tailed" or fashionable Bostonians and "long-tailed" or natural Bostonians. Although the two categories often overlap (particularly when the author describes some of the "mighty maidens" or "fierce virgins" who dedicated their asexual lives to "Causes"), Miss Howe's re-creation or "brief lives" of some of her parents' friends and of her parents themselves is distinguished from both the common run of familiar reminiscences and the usual exposés of Bostonians, proper and improper, by her approach to her material, which, though quite naturally tinted with a degree of



nostalgia, is sympathetic without being sentimental, appreciative without being apologetic, realistic without being raw, and, above all, as one would expect, literate and amusing.

Choosing one's favorite bygone Bostonians from the wealth of portraits Miss Howe has provided will be a matter of individual preference. This reviewer particularly enjoyed meeting the following: 1) Arthur Dehon Hill, last counsel in the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, a combination cynic and romantic who compared his private law practice to "picking up pins on the floor of a dusty attic"; 2) Aunt Mabel Davis, Mrs. Howe's elder sister, "whose very essence was that it was impossible to summon her—ever" and who when invited by the Howes for a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner would invariably reply, "We'll hold the thought"; 3) Mrs. Howe's avid correspondent "Mamie," whose deadpan recitations of her sexual experiences and adversities bear comparison with passages of Daniel Defoe's *Moll Flanders*; 4) Mr. Edward Forbes, who, at the age of ninety, excused himself to a lady for not getting out of his chair "as he admitted he was rather tired, having just come in from playing polo"; 5) literary critic John Jay Chapman, who, "to expiate his sense of sin for having struck a friend, had burned his own hand in a live fire" and who was "literally seared by his recognition of evil and violence in himself as in others."

Unfortunately, such random samplings do justice neither to Miss Howe's book nor to her so-called "Gentle Americans"—and don't be put off, as this reviewer nearly was, by the almost "cute" title, which in essence refers to the mores and manners of an era, Victorian Boston, and not necessarily to the members of the breed, the Victorian Bostonians, individually. Though—with the exception of such realists as "Mamie" and John Jay Chapman—they inevitably shared certain attitudes and taboos (sex and money, for example, were never mentioned), the Howes and their friends were primarily individualists in an environment where eccentricity and individualism were not only tolerated, but could be a source of inspiration as well as of amusement.

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ALPHA OR OMEGA

Each of these quotations is either the first or the last sentence of a novel by one of the authors listed. Marijane Meeker of New York City wants you to attribute each quotation to the right author and to name the novel. Answers on page 55.

"Like a dog!" he said; it was as if he meant the shame of it to outlive him. ( )

In the town there were two mutes, and they were always together. ( )

She looked up and across the barn, and her lips came together and smiled mysteriously. ( )

Mother died today. ( )

Call me Ishmael. ( )

That might be the subject of a new story, but our present story is ended. ( )

For a long time I used to go to bed early. ( )

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way. ( )

"Yes," I said, "isn't it pretty to think so?" ( )

In your rocking-chair, by your window, shall you dream such happiness as you may never feel. ( )

Out of this universal feast of death, out of this extremity of fever, kindling the rain-washed evening sky to a fiery glow, may it be that Love one day shall mount? ( )

Except for the Marabar Caves—and they are twenty miles off—the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. ( )

1. Camus
2. Dostoevsky
3. Dreiser
4. Forster
5. Hemingway
6. Kafka
7. Mann
8. McCullers
9. Melville
10. Proust
11. Steinbeck
12. Tolstoy

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A Boy and His Horse and His Harem

A Conspiracy of Women, *by Aubrey Menen (Random House. 244 pp. $4.95), presents Alexander the Great as a simple-minded, golden-haired boy in love with his horse. Robert Payne's numerous books include "The Splendor of Greece."*

By ROBERT PAYNE

AUBREY MENEN is an authority on Rome, and his book *Rome for Ourselves* is quite easily the most enchanting introduction to that wildly beautiful and shapeless city. He has the light touch, much learning, a proper savagery, a suave style. He knows his way through all those formidable side streets where foreigners are always lost. And, since he is wholly in love with Rome, admiring even the baroque churches and accustomed to taking a daily tour of the Forum, everything and anything he has written about the city is full of free-flowing life. He is half-Irish, half-Indian, and therefore in possession of the best of the worlds of East and West. Irish blarney and Indian sensitivity have formed in him a perfect marriage.

Living in Rome, roughly midway between Ireland and India, he has all the advantages of detachment. Saturated with Roman magnificence, he is not likely to be impressed by magnificence elsewhere. So, in this novel dealing with Alexander's campaigns in the East, we can scarcely expect that Alexander will emerge as a great conqueror or even as a man with a flair for adventure. Instead we are presented with Alexander the Unmagnificent, a simple-minded, golden-haired boy in love with his horse, and easily tyrannized by the Lady Berenice, a formidable do-gooder and go-getter, who suggests that he would solve all the problems of his empire if he brought about "a fusion, a blend, a meeting of the ways, out of which the Perfect will emerge."

Alexander takes the hint, marries three Persian women, and orders his soldiers to do likewise, thus solving once and for all the problem of cultural nonconformity. Naturally, the Greek harlots in the camp rise in revolt and chase the Persian wives away, leaving a rather subdued Alexander to drown his sorrows in an increasing affection for his horse.

The trouble is that all the Greeks talk too much, and talk like Romans. The play becomes a Roman farce, with overtones of P. G. Wodehouse. King Ambhi of Taxila, who amuses himself by playing with toy boats, and the philosopher Anaxarchus, who tints his cheeks with rouge and paints his eyelids blue, are figures from low comedy; the women derive from bedroom farce and chatter endlessly. Here is Alexander discussing the acquisition of his best Persian wife:

> "Fine woman," said Alexander to Hephaestion. He drank deeply for a while, and then added, "S'like horses. Breeding tells."
> "It does," said Hephaestion.
> "Hephaestion," said Alexander.
> "Sire."
> "You should marry."
> "I have, sire."
> "So you have. I forgot. Fine thing, women. Half the human race. Here, come here. Lean over. Between you and me, I can't stand 'em."

This kind of thing goes on for page after page, and the novel would be completely unbearable if it were not for Mr. Menen's capacity for inventing absurd adventures. His description of the pitched battle between the Greek harlots and the legitimate Persian wives is the proper stuff of comedy; so is his description of the great Harumdarum, the oldest university in the world, where the greatest of sages live in absolute peace.

Mr. Menen has an abundant sense of the irrelevance of all things. He writes exceedingly well when he is not recording the prattle of the Via Veneto. It is time he put away childish things, read Swift, and placed his comic talent at the service of a greater goddess.

Middle-Aged Knack: *A Night at Sea* (Knopf, $4.95), a novel by Margaret Lane about various brief encounters between men and women, is, indeed, as British admirers have already written, full of emotion, beautifully constructed, intensely dramatic. It is also much too feminine for its own good.

"I don't doubt," announces Colin Wilson on the dust jacket, "that it [her ability] should establish her as the best woman writer in England at present." Not while such as Muriel Spark, Iris

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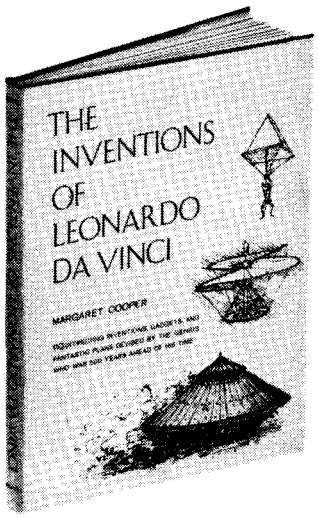

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—*Library Journal*

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—*Chicago Tribune*

THE INVENTIONS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
by Margaret Cooper
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Murdoch, and Pamela Hansford-Johnson can still wield a pen.

The story concerns James, a devastatingly attractive middle-aged lawyer on the brink of becoming a judge; Molly, his neglected but still attractive wife; Anthea, a statuesque blonde divorcée in favor of whom Molly is neglected; Pearl, a long-haired, bikini-clad post-nymphet who, like everybody else, wants James, and Ben, an unlucky young man who wants Pearl.

There are a number of well-told but somewhat irrelevant episodes, particularly a long scene in which Anthea confronts a blackmailer. We never do learn who the fellow is, nor what he wants.

James is clearly a woman's invention. He's a fiftyish version of the irresistible young man in the movie *The Knack, and How to Get It*. James has the knack, all right. "What alarms you, I think, is simply his authority," Molly tells Pearl.

"Pearl's eyes widened with interest and her lips parted. It seemed to Molly that the bloom on her cheek, already a rich apricot, deepened in color.

"'Fabulous,' she said again, in a husky whisper."

Well, the book does have an ending with all the stops pulled out. Poor James. So much for the knack. Still, the whole business should make an excellent movie. Fabulous. . . . —Dorrie Pagones.

Dancers to an Eastern Rhythm: "Life plays itself out to a different rhythm here. . . . It is fatal to come to India and expect to be able to live to a Western rhythm," remarks one of the wiser Westerners in *A Backward Place* (Norton, $4.50). R. Prawer Jhabvala has vividly illustrated this profound truth in several previous books, and continues to do so in this one.

Here, then, in her familiar New Delhi setting, is a new set of dancers—adroit and maladroit—to the Indian rhythm. There is Judy, the simple English girl whose acceptance and love of India make her a most graceful dancer. There are the Hochstadts, clumsy but calm, who think of themselves as guests of India. And volatile Etta, an aging Hungarian girl-about-town who has lived in India for twenty-five years but considers herself more prisoner than guest. And Clarissa, who had come to India in search of spiritual beauty but who grows older and lonelier and dirtier year by year.

Not unexpectedly, the Indians are more attuned to the rhythm although they, too, have trouble with its intricacies. Judy's husband, Bal, for instance, is an endearing and enthusiastic dreamer, a would-be actor whose grandiose plans will one day (or will they?) become reality. Jaykar is an old revolutionary journalist, unable to understand the confusions of today's young Indians, a gallant and outmoded crusader for social action. Sudhir is one of the confused young Indians, cynical, intellectual, and, until he finally rouses to action, lost like the others in apathy.

Together and with many others, these characters play out Mrs. Jhabvala's story of action and reaction, rhythm and awkwardness. Occasionally malicious portrait of a society that Mrs. Jhabvala views with compassion, amusement, and insight. —Margaret Parton.

Priapus in Blokeville: *Glover* (Putnam, $5.95) is a satirical novel that can be favorably compared with James Purdy's *Cabot Wright Begins*. Glover, an American airman stationed in England, vaunts a phallus which makes all the girls weak with willing lust, as did Cabot Wright. But where Cabot Wright screwed America with a splendid and savage hysteria of wit, Glover makes the Bloke (English) women with a mechanical and mindless exuberance. Francis Pollini has fashioned a staccato, shorthand style that admirably fits Glover's fierce, inarticulate concentration on his succession of sexual exploits. It serves pretty well, also, to express Glover's offhand contempt for the ways of Bloke society—an archaic and decadent backdrop to Glover's activities.

Ex-football hero, star of an Air Force recruiting movie, Joe Glover is as invulnerable to emotion as any fashion plate. When Glover murders a Bloke woman, there is a marvellously funny *rightness* about the way everyone rallies to defend the shining image of the "Airman of the Quarter." The pace is stepped up and the range extended to include a parody of the workings of Bloke justice. If, at this point, the satirical drive flags a little, it is partly because Mr. Pollini's highly stylized manner does not render Bloke consciousness as well as it does Glover's and partly because Mr. Pollini is simply not as sure-footed with the English as he is with the Americans.

It is Mr. Pollini's great achievement to have made Glover the authentic modern demonic, raised to the power of sanctity by his single-minded pursuit of instinct ("Ha Ha. Oh, man. There he goes, *the Saint Glover*. Ha Ha. Yo, *Saint, Glover*. Oh, man. Wo."). A perfect counterpoint to Glover is the homosexual would-be writer, Lieutenant Patton, who dotes upon the thin civilized fantasies of *New Yorker* fiction and enjoys all the comforts of metaphysical melancholy.

Glover is in some ways a flawed work—at times overlong, repetitive, its shot scattered too wide for accurate aim. But it is lifted far above the ruck of novels by the power and unity of an original mind and by the vigor and invention of a style which catches the mechanical, ritual cadences of obscenity and pomposity and which rises sometimes to an incantatory rhythm of brutal glee. Joe Glover himself rings dead true, and he is likely to exercise the same horrible fascination over most readers as he does over the female Blokes.

—Julian Gloag.

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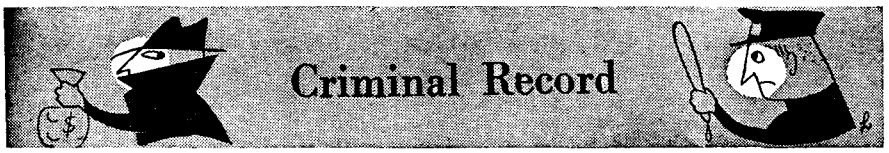

The Century of the Detective. *By Jürgen Thorwald. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $8.95. Fingerprinting, forensic medicine, toxicology, the comparison microscope are the milestones marking the progress of criminal investigation in our time. Jürgen Thorwald here presents the absorbing details of this forward march and supplies fascinating case histories, including many from America. A thoroughly professional study. Good illustrations.

Murderers Sane and Mad. *By Miriam Allen de Ford. Abelard-Schuman.* $5. These thirteen explorations into "the motivation and rationale of murder" (nine California, two Chicago, one Philadelphia, one London) are the work of a San Franciscan who has established a reputation as a knowledgeable and discerning fact-crime commentator.

Mata Hari. *By Sam Waagenaar. Appleton-Century.* $5.95. Previous accounts of the career of the dancer whom the French shot as a spy in 1917 have been compounded of "hearsay" and "rumors," according to Mr. Waagenaar, who tells us his biography is based largely on "documents which for the greater part were unknown till now." He has researched his material well but presents it awkwardly. Fine illustrations.

Unmasked! The Story of Soviet Espionage. *By Ronald Seth. Hawthorn.* $5.95. This comprehensive summary covering the period from 1917 to the present reviews familiar and less familiar cases; defections in both directions are stressed; author is British authority on his subject.

The Novels of Dashiell Hammett. *Introduction by Lillian Hellman. Knopf.* $6.95. They're all here: *Red Harvest* (1929), *The Dain Curse* (1929), *The Maltese Falcon* (1930), *The Glass Key* (1931), *The Thin Man* (1934). Miss Hellman's prefatory note says: "I have, and will perhaps some day publish, a part of a novel on which he had been working long before his death."

Power Play. *By The Gordons. Doubleday.* $4.95. Wily aide steers bumbling U.S. Senator into supporting wrong prospect for directorship of FBI (action occurs in semidistant future); Senate-House Commission hearing a sizzler; fast action all the way. This may be the only work of its kind ever to carry an appendix (here called "Background Facts"). *Power Play* reads like a rebuttal to Rex Stout's *The Doorbell Rang*, but the coincidence is certainly fortuitous.

Deadfall. *By Desmond Cory. Walker.* $4.95. Ace jewel thief, English-born but operating in Spain with Frenchman and Frenchwoman, pulls his jobs with skill and daring; dialogue is extensive; D. H. Lawrence quoted. A finished production, nicely plotted and written.

Stories Not for the Nervous. *Edited by Alfred Hitchcock. Random House.* $5.95. Twenty-four tales, short and longish, by American and British writers, famous and not (but the editor's selection of them is sufficient cachet), make up this museum of the macabre.

The Persecutor. *By Ian Hamilton. Lippincott.* $4.50. Australian disc jockey plays amateur eye in double murder case; Woolloomooloo visited by stealth; poodle-clipper in cast; first line is a honey: "A telephone rings its loudest at five in the morning." Nice going.

Understrike. *By John Gardner. Viking.* $3.95. Boysie Oakes, British Intelligence op (no 007 he), is sent to San Diego to observe missile test-firing; hell pops. Brisk, brash, and bawdy.

The Pale Betrayer. *By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribners.* $3.95. Murder of N.Y. physicist, just back from Athens science huddle, gives excellent police team chance to do its stuff. Sensitive and sure, with admirable pace.

The Death Dealers. *By Mickey Spillane. Dutton.* $3.50. Strangulations by nylon abound in this latest adventure of Tiger Mann, U.S. master of counter-espionage; bullets fly too. Noisemaker, of course.

The Story-Teller. *By Patricia Highsmith. Crime Club.* $3.95. Struggling American TV script-writer, domiciled with English wife in Suffolk cottage, in jam when she disappears; death of elderly female neighbor is no help at all. Excellent comedy with tragic moments.

A Penny for the Guy. *By Jan Roffman. Crime Club.* $3.50. The guy's last name is Fawkes, and he is burned in effigy all over England every November 5th. This lively story, keyed on that event, has, for good measure, two murders and a cop with a grudge. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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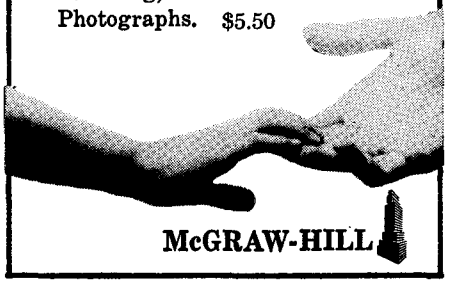

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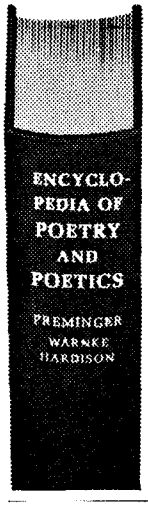

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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ANCIENT ARTS OF THE AMERICAS. By G. H. S. Bushnell. Praeger. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $3.95.

ANCIENT ARTS OF CENTRAL ASIA. By Tamara Talbot Rice. Praeger. Hardbound, $7.50. Paperback, $3.95.

CONTEMPORARY PRINTMAKING IN JAPAN. By Ronald G. Robertson. Crown. $5.95.

THE DOGE'S PALACE. By Terisio Pignatti. Reynal/Morrow. $15.

THE FIFTY-THREE STAGES OF THE TOKAIDO. By Hiroshige. Edited by Ichitaro Kondo. East-West Center Press. $10.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE TOFF AND THE KIDNAPPED CHILD. By John Creasey. Walker. $3.50.

Current Affairs

INTERNATIONAL POLITICAL COMMUNICATION. By W. Phillips Davison. Praeger. $7.50.

THE POLITICS OF MODERNIZATION. By David E. Apter. Univ. of Chicago Press. $7.50.

ZANZIBAR: Background to Revolution. By Michael F. Lofchie. Princeton Univ. Press. $7.50.

Fiction

BAZZARIS. By Don Tracy. Trident. $4.95.

THE BEST HOUSE IN STRATFORD. By Edward Fisher. Abelard-Schuman. $3.95.

THE CASE OF MR. CRUMP. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $2.25. (Reissue.)

DAYS OF GRASS: Stories from the *Christian Herald*. Edited by Rachel Hartman. Channel. $5.95.

IS THE UNITED STATES READY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT? By Robert Saffron. Trident. $4.95.

ITALIAN LETTERS, or, The History of the Count de St. Julian. By William Godwin. Edited by Burton R. Pollin. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $4.50.

RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES: A Bilingual Collection. Vol. II. Edited, translated and introduced by Maurice Friedberg and Robert A. Maguire. Random House. $6.95.

History

THE CORFU INCIDENT OF 1923: Mussolini and the League of Nations. By James Barros. Princeton Univ. Press. $7.50.

DECISIVE BATTLES OF WORLD WAR II. By H. A. Jacobson and J. Rohwer. Putnam. $10.

THE GARDEN AND THE WILDERNESS. By Mark DeWolfe Howe. Univ. of Chicago Press. $4.50.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By M. J. Sydenham. Putnam. $5.95.

A HISTORY OF JEWISH CRAFTS AND GUILDS. By Mark Wischnitzer. Jonathan David. $7.95.

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS: Turbulent Decades in Tennessee, 1885-1920. By Paul E. Isaac. Univ. of Tennessee Press. $6.

TIME STOPPED AT 6:30: The Untold Story of the Katyn Massacre. By Thaddeus Wittlin. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES OF SEA WARFARE. By Jacques Mordal. Potter. $7.50.

THE TWO PARTIES AND THE TARIFF IN THE 1880s. By W. Poulshock. Syracuse Univ. Press. $5.

Literary Criticism

AFRICAN/ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Survey and Anthology. By Anne Tibble. October House. $8.50.

CLAUDEL & AESCHYLUS: A Study of Claudel's Translation of the Oresteia. By William H. Matheson. Univ. of Michigan Press. $6.

HEMINGWAY ON LOVE. By Robert W. Lewis, Jr. Univ. of Texas Press. $6.

ROMEO AND JULIET: An Outline Guide to the Play. By Richard Hosley. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $2.50. Paperback, 95¢.

SHAKESPEARE FOR EVERYMAN. By Louis B. Wright. Trident. $4.95.

Miscellany

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH. By Gaston Rébuffat. Photographs by Pierre Tairraz. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50.

BORN IN A BOOKSHOP. By Vincent Starrett. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.95.

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. By Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. New edition with an introduction by Francis B. Randall. Washington Square Press. $3.95.

THE COMPLETE HOMEOWNER. By Robert Schwartz and Hubbard A. Cobb. Macmillan. $5.95.

ELIZABETHAN HISTORY PLAYS. Edited by W. A. Armstrong. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.

ENTER: THE COMICS. Rudolphe Töpffer's Essay on Physiognomy and the True Story of Monsieur Crépin. Edited by E. Wiese. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.

THE GOLDEN PEOPLE. By Paul Gallico. Doubleday. $4.95.

A HISTORY OF DOLLS' HOUSES. By Flora Gill Jacobs. Scribners. $12.50.

IVORY HAMMER 3: The Year at Sotheby's and Parke-Bernet 1964-65. Edited by Michel Strauss. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $12.50.

JAPANESE FESTIVALS. By Helen Bauer and Sherwin Carlquist. Doubleday. $6.95.

A MONTESSORI HANDBOOK. Edited by R. C. Orem. Putnam. $4.95.

THE NAVAL PROFESSION. By James Calvert. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

SAN FRANCISCO FIREHOUSE FAVORITES. Compiled by Tony Calvello, Bruce Harlow, Georgia Sackett, and Shirley Sarvis. Bobbs-Merrill. $8.50 to December 31; $10 thereafter.

THE SEVENTEEN GUIDE TO YOUR WIDENING WORLD. By Enid A. Haupt. Macmillan. $4.95.

SOME SYNDROMES OF LOVE. By Jack Greenhill. Impact/Taplinger. $4.95.

SONGS OF MAN: The International Book of Folk Songs. By Norman Luboff and Win Stracke. Prentice-Hall. $14.95.

SUCH AGREEABLE FRIENDS. By Bernhard Grzimek. Hill & Wang. $5.

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FROM MY LEVEL. By George Mallaby. Atheneum. $5.

THE HUMBLE ADVENTURER: The Life and Times of James Ruse, Convict and Farmer. By Clifford Tolchard. Lansdowne/Australian Book Center. $7.

MONTAGUE OF VIRGINIA: The Making of a Southern Progressive. By William E. Larsen. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $7.50.

QUIET DECISION: A Study of George Foster Pearce. By Peter Heydon. Melbourne Univ. Press/Cambridge Univ. Press. $12.50.

THE WILD SWAN: The Life and Times of Hans Christian Andersen. By Monica Stirling. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

Philosophy, Religion

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN. By Bernard Ryan, F.S.C. Newman. $4.50.

EZRA AND NEHEMIAH. Translated with an introduction and notes by Jacob M. Myers. Vol. XIV of the *Anchor Bible*. Doubleday. $6.

GURU-GRANTH SAHIB: The Holy Book of the Sikhs. Translated and edited by Dr. Gopal Singh. Taplinger. Limited edition. Four volumes. $80.

MARTIN HEIDEGGER: A First Introduction to His Philosophy. By Joseph J. Kockelmans. Duquesne Univ. Press. $3.95.

NAUVOO: Kingdom on the Mississippi. By Robert Bruce Flanders. Univ. of Illinois Press. $6.50.

SAINTS AND SANCTITY. By Walter J. Burghardt, S.J. Prentice-Hall. $5.50.

SLAVERY AND METHODISM. By Donald G. Mathews. Princeton Univ. Press. $7.50.

Poetry

DEPENDENCIES. By Lisel Mueller. Univ. of North Carolina Press. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.85.

LOVE MAKES THE AIR LIGHT. By Raymond Roseliep. Norton. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

MODERN HINDI POETRY: An Anthology. Edited by Vidya Niwas Misra. Indiana Univ. Press. $4.95.

PLAIN SONG. By Jim Harrison. Norton. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

THE PURITAN CARPENTER. By Julia Randall. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $3.75.

Science

BIENNIAL REVIEW OF ANTHROPOLOGY. By Bernard J. Siegel. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.50.

TRIUMPHS OF BIOLOGY. By Philip Goldstein. Doubleday. $4.95.

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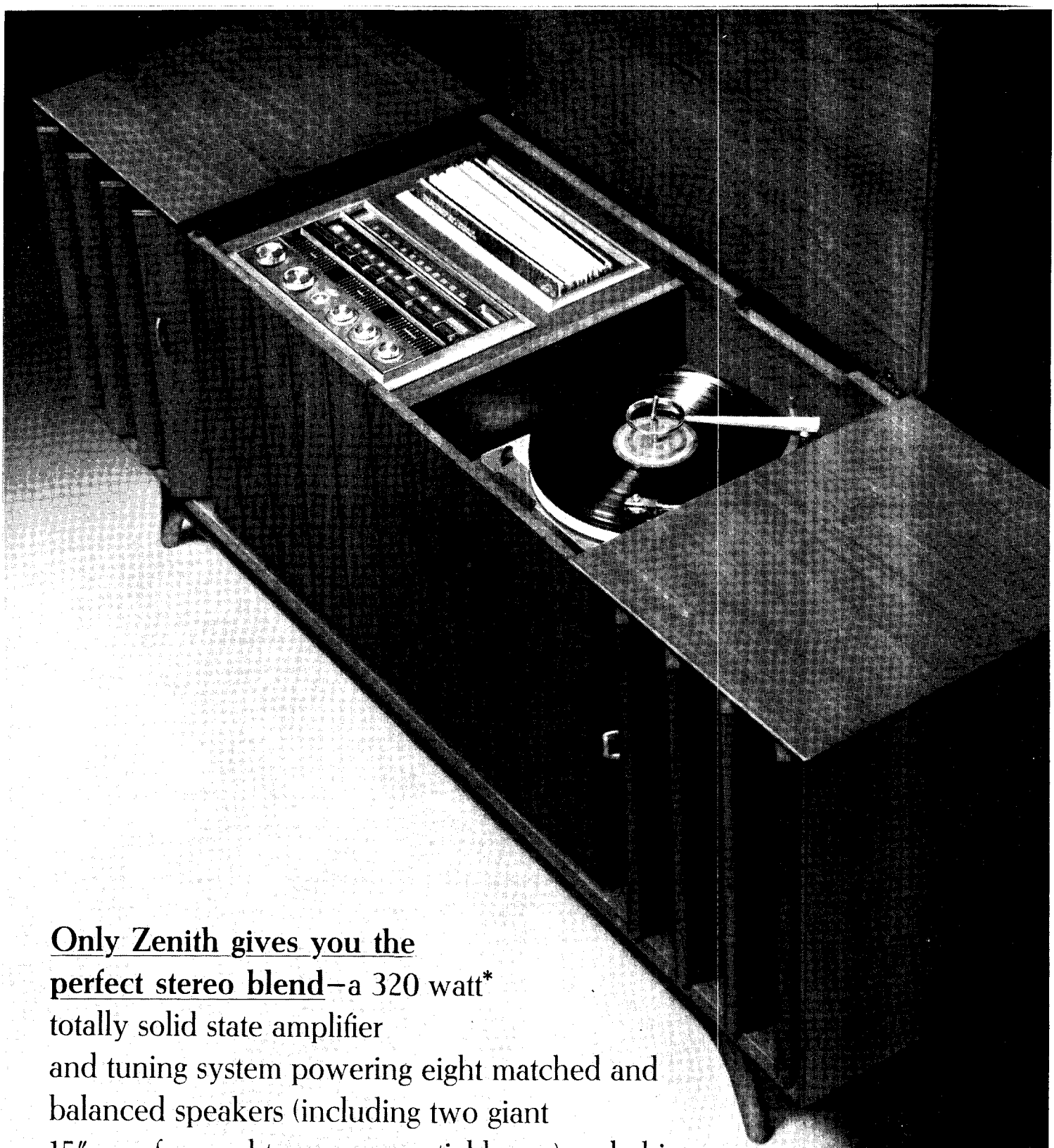

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—*David Farrell.*

EDUCATION ON THE MENUHIN PLAN

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By IRVING KOLODIN

THOSE WHOSE youth was contemporary with the prodigy days of Yehudi Menuhin (the later Twenties and early Thirties) will have no difficulty in recalling the atmosphere of his emergence, rearing, and development. The nature of his gifts aroused many to fear that "exploitation," as it was then called, would interfere with their full fruition; many earnest people in the musical community offered advice and counsel. To circumvent these hazards, his parents evolved a measured pattern of appearances designed to assist his development, not impede it; his general education proceeded (through private tutors) hand in hand with the musical; and such eminent people as Toscanini, Adolf Busch, and Georges Enesco made appropriate contributions. The sum of it appeared to be as close to an ideal solution of a difficult problem as could be contrived.

Among those who have another view of the way to deal with the development of a gifted child is the one most vitally concerned—which is to say, Menuhin himself. It is no secret (he is quoted in the biographical study by Robert Magidoff as saying) that many aspects of youth and adolescence which are part of the average child's birthright passed him by. To have the advantage of unusual gifts and a usual childhood may be asking much. But the only way to find out if there is a solution to a problem is to attack it. This Menuhin has done within the last few years at a school bearing his name in Stoke d'Abernon (Surrey), England. If all goes well, it may have a counterpart in this country, most likely in California near San Francisco, where he grew up.

How much or how little his own ex-

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perience entered into it is difficult to determine, but it was not the only factor. Also involved were his experiences as a jury member at various international competitions, especially in Brussels, where he took note of the uniformly high level of ability displayed by the Russian contestants. This was not so much a matter of superior talent as the self-assurance and poise with which they utilized the talent they possessed. They were, he mentioned, well ahead of contestants from other countries in this respect. He reasoned that a contribution to this must be the system of schooling in Russia for exceptional children. He had become acquainted with them on trips to Russia, and his wife Diana, who had been trained as a dancer by the Russians and was familiar with their approach to the development of dancers, agreed that it must also apply to musicians.

His thinking began to crystallize further through an experience with the young Argentinian violinist Alberto Lysy. Menuhin became acquainted with him as a contestant at Brussels in 1955, and though he did not come off with top honors he was attracted to his talent. Lysy, for his part, wanted nothing more than to "be with him." He attached himself to Menuhin, who worked with Lysy as time permitted. Gradually the conviction grew that there must be many more talented people, even younger, who could be assisted in an organized way. Gradually the Menuhins (for his wife was equally involved in the project) focused on eight to fourteen as the crucial years. They thought in terms of assisting them to the age of sixteen, both because by then their talents should be well grounded, and because other schools existed to take them on at that age.

By 1963 he felt that a start should be made. He delegated Marcel Gazelle, his long-time associate and touring partner, as accompanist, to go to Moscow and make a further study of the specialized Russian schools which Menuhin has had previously visited. To provide the necessary financing, Menuhin took a group of friends into his confidence and outlined his purpose. With four of them participating, in addition to himself, the sum of £20,000 was raised to support the school in its organizational and exploratory phases. Among those to whom he turned for advice and assistance was Ernest Read, who was celebrated in England for his work with young musicians, especially in the training of a youth orchestra.

Since it was deemed essential to combine general education with the musical, Menuhin sought out Gracie Cone, who had extended experience as principal and founder of the Arts Educational Trust in developing young talent for careers in ballet and theater. As a beginning, Menuhin thought that he and some close associates in the profession could supervise the musical end of the program. The start was made in the fall of 1963, with a group of sixteen children between eight and fourteen.

After a year, however, Menuhin and his associates, having found a house and fifteen acres of land, twenty miles from London, were at last able to establish the school completely in accordance with his ideas. Through the intercession of some friends in the banking business, a loan was arranged for the property at Stoke d'Abernon. It consists of two main buildings on a large estate. The estate had recently been used as a management training center by a large industrial firm and was well equipped with plumbing, central heating, and kitchen facilities.

As adapted to the needs of the Yehudi Menuhin School, the principal music rooms, as well as dining and common rooms, are in a structure called the Music House. The other building, called the White House, serves in part as the headmaster's home and also contains classrooms, an art room, and a playroom. The girls and younger boys have sleeping quarters in the Music House, which is the residence of the housemother. The older boys live in the White House, which also is the home of the matron. The headmaster, A. H. Brackenbury, M.A., was formerly associated with Bryanston, one of England's most respected public schools. The music director is the aforementioned Marcel Gazelle.

In its third year, the school has grown from sixteen children to thirty-two. Most of them are English, but the group includes two Germans, one Indian, and one American. They are selected by an audition, or testing procedure, that bears heavily on keenness of perception, the ability to hear, and to coordinate. A number of the group currently enrolled are children of parents in the musical profession. The yearly fee for tuition and board is £500 for those with the ability to pay. For others, there are scholarships in various amounts.

To hear Menuhin describe a day in the life of one of the children is to participate in the enthusiasm with which the school was founded and which is kept alive by the response of its students:

"The children get up at 7:30, go through a few simple exercises based on Yoga, breakfast, and then take a run in the garden before lessons begin. These are divided into two parts: one is scholastic, the other is musical. One-half of the children start with music first and then continue with their academic studies and vice versa. Lunch follows according to my dietary principles of organically produced foods. It is cooked by none other than Mrs. Joachim, a descendant of the great violinist himself. After a rest period there follows the same division of labor as in the morning, the sacred English tea-break, more study, a small amount of homework, supper and then the children are free to read, to play and to do as they please. Many of the older ones choose to form trios and quartets and sight read chamber works.

"This routine is elastic enough to be able to contain such distinguished visitors as Nadia Boulanger, who comes regularly from Paris to the delight of the children; eminent sculptors, who spend a day at the school; and others, and there are many, interested in this modest attempt to create the whole man. Once a week musicians come to give a recital, and once a term the children themselves give a concert. Also, once a week, the whole school, staff and children meet to discuss problems of discipline, two-way complaints, and to air the sundry aggravations that may have arisen. The result is a purely cooperative community and a very happy sense of belonging to something for which you are directly responsible."

The aim of the Yehudi Menuhin School is to develop well-rounded musicians who participate fully in the act of making music. This leads to much performance of chamber music, either under supervision or on the initiative of the individuals themselves. Where a child shows equal inclination to more than one instrument, training proceeds equally in each, with the choice left to its own evolution. One such instance is that of Nigel McKenzie (son of a leading cellist and pianist), whose talents might incline him either to the piano or the violin. When the time comes, he will make a choice of his own. Till then, his musical education proceeds with equal attention to both, as well as to general studies.

Practice from the first is carried out under supervision, so that misconceptions can be arrested before they become fixed as habits. If the school matures as Menuhin hopes, it is conceivable that paid fellowships will be made available to qualified instrumentalists who intend to pursue teaching as a career. They would work with the younger students, who would benefit from full-time supervision, and simultaneously develop teaching procedures which would benefit the students they would later work with on their own.

As a violinist, Menuhin is naturally inclined to the problems and practicalities of producing skilled performers of string instruments. England, like America, is plagued by a shortage of able string players for its orchestras, for the same, well-known reasons: the instruments are difficult to learn and economic returns are slow in coming. Hence youngsters gravitate to the wind and brass instru-

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- ☐ Montovani—Kismet
- ☐ Westward Ho!
- ☐ New Ebb Tide—Frank Chacksfield
- ☐ The Keating Sound—Johnny Keating
- ☐ 1812 Overture, Nutcracker Suite—Sharples, London Festival Orchestra
- ☐ Grand Canyon Suite—Black, London Festival Orchestra
- ☐ Ravel's Bolero, Polovtsian Dances—Black, London Festival Orchestra
- ☐ Respighi: Pines & Fountains of Rome—Ansermet, Suisse Romande
- ☐ Joan Sutherland—Operatic Recital
- ☐ Messiah Highlights w. Sutherland—London Symphony, Boult
- ☐ Let's Dance Again—David Carroll Orchestra
- ☐ Smothers Brothers—*Curb Your Tongue, Knave*
- ☐ Wonderful World of Make Believe—Johnny Mathis
- ☐ Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 2—Janis, Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati
- ☐ Porgy & Bess Symphonic Picture Dorati, Minn. Sym. & Latin-American Symphonette—Hanson, Eastman-Rochester
- ☐ Gigi—Sound Track
- ☐ How the West Was Won—Sound Track
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ments, where results are attained more quickly. It is among Menuhin's hopes for his school that it will produce rounded musicians who will find a satisfying place in the profession whether or not they succeed in the highly competitive field of solo performance. Hence the emphasis on general education, sports, and other body-building activities to make them well-adjusted members of the community in which they eventually find a place.

Hence, too, the emphasis on professionals as participants in the teaching process, rather than those who have made a speciality just of teaching. He has sought in conjunction with other excellent members of his string faculty, to evolve a system of instruction common to all of them. Thus a student could have a class one day with Frederick Grinke, another day with Robert Masters, a third, with Menuhin himself. Unlike the piano, whose keys and tuned strings enable even a nonperformer to make a musical sound, the violin student must, in effect, play before he has learned how. Just touching the bow to the string takes in the act of performance. How to discipline these early phases of study without jeopardizing a child's interest through the tedious rote methods of practice is among the problems he has set himself, in with his associates, to solve.

The American aspect of the school enjoys the active participation of Helen Airoff Dowling, a former pupil of Enesco and friend of Menuhin, who now lives in New York. As the foundation for it, Menuhin has made available the estate he owns in Los Gatos, California. Out of it has emerged the Yehudi Menuhin Foundation, which has ambitious plans for supporting the activity both in this country and in England, including the creation of a capital fund of $6,000,000.

Part of the plan calls for the exchange of students and teachers from the American school, on a yearly basis, with those at Stoke d'Abernon. The school in California would take in residents from all parts of the Americas, and perhaps the Orient as well. It is all in keeping with Menuhin's thinking that much can be gained from persons of one background and culture living with, working with, and getting to know products of another —especially those of the age to which the Yehudi Menuhin School addresses itself.

Perhaps he is building better than he realizes. Menuhin, like many of the contemporaries of his prodigy days to which reference was made earlier, is a grandparent. In six or seven years he will have an eight-year-old offspring of the marriage of his daughter Zamira (by his first wife) and the Chinese pianist Fou Ts'ong to enroll—provided, of course, other qualifications are met. Pianist or violinist? It could be either, depending on whether East or West prevails.

Recommended Recordings

To simplify the Christmas search, RECORDINGS presents here a compilation of classical releases reviewed favorably in these pages since last Christmas. Within each of the three major categories (orchestral, chamber and instrumental, vocal), collections with miscellaneous content follow the composer listing. All items are available in both mono and stereo unless otherwise indicated. An asterisk before a listing indicates a reissue. The designation "E" after the record company identification indicates "electronically enhanced stereo" from a monophonic source. Especially recommended items are indicated by †.

Orchestral

*__Bacon__: *Ford's Theatre;* __Wagenaar__: *Symphony No.4.* Max Schoenherr & Herbert Haefner cond. Vienna Symphony Orch. (Desto, E).

†__Barber__ & __Hindemith__: *Violin Concertos.* Isaac Stern, with Leonard Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

__Bartók__: *The Wooden Prince.* Antal Dorati cond. London Symphony Orch. (Mercury).

__Beethoven__: *Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2.* George Szell cond. the Cleveland Orchestra (Epic).

__Beethoven__: *Wellington's Victory;* __Orff__: *Entrata (after William Byrd);* __Gabrieli__: *Canzon in primi toni.* Hermann Scherchen cond. Vienna State Opera Orch. (Westminster).

__Bernstein__: *Fancy Free; Candide overture; On the Town* dances; *Prelude, Fugue and Riff.* Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic and Jazz Combo, with Benny Goodman, clarinet (Columbia).

†__Brahms__: *Piano Concerto No. 1.* Van Cliburn, with Erich Leinsdorf cond. Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

__Britten__: *Cello Symphony;* __Haydn__: *Cello Concerto in C.* Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, with Benjamin Britten cond. English Chamber Orch. (London).

__Bruckner__: *Symphony No. 3.* Bernard Haitink cond. Concertgebouw Orch. of Amsterdam (Philips).

__Bruckner__: *Symphony No. 4.* Otto Klemperer cond. Philharmonia Orch. (Angel).

†__Busoni__: *Indian Fantasy;* __Bortkiewicz__: *Piano Concerto in B flat.* Marjorie Mitchell, piano, with William Strickland cond. Vienna State Opera Orch. (Decca).

__Clementi__: *Piano Concerto & Symphonies in B flat and D.* Alberto Zedda coducting; Gino Gorini, piano (Angelicum, mono only).

__Copland__: *Dance Symphony;* __Gould__: *Spirituals.* Morton Gould cond. Chicago Symphony (RCA Victor).

__Copland__: *Music for the Theatre & Piano Concerto.* Aaron Copland, piano, with Bernstein cond. New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

*__Cowell__: *Symphony No. 5;* __Randall Thomson__: *Symphony No. 2.* Dean Dixon cond. Vienna Symphony Orch. (Desto, E.)

__Debussy__: *Nocturnes;* __Ravel__: *Rapsodie espagnole;* __Debussy-Ravel__: *Danse.* Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

__Dittersdorf__: *Violin Concerto; String Bass Concerto; Sinfonia Concertante for Viola & Bass.* Paul Angerer cond. Vienna Chamber Orch., with soloists (Amadeo, mono only).

†__Dohnányi__: *Suite in F sharp minor;* __Hindemith__: *Weber-Metamorphoses.* Milton Katims cond. Seattle Symphony (Seattle Symphony).

__Dvorák__: *Cello Concerto;* __Tchaikovsky__: *Rococo Variations.* Leonard Rose, cello, with Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

__Dvorák__: *Slavonic Dances,* complete, & *Carnival Overture.* Szell cond. Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia).

__Dvorák__: *"New World" Symphony.* Klemperer, Philharmonia (Angel).

†__Esplá__: *Don Quijote velando las armas;* __Albéniz-C. Halffter__: *Rapsodia española.* Gonzalo Soriano, piano, with Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos cond. Spanish National Orch. (London).

__Falla__: *The Three-Cornered Hat.* Frühbeck de Burgos cond. Philharmonia, with Victoria de los Angeles (Angel).

*__Geminiani__: *Concerti Grossi, Op. Nos. 2 & 4.* Dean Eckertsen cond. Accademici di Milano (Dover, mono only).

†__Glinka__: *Valse-Fantaisie; Jota aragonesa; Russlan and Ludmilla* overture; __Moussorgsky__: *Khovanshchina—Prelude & Dances; Night on Bald Mountain.* Ernest Ansermet cond. l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London).

__Handel__: *Oboe Concertos.* Robert Casier, with Anthony Bernard cond. Cento Soli Orch. (Nonesuch).

__Handel__: *Organ Concertos.* Marie-Claire Alain, with Jean-Francois Paillard Chamber Orch. (Decca).

__Haydn__: *Symphonies Nos. 44 & 49; Armida overture.* Leslie Jones cond. London Little Orch. (Nonesuch).

†__Haydn__: *Symphonies Nos. 57 & 86.* Max Rudolf cond. Cincinnati Symphony Orch. (Decca).

†__Haydn__: *Symphonies Nos. 82 & 83.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

__Hummel__: *Trumpet Concerto.* Armando Ghitalla, with Pierre Monteux cond. Boston Chamber Orch.; __Molter & Albrechtsberger__: *Concertos.* Ghitalla, with Harold Farberman conducting (Cambridge).

__Ives-Schuman__: *Variations on "America";* __Ulysses Kay__: *Umbrian Scene;* __Etler__: *Concerto for Winds & Orchestra.* Robert Whitney cond. the Louisville Orch. (Louisville, mono only).

†__Khachaturian__: *Violin Concerto.* Henryk Szeryng, with Dorati cond. London Symphony Orch. (Mercury).

*__Locatelli__: *Concerti Grossi, Op. 1.* Eckertsen cond. I Musici Virtuosi di Milano (Dover, mono only).

†__Mahler__: *Symphony No. 9.* Sir John Barbirolli cond. Berlin Philharmonic (Angel).

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Mendelssohn: *Concertos for Two Pianos and Orchestra.* Gold and Fizdale, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

†**Mozart:** *Concerto in A, K. 414;* **Haydn:** *Concerto in D, Op. 21.* Vasso Devetzi, piano, with Rudolf Barshai cond. Moscow Chamber Orch. (Angel).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 18 & 24.* Paul von Schilhawsky, with Rudolf Albert cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. (Nonesuch).

Mozart: *Piano Concertos Nos. 21 & 24.* Robert Casadesus, with Szell cond. Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

Mozart: *Concerto No. 22 & Sonata No. 16.* Daniel Barenboim, with (in Concerto) László Somogyi cond. Vienna Radio Orchestra (Westminster).

†**Mozart:** *Concertone for Two Violins and Orch. & Violin Concerto, K. 268.* Yehudi Menuhin & Alberto Lysy, violins, with Bath Festival Orch. (Angel).

†**Mozart:** *Marches and Dances, Vol. 1.* Willi Boskovsky cond. Vienna Mozart Ensemble (London).

Mozart: *"Haffner" Serenade, K. 250.* Ferdinand Leitner cond. Württemberg State Orch., with Suzanne Lautenbacher, violin (Turnabout).

Mozart: *Sinfonia Concertante for Winds & Orch.;* **Haydn:** *Sinfonia Concertante.* Jörg Faerber, Württemberg Chamber Orch. (Vox).

Mozart: *Symphonies Nos. 35-41.* Klemperer, Philharmonia (Angel).

Nielsen: *Symphony No. 2 & Little Suite for Strings.* Carl Garaguly cond. Tivoli Orch. (Vox).

†**Nielsen:** *Symphony No. 3.* Bernstein cond. Royal Danish Orch. (Columbia).

Nielsen: *Symphony No. 4.* Barbirolli cond. Hallé Orch. (Vanguard-Everyman).

***Piston:** *Symphony No. 2.* Dean Dixon cond.; **Porter:** *Viola Concerto.* Paul Angerer, viola, Max Schoenherr cond. Vienna Symphony Orch. (Desto, E).

Prokofiev: *Violin Concertos Nos. 1 & 2.* Stern, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Prokofiev: *Symphony No. 3 & Le Pas d'Acier.* Maurice Abravanel cond. Utah Symphony Orch. (Vanguard).

†**Ravel:** *Ma Mère l'Oye; Boléro; La Valse.* Pierre Monteux, London Symphony Orch. (Philips).

Respighi: *Feste romane;* **Strauss:** *Don Juan.* Zubin Mehta cond. Los Angeles Philharmonic (RCA Victor).

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Scheherazade.* Leopold Stokowski cond. London Symphony Orch. (London).

***Rózsa:** *Violin Concerto.* Jascha Heifetz, with Walter Hendl cond. Dallas Symphony; **Benjamin:** *Romantic Fantasy.* Heifetz, violin; Primrose, viola; Izler Solomon cond. (RCA Victor).

†**Saint-Saëns:** *Piano Concertos Nos. 2 & 4.* Philippe Entremont, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Saint-Saëns: *Violin Concerto No. 3;* **Vieuxtemps:** *Concerto No. 5.* Arthur Grumiaux, with Manuel Rosenthal cond. Lamoureux Orch. (Philips).

Schubert: *Symphony No. 9.* István Kertész, Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Schumann: *Konzertstück for Four Horns & Orch.; Konzertstück for Piano & Orch.* Roger Boutry, piano; Gilbert Coursier et al., horns; Karl Ristenpart cond. Saar Chamber Orch. (Nonesuch).

Schumann: *Piano Concerto & Konzertstück.* Rudolf Serkin, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Schumann: *Symphony No. 2 & Genoveva overture.* Rafael Kubelik cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Shostakovich: *Symphony No. 7.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Sibelius: *Violin Concerto & Finlandia.* Christian Ferras, violin, with Herbert von Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Sibelius: *Symphony No. 2.* Ansermet cond. l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London); Lorin Maazel cond. Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Sibelius: *Symphony No. 4 & Tapiola.* Ansermet, OSR (London).

Sibelius: *Symphony No. 5 & Pohjola's Daughter.* Barbirolli cond. Hallé Orch. (Vanguard-Everyman).

J. Strauss: *Waltzes, Overtures, Polkas, etc.* Eduard Strauss cond. (Vox Box).

†**R. Strauss:** *Don Juan & Till Eulenspiegel;* **Mozart:** *Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Figaro & Entführung overtures.* Wilhelm Furtwängler cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG, mono only).

R. Strauss: *Divertimento after Couperin; Capriccio — Entr'acte; Rosenkavalier Waltzes.* Clemens Krauss cond. Bamberg Symphony (Amadeo, mono only).

R. Strauss: *Metamorphosen.* Krauss cond. Bamberg Symphony; *8 Songs,* Viorica Ursuleac, with Krauss at piano (Amadeo, mono only).

R. Strauss: *Rosenkavalier Suite; Till Eulenspiegel; Salome's Dance.* Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Stravinsky: *Apollo.* Stravinsky cond. Columbia Symphony; *Orpheus.* Stravinsky cond. Chicago Symphony (Columbia).

†**Stravinsky:** *"Greetings" Prelude; Suites for Small Orchestra; Etudes; Circus Polka; Dumbarton Oaks Concerto; 8 Instrumental Miniatures.* Stravinsky cond. CBC & Columbia Symphony Orchestras (Columbia).

Stravinsky: *Symphony in 3 Movements & Pulcinella Suite.* Klemperer cond. Philharmonia (Angel).

†**Tchaikovsky:** *Piano Concertos Nos. 2 & 3.* Gary Graffman, with Ormandy & Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

†**Tchaikovsky:** *Serenade for String Orch.;* **Arensky:** *Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky.* Barbirolli, London Symphony (Angel).

†**Tchaikovsky:** *Symphonies Nos. 1, 3, & 4.* Lorin Maazel, Vienna Philharmonic (London).

Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 5 & Marche slave.* Barbirolli, Hallé Orch. (Vanguard-Everyman).

Tchaikovsky: *Rococo Variations;* **Saint-Saëns:** *Cello Concerto No. 1.* János Starker, with Dorati cond. London Symphony (Mercury).

Wagner: *Huldigungsmarsch & Funeral Symphony for Weber;* **Mendelssohn:** *Funeral March & Overture.* Désiré Dondeyne cond. Musique des Gardiens de la Paix de Paris Orchestra (Westminster).

Walton: *Hindemith Variations & Symphony No. 2.* Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia).

***Ward:** *Symphony No. 1.* Dean Dixon cond.; **Thomson:** *The River.* Walter Hendl cond. Vienna Symphony (Desto, E).

Weber: *Overtures.* Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Orch. (DGG).

†**Weill:** *Violin Concerto;* **Hindemith:** *Kammermusik No. 4.* Robert Gerle, violin, with Scherchen cond. (Westminster).

Avant-Garde: *Works of György Ligeti, Morton Feldman, Larry Austin.* Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

Mexican Music: *Carlos Chávez conducting works by himself and others,* with a 72-page hardbound book (Columbia).

***Opera Excerpts:** *Traviata, Gioconda, Hoffmann, Semiramide, L'Italiana in Algeri.* Georg Solti cond. Covent Garden Orch. (Victrola).

Spanish Music: *2 discs of zarzuela preludes and interludes.* Frühbeck de Burgos cond. Spanish National Orch. (London).

Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra: *Pops program—Blue Danube; Capriccio espagnol; Bartered Bride dances;* Ravel *Pavane* (Epic).

Instrumental & Chamber Music

***Albinoni:** *Concerti a cinque, Op. 9.* Vittorio Negri Bryks cond. Italian Baroque Ensemble (Dover, mono only).

Antes: *Trios for 2 Violins and Cello.* Members of the Fine Arts Quartet (Columbia).

Arriaga: *Quartets,* complete. Phoenix Quartet (Golden Crest).

C.P.E. Bach: *Flute Sonatas.* Jean-Pierre Rampal, with Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord (Nonesuch).

C.P.E. Bach: *Flute Concerto & Cello Concerto.* Rampal, flute; Robert Bex, cello; Pierre Boulez cond. (Vox).

Bach Family: *Organ music* (by 6 different Bachs). Carl Weinrich (RCA Victor).

J.S. Bach: *Art of Fugue.* Grehling, Koch, Lemmen, et al. (Harmonia Mundi).

Beethoven: *Bagatelles, Op. 126; Für Elise; 3 Rondos; Andante favori; Nel cor più variations.* Wilhelm Kempff, piano (DGG).

Beethoven: *Septet;* **Mozart:** *Sonata for cello and bassoon.* Members of the Berlin Philharmonic Octet (DGG).

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas, Op. Nos. 14, 49 & 22.* Sviatoslav Richter (Philips).

††**Beethoven:** *Cello Sonatas,* complete. Rostropovich & Richter (Philips).

†**Beethoven:** *"Kreutzer" Sonata;* **Debussy:** *Sonata;* **Bartók:** *Sonata No. 2 & Rhapsody No. 1.* Joseph Szigeti, violin, & Béla Bartók, piano (Vanguard, mono only).

Beethoven: *"Archduke" Trio.* Alma Trio (Decca).

†**Beethoven:** *"Eroica" Variations & Bagatelles, Op. 126.* Jörg Demus, piano (Westminster).

†**Bizet:** *Jeux d'enfants;* **Fauré:** *Dolly;* **Ravel:** *Ma Mère l'Oye.* Walter & Beatrice Klien, piano duet (Vox).

Bloch: *Piano Quintet.* Frank Glazer & Fine Arts Quartet (Concert-Disc).

†**Brahms:** *Clarinet Quintet;* **Reger:** *Scherzo.* Gervase de Peyer & members of the Melos Ensemble (Angel).

†**Brahms:** *Piano Quintet in F minor.* Serkin & Budapest Quartet (Columbia).

(*Continued on page 72*)

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Recordings in Review

Schuricht's Bruckner

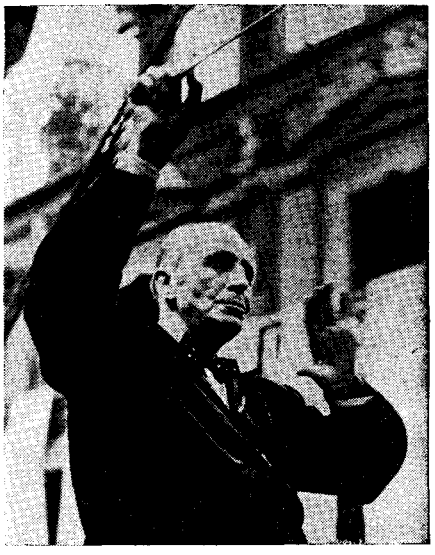
BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 8 in C minor. Carl Schuricht conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* Angel mono 3656, $4.79; stereo 3656, $5.79.

Few consequential conductors of this era have had quite the kind of career vis-à-vis America that has accrued to Carl Schuricht. For most of his life the Polish-born, Berlin-educated Schuricht held the post of municipal music director in Wiesbaden, afterward moving to Frankfurt, and then to Switzerland. He was regularly by-passed for American engagements by the appeal of better-known names and more glamorous backs. When he did come, at the age of seventy-six, to lead the Vienna Philharmonic on its first tour of the States in 1956 (the honor came to him because of the deaths, shortly before, of several more "logical" claimants for priority), his mastery was widely recognized and generally praised. Outside of a tour to such places as Tanglewood and Ravinia in the following year, Schuricht has not ventured another visit, the reason being a precarious state of health—which limits his European engagements also.

For that matter, recordings have hardly been abundant—which makes this one exceptional if not unique. It is by no means an accident that this rarity finds him conducting Bruckner. The Seventh, in E, was included on the first program Schuricht directed in New York and it was performed with such understanding and sense of the beauty of the music that it absorbed the listening attention even of those who would not consider themselves devotees of the composer. What he has done with No. 8 is exactly in keeping with that precedent, although it was recorded when Schuricht had passed his eighty-second birthday.

The secret of Schuricht's success with Bruckner is neither mysterious nor difficult to isolate. It begins with an avoidance of the thick string sonorities and full-blown (frequently overblown) brass sound that some consider the hallmark of a proper Bruckner style. It prefers—especially with such an orchestra as the Vienna Philharmonic—a string tone that is always beautiful but not pulsating with vibrato, and a blend of heavy brass and horns that is as close to the sound of Bruckner's beloved organ as can be attained with the orchestra. It moves steadily but not stodgily over a terrain with which he is thoroughly familiar and of which he is deeply fond. Least of all is there any sense of special pleading: to play Bruckner as meaningfully as he might Brahms or Beethoven is, in Schuricht's clearly communicated view, as much as is necessary.

Moreover, he is not one of those Bruckner conductors who make a smashing thing of a scherzo and leave the slow movement to play itself. The scherzo of this C minor receives a full measure of the momentum due to it, but so also does the adagio. This is the center of gravity (emotionally as well as physically) of the symphony and Schuricht's sound for it is a model of equilibrium. For those who prefer their Bruckner nonportentous and with the rugged simplicity of emotion that was inherent in the man himself, Schuricht's way will appeal.



Schuricht—"a model of equilibrium."

Rossini's Lively "Sins"

ROSSINI: *"Toast pour le Nouvel An," "I Gondolieri," "La Passeggiata," "Les Amants de Seville," "La Notte del Santo Natale," "Choeur Funèbre pour Meyerbeer," "La Chanson du Bébé," L'Amour à Pekin," and "Musique Anodine." Soloists and Chorus of the Società Cameristica di Lugano directed by Edwin Loehrer.* Nonesuch mono H-71089, $2.50; stereo H-71089, $2.50.

Many music lovers are aware that the entertaining score for the Massine ballet called *La Boutique fantasque* was orchestrated by Respighi from sundry pieces composed by Rossini in his years of "retirement." Fewer, probably, are aware of another Respighi suite called *Rossiniana* or of Benjamin Britten's *Matinées Musicales* and *Soirées Musicales*, all derived from the same source. And the number of those who know that there are many more (which Rossini called *Péchés de vieillesse*, or "Sins of My Old Age") can hardly be legion.

Something about the character of them is contained in this delightful disc, which could be every record fancier's preferred holiday greeting card to a favored friend. As the titles suggest, the character is as varied as the number of items the disc contains. For the clear fact is that the phrase "retired composer" (which is sometimes applied to Rossini because he gave up writing operas in his late Thirties) is as much an anomaly as "ex-politician." The infection that produces the results in either case is, unquestionably, a lifelong affliction. The music in Rossini continued to ooze, even when it took the form only of such a whimsy as "La Chanson du Bébé."

Musically, these fancies belong to the category of house-music best known in Mozart's canons, Schubert's dances, and the *Liebesliederwalzer* of Brahms. They are intimate, informal, technically noncomplicated, but artistically of the first quality, on the premise, no doubt, that those who would frequent a "house" of Mozart, Schubert, or Brahms or the *salon* of Rossini, would have musical tastes on the level of his own. Fortunately, too, the members of Lugano's Società *Cameristica*, directed by Loehrer, have the sympathetic comprehension that the material merits, as does the pianist Luciano Sgrizzi. The other performers, for purposes of future reference, are Lucienne Devallier, contralto, Eric Marion, tenor, and Jean-Christophe Benoit, baritone. Everything about the issue is gratifying, including the note that it was awarded a Grand Prix du Disque.

Brandenburgs—Regular, Deluxe

BACH: *Brandenburg Concertos. Pablo Casals conducting the Marlboro ensemble with Rudolf Serkin, piano, Alexander Schneider, violin, and Peter Serkin, continuo.* Columbia mono M2L 331, $9.58; stereo M2S 731, $11.58. *Southwest German Chamber Orchestra, Friedrich Tilegant, conductor.* RCA Victor mono LM 7038, $9.58; stereo LSC 7038, $11.58.

Casals's sense of these works is well known from his prior recording with the Prades ensemble, of which Alexander Schneider was his faithful deputy then as now. If anything, his treatment now is even more personal, which means as personal as one can get with this music. To my taste, some of it is distinctly overdrawn, especially the speed for the second concerto, which is difficult enough for the high trumpet at best,

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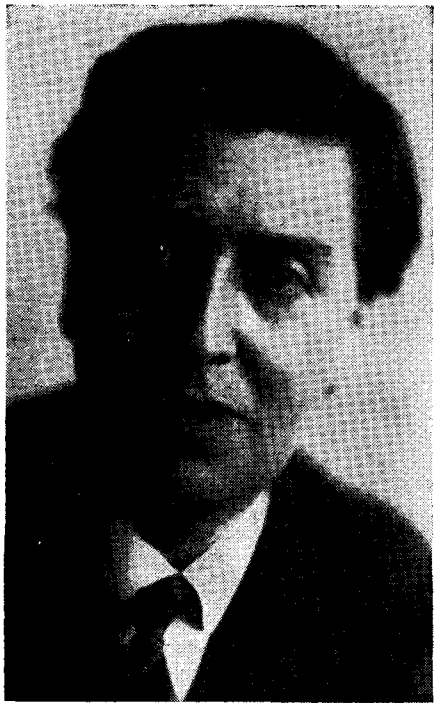

—*Dora Harvey.*

Berg—"strongest, most concentrated contact." (The photo was taken on the day of *Wozzeck's* dress rehearsal in Vienna, March 28, 1930.)

and is all but impossible for Robert Nagel, its performer here, at Casals's conception of allegro.

On the other hand, there is little question that he generates a rapport of a rare sort in the fourth and sixth concerti, which are of a more intimate character in any case. There are those who will undoubtedly flinch at the use of a piano in the *concertino* of No. 4, but the kind of thought Rudolf Serkin conveys through it is so just, the relationship to the violin of Schneider and the flutes played by Ornulf Gulbransen and Nancy Dalley so keenly adjusted, that the means of expression becomes secondary. On the whole, I would prefer to recommend Casals's Brandenburgs in particular instances—Nos. 4 and 6 surely, No. 3 perhaps—rather than as a group, for they do not stand up equally well.

It might be the expectation that the versions by Tilegant and his associates would be cited as an example of how Bach can be performed in a more objective, less personal way. That, however, is hardly the case: they go to the opposite extreme of the unengaging, anonymous treatment in which one work is as much like the other as one note like the next. The sole exception comes in the closing measures of the allegros, which are uniformly retarded in the train-coming-into-the-station manner. Of the six, No. 3 is about the best, because the ensemble sounds small, all the performers are excellent, and something animated emerges from the inter-

(*Continued on page 67*)

Inside "Wozzeck"

LAST MONTH Schoenberg's *Gurre-lieder*, this month Berg's *Wozzeck*—these are the far from subtle exclamation points that announce a new chapter in the lore of recording—one that bears its own symbolic identification: DGG. In the old chapter, accumulating over a period of years since its postwar reconstruction, the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft gave warning that a new giant (or, rather, an old one revived) was rising on the recording scene, with full-length ventures into Mozart and Beethoven, Weber and Strauss.

Now, with two ventures that have long cried out for proper representation in contemporary recording techniques, DGG has demonstrated not only its ability but also its willingness to engage in the most formidable tasks on an uncompromising artistic level. Doubtless the American market is the primary target, with side considerations for its own country and neighbors. We can only hope that, together, they will come reasonably close to liquidating the sizable expenses involved and encourage the addition of the many other things whose doing is desirable.

In bringing together Karl Boehm as conductor, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Wozzeck, and Evelyn Lear as Marie, DGG has merged a trio of highly qualified exponents of the work for which Berg is best known (DGG stereo 138 992-2, $11.96). Each has a substantial credit of phonographic accomplishment, but it is almost a certainty that their identification with this project will outrank most of the others.

In the case of Boehm, the qualification can be eliminated. His comprehension and command of the intricate tonal web in which Berg embedded his feeling for the miserable "hero" of Büchner's play has become familiar fact to Metropolitan Opera goers. But, it is clear from his unerring and concentrated statement of the score here, his Metropolitan *Wozzeck* embodied some specific as well as general compromises with ultimate excellence. One was the use of an English text which, however advisable in that context, dilutes the strong, bitter flavor of Büchner's German (as adapted by Berg). The other was the dissipation of sound that must happen in every theater.

In this recording neither compromise need be indulged. The result is the strongest, most concentrated contact with Berg that anybody has yet had. The extracts previously available on RCA Victor (Curtin and the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf) and Mercury (Pilarczyck and the London Symphony under Dorati) have shown that there is a wide range of values in Berg's scoring that cannot be brought out of an orchestra in the pit of an opera house. Here the microphone has taken each listener as close to the source of it all as anyone would want to get with the result that one feels himself "inside *Wozzeck*" for the first time. Moreover, the absence of scenery enables Boehm to pace the interludes just as he wills for *musical effect alone*.

When all the values can be assessed and all the relationships of voices and instruments, tonal and non-tonal elements balanced, it is more than ever clear that *Wozzeck* is not a strange new hybrid, but one further, legitimate descendant in the long line of musical development that produced Wagner as well as Brahms. In the great trio of Viennese musicians who at one time seemed to have taken off in a new direction altogether, Berg is unquestionably the poet, as Schoenberg was the pedagogue and Webern the scientist. *Wozzeck* is what it is because the poet was prepared to discard the pedagogical and the scientific when he was so moved by the plight of the people with whom he identified himself. Probably this is what "disturbs" Stravinsky about *Wozzeck* (as he mentions in *Dialogues and a Diary*): that it strikes out for expressivity regardless of all else.

In addition to Boehm's total grasp and the projection of the inner elements of the score, the sum of expressivity is substantially enhanced by the clarity as well as the flavor of Fischer-Dieskau's execution, taking in both words and music. How he would look on stage, I cannot say; but he carries vocal meaning as Wozzeck one step beyond the sizable effort of the late Hermann Uhde, or Mack Harrell in the well-remembered derivative of a New York Philharmonic broadcast under Mitropoulos (with Eileen Farrell) that was issued a decade or so ago by Columbia. Lear is not quite so convincing, but certainly good as Marie; and the subordinate performers include Gerhard Stolze as an excellent Hauptmann, Fritz Wunderlich as Andres, and Karl Christian Kohn as the Doktor. But the honors belong primarily to Boehm, Fischer-Dieskau, and the technicians.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chabrier: *España*. Falla: Interlude and Dance *(La Vida Breve)*, *Tricorne* (Suites Nos. 1 and 2); "Ritual Fire Dance" (*El Amor Brujo*). Ravel: *Alborada del Gracioso*. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia mono ML 6186, $4.79; stereo MS 6786, $5.79.	The rhythmic propulsion and strong color sense that Bernstein brings to everything he does are a special contribution to good results in this literature. The sequence is a little scrappy and nonconsecutive, hopping back and forth from Falla to Ravel to Falla again, but the individual items are all well performed. Best results by far are to be heard in Ravel's *Alborada del Gracioso*, which gives both the orchestra and its conductor some welcome substance to engage. A pleasant sequence altogether, and well reproduced.
Lee, Dai-Keong: Polynesian Suite; Symphony No. 1. George Barati conducting the Nürnberg Symphony. Composers Recordings Inc. CRI 195, $5.95.	Whatever humorous implications there may be in an American recording project seeking out a German orchestra for the promotion of works by the Hawaiian-born Dai-Keong Lee are soon forgotten in the melodic freshness and uncluttered instrumentation of the suite dated 1959. It is made of movements titled "Ori Tahitian" ("Tahitian Dance"), "Hula," and "Festival," and makes natural, unashamed use of the idioms and sounds to which he was acclimated as a child. Barati performs the work with a thorough command of what it contains. This is not unrelated to the circumstance that it was he, as conductor of the Honolulu Symphony, who first performed it in 1960 when Hawaii was admitted to the Union. The much earlier symphony (begun in 1941 when Lee was working with Aaron Copland in Tanglewood) is in a more anonymous contemporary idiom, but it shows a consistent characteristic of Lee in moving in a straight musical line from one point to another, shunning excesses or padding. Barati's direction is equally positive, but the limitations of the orchestra (especially in strings) are more conspicuous. Fairly good reproduction. The Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University has contributed to making the recording possible.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 23 in D (K. 181), No. 29 in A (K. 201), and No. 30 in D (K. 202). Helmut Müller-Brühl conducting the Cologne Soloists Ensemble. Nonesuch mono H 1055, $2.50; stereo H-71055, $2.50.	All of these are available (according to the current Schwann) in various combinations that do not duplicate the precise contents of this disc. Those who might prefer Nos. 29 and 30 together (in a combination with the earlier No. 23) will find most of the basic Mozartian values honestly accounted for, though with some lesser amount of shine or polish than have been provided in earlier issues (No. 23 by Leinsdorf, No. 29 by Beecham, No. 30 by Ormandy). Each of the works, including the first of the sequence (Mozart at seventeen) is a beautifully realized statement of the ideas by which he was motivated. No. 29 is, of course, a complete masterpiece, and so treated here. The recording is lacking in resonance, but the sound of the instruments themselves is ingratiating.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 6. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor mono LM 2834, $4.79; stereo LSC 2834, $5.79.	Leinsdorf has penetrated the conceptual scheme of Prokofiev in putting this work together, and recreated it with conviction as well as unremitting interest. That is by no means an easy outcome to achieve, for the melodic texture is spread out among many voices and instrumental combinations, the sense of sequence deliberately disguised. However, Leinsdorf's penetrating sense of structure and his steady pursuit of the underlying logic of the work are both productive of benefits to the end result. The orchestra plays uncommonly well for him, and the quality of sound is in keeping with the big design created by Prokofiev.
Sibelius: Symphony No. 5; *Tapiola*. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo 138 973, $5.98.	Karajan's well-remembered recording of No. 5 with the Philharmonia Orchestra was the best of the decade (1950) in which it appeared, and this is in every respect a worthy successor to it. Mechanically it profits from the resources of stereo to expand the sound panorama and clarify, by an additional dimension, the texture to which Karajan brings such an exceptional insight. Whatever its components—and a compelling sense of balance is among the important ones—it extends also to *Tapiola*. Its prior performance by Karajan (addenda to the second side of his No. 4 with the Philharmonia) was outstanding, and this one exceeds that standard. Given an adequate reproducer, the sense of orchestral presence is close to uncanny.
Stravinsky: *Petrouchka*. Kodály: *Háry János*. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia mono ML 6146, $4.79; stereo MS 6746, $5.79.	The Philadelphia brand name (whether on cream cheese or a recording) guarantees a product of an unvarying quality, with an even blend of all the familiar attributes—smoothness, blend, taste, even a certain degree of nourishment. In this particular instance, the added ingredients (Stravinsky and Kodály) become a part of the mix, rather than vice versa. This is a paraphrase for saying that a little more tartness in one, a dash of pepper in the other, would convey something of the individuality that is lacking. On the whole, the Kodály is closer to the desirable flavor, but that is a comparative rather than an absolute. The "packaging" in any case is faultless.
Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake* (excerpts). Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips mono PHM 500-089, $4.98; stereo PHS 900-089, $5.98.	Not since the gilded days of Constant Lambert's recordings has this music been infused with so much of the balletic spirit, which is to say, with so much of the grace and imagination that Tchaikovsky lavished upon it. If this is the kind of musical lift which the late Monteux gave to the performances of the Diaghilev Ballet when he was its conductor in the 1911-14 era, it is easy to understand why its performances were a revelation. Always, with the aliveness and zest of the playing, there is attention to detail and clarification of texture such as one hopes to hear in the symphonic repertory but only rarely—when the conductor is a Lambert, Beecham, Desormière, Ansermet, or Stokowski—has in ballet. Included are the opening, waltz, scene of dusk and dance of the goblets from Act I; entrance of the swans, dance of the cygnets, etc., of Act II; most of the divertissements (waltz, Bolero, czardas, and pas de deux) of Act III; and the dance of the little swans and closing scene of Act IV. There are, in all, about fifty-four minutes of music on the two sides, and not a dull one among them. Fine sound, incidentally. —I.K.

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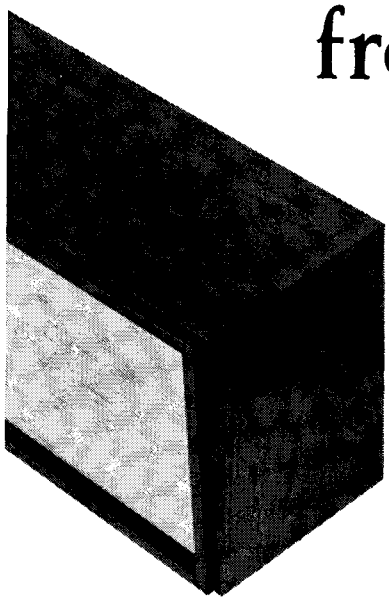

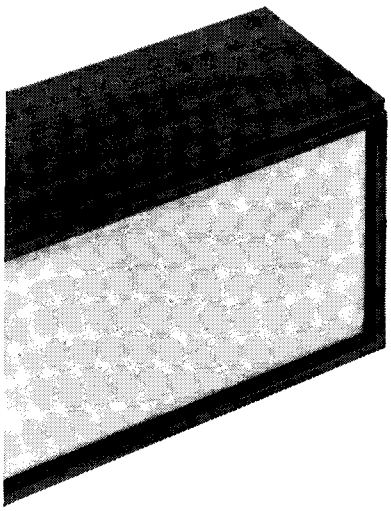

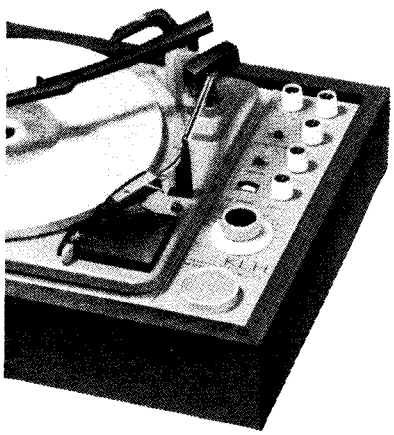

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in A flat (Op. 110) and B flat (Op. 106). Charles Rosen, piano. Epic mono LC 3900, $4.79, stereo BC 1300, $5.79.	Possibly some admirers of Rosen's prior efforts will also find his treatments of these works to their taste. Doubtless he has applied himself to their problems with all seriousness, but I do not find that he has absorbed them sufficiently to give back a valid experience to the listener. That is particularly the case with the lyric A-flat, whose expressivity tends to elude him. The first movement of the B flat is relatively more successful because it has built-in power and momentum, but it is all rather paltry by the measure of the great performances that have been heard, off as well as on records. Merely in the matter of piano tone, Rosen doesn't command what it takes to build Beethoven's thought to a level befitting its content. There could be some obvious objections, also, to placing the A-flat sonata first on Side I and beginning the "Hammerklavier" after it, but it is equally obvious there is no other way of combining the two works without interrupting the long slow movement and finale of the B-flat, which are, together, almost as long as the total content of Side 1.
Beethoven: Quartets Op. 18, No. 1, and Op. 59, No. 3. Barchet Quartet. RCA Victor mono LM 2832, $4.79, stereo LSC 2832, $5.79.	Hardly more than a half-dozen years separate the Opus 18 quartets of Beethoven from the "Rasoumovskys" of Opus 59, but it is a gap that Barchet and his associates do not bridge with complete success. Or, to put it another way, they achieve a beautiful fusion of execution and expression in the F major, that eludes them in the C major. For the earlier work, they command just the right blend of energy and restraint, but in the later one, the restraint inhibits the desirable amount of energy. It may, too, be that absorption of the group with music of Beethoven's predecessors (they received a Prix de Disque in 1959 for their complete Mozart) has imbued them with ideas of style and balance that are difficult to alter.
Haydn: Quartets in E flat (Op. 33, No. 2) and D (Op. 76, No. 5). The Netherlands String Quartet. Decca mono DL 10117, $4.79, stereo DL 710117, $5.79.	If Haydn had been a composer of the same nationality as the players, this could be put in the category of the almost perfect. However, as he was not, there is something a little contradictory in the square, sober, sometimes leaden-footed performances of a composer with more than a casual share of vivacity and humor in his makeup. This is especially true of the work in E flat, which bears the subtitle of *Scherzo* (or Joke), for no compelling reason that emerges from the performance of Nap de Klijn, the quartet's leader, and his associates. They are somewhat more temperamentally attuned to the D major, Op. 76. Technically, the performances are in both instances highly refined and well-matched tonally, but Haydn deserves a little more imagination than they provide.
Honegger: *Judith*. Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra and the Salt Lake City Symphonic Choir, with Netania Davrath, soprano, Blanche Christensen, soprano, and Madeleine Milhaud, narrator. Vanguard mono VRS 1139, $4.79, stereo VSD, 71139, $5.79.	Abravanel's affinity for large-scale undertakings is well known, and this one is no exception. It undoubtedly fills, partially, a gap in the Honegger catalogue, but not completely. The associated performers are too uneven for the fulfilment of the responsibilities they bear. In this instance (unlike the Mahler Eighth Symphony of last year), the orchestral score is satisfactorily accounted for, likewise the role of the narrator, for which Mme. Milhaud has every reasonable qualification and some others, too. However, I do not find the Davrath voice what is called for by this role, though she delivers the text with intelligence and emotional identification. The chorus is also less than it might be.
Mozart: Concertos in D, G, and E (K.107), Concerto in C (K. 246). Robert Veyron-Lacroix, piano, with Karl Ristenpart conducting the Saar Radio Chamber Orchestra. Music Guild mono MG 133, $2.49, stereo MS 133, $2.49.	In whole truth, the only one of the four works identified at left that is a product of Mozart's own creative faculties is the C major, which bears No. 4 in the sequence of original works. However, there is far from negligible interest in the three works of K.107, which were converted for orchestral purposes (from their original form for solo piano by J. C. Bach in 1765). As Mozart was then all of nine, the imagination and skill required merely to select the appropriate sections for one purpose or the other take in an order of musical functioning absorbing in itself. But, even more, the kind of material which impressed him at that age, and which clearly entered into the formulation of his own ideas, is worthy of study and evaluation. Veyron-Lacroix makes both rather more enjoyable than they might otherwise be by the skill, taste, and insight of his recreations. By contrast, the relatively mature K.246 (a work of 1773, when Mozart was fourteen) is far along the road to familiarity, and presents fewer problems of stylistic adaptation. Ristenpart's ensemble has an agreeable sound, and all the elements are attractively reproduced.
Mozart: Concertos (K. 412, 417, 447, 495). Mason Jones, French horn, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia mono ML 6185, $4.79, stereo MS 6785, $5.79.	Had Mozart written eight concertos for horn rather than four, it is altogether likely that Jones could play them as immaculately in the same succession, and with the same illusion of effortless ease, as he does here. If prior accomplishments had not already proclaimed his pre-eminence, these performances would leave little doubt that Jones is the greatest exponent of his instrument developed in this country. By comparison with some European performers, however, Jones tends to be more absorbed with the mechanics of performance, which are faultlessly accounted for, than with the substance of the music, which seems something of an afterthought. He has provided his own cadenzas all in good taste, and performs the finale of No. 1 on the valveless Waldhorn, which he manipulates as though it were the only instrument he ever played.
Poulenc: *Gloria*. Robert Shaw Chorale, with Saramae Endich, soprano. Stravinsky: *Symphony of Psalms*. Robert Shaw Chorale. RCA Victor mono LM 2822, $4.79, stereo LSC 2822, $5.79.	At first hearing, both of these performances leave something lacking by comparison with previous versions, especially those in which the composer had a part as conductor or advisor. Closer acquaintance separates the values involved, to the advantage of Shaw's treatment of Poulenc, which develops a style and personality of its own, aided not a little by the beautiful singing of Miss Endich. What remains lacking, however, is the special sound of the French instrumentalists and vocalists who made the version under Prêtre for Angel, and imparted a distinctive timbre to the results. In the Stravinsky, Shaw achieves a good deal of musical justice but does not develop the kind of impact and strength Stravinsky does in his own version. The combination of the two works on the disc is a good thought for general reasons, and an illuminating one for a special reason—a harmonic trait characteristic of late Poulenc turns up years earlier in the "Laudate deum" of the Stravinsky.
Schubert: Octet in F, Op. 166. Berlin Philharmonic Octet. DGG mono 39102, $5.98, stereo 139102, $5.98.	Recordings of the Octet being somewhat less frequent than duplications of the "Unfinished" "Symphony, each new one invites scrutiny as a candidate for that elusive distinction "preferred" (not to say "definitive"). This is one of the most proficient of the stereo group (which now numbers four), with a high standard of execution from top to bottom of the tonal range. In the opening and closing movements it is also attractively spirited, with Gerd Seifert's French horn and Hans Lemke's bassoon keeping pace with the lively tempo set by Alfred Malecek on his easier-to-play violin. Where the results search in vain for something higher on the esthetic scale than "proficient" is in the two slow movements, which are deficient in the aura, the glow, the sense of the mystical and eternal which are at the heart of the greatest Schubert. This is merely very good musicianship from eight men who handle their instruments well. —I. K.

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 63

action of elements. Otherwise, no Serkin, no Schneider, and certainly no Casals.

More of Berwald

BERWALD: *Symphony in G minor; Symphony in C. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra.* Nonesuch mono H 1087, $2.50; stereo H-71087, $2.50.

Those who have overlooked the opportunity provided by Decca 9853 (probably withdrawn by now, as it dates to the period when Decca was distributing records that originated with Deutsche Grammophon) have a second chance in this current release on the Nonesuch list to make the acquaintance of Franz Berwald. He is the musician born in Stockholm in 1796, who traveled widely in Europe during the 1830s and 1840s when it was alive with the activities of Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and Wagner (among others). He responded vigorously to the influence of all, with results that disappeared from sight until lately.

In the two symphonies previously available on the Decca recording—the C major (1845), which is duplicated in this issue, and the E flat (also 1845)—the precepts of Berlioz were particularly evident. These included the characteristically unexpected resolutions, the sudden, sharp dynamic contrasts, and other sundry traits of instrumentation. That aspect of Berwald is preserved in the duplicated C major. But there is more than a little additional illumination in the G minor.

Here we find Berwald, a little earlier in the same decade (1841-42), feasting on Schumann and Mendelssohn (somewhat less, possibly for dessert, on Schubert), and clearly enjoying himself. However, what he has given back is a kind of Berwald's tour of the Schumann-Mendelssohn country made into a *montage* of his own. Either the trip has been too fast, or the digestion has not been complete, for the segments of the original remain very close to what they were.

Some will doubtless seize on Berwald's use of descriptive titles (the G minor is called *Sérieuse*, the C major *Singulière*) to establish an affiliation with his Scandinavian descendant, Carl Nielsen. However, Nielsen was always his own man, to whatever outcome it propelled him, while Berwald remains in the thrall of other men. Whether Schmidt-Isserstedt is a more compelling interpreter of Berwald than Markevitch comes to too fine an issue for me to have an opinion. Certainly he does everything one could ask for on behalf of the project.

—I.K.

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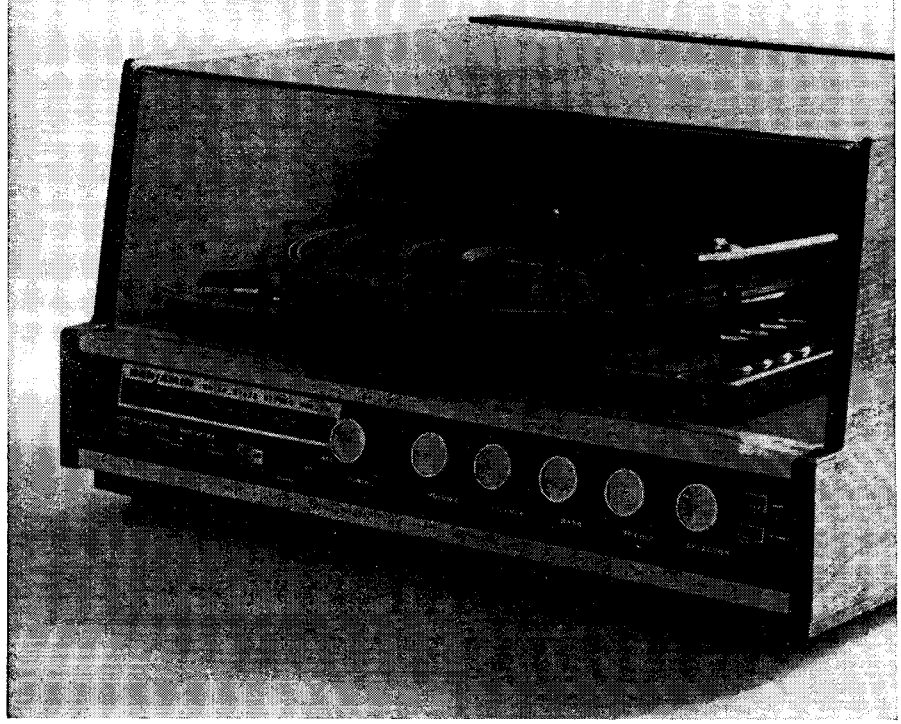

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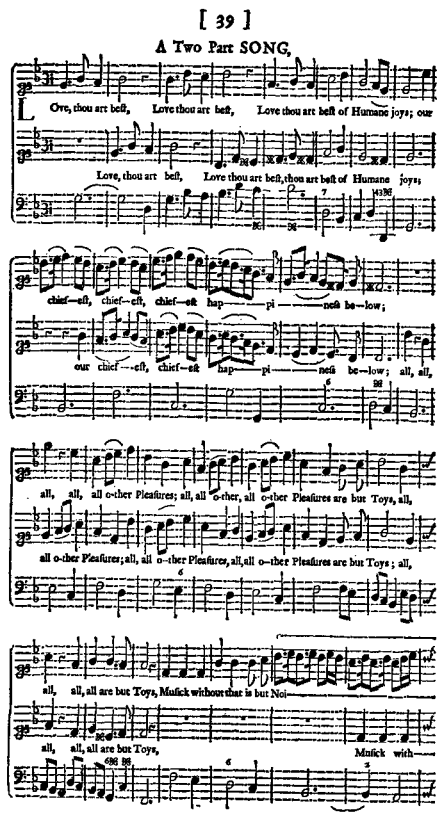
Looking Backward

***Orpheus Britannicus,** by Henry Purcell (facsimile of first edition, London 1698 and 1702; 248 pp. and 176 pp.; $27.50), and **Amphion Anglicus,** by John Blow (facsimile of first edition, London 1700; 162 pp.; $17.50), both published by Broude Brothers, offer a firsthand look at original texts of significant early music.*

By PHILIP L. MILLER

IN OUR DAY of musical revivals we have become increasingly interested in authenticity of performance. Highly romanticized readings of Renaissance and baroque music are no longer uncritically accepted, nor do we approve modern harmonies in the realization of a figured bass. So we study manuscripts and first editions to confirm and enlarge our knowledge, and to correct errors and oversights that have crept into the versions we know. Thus Broude Brothers is performing a signal service for the cause of music in making available a handsome set of famous texts under the self-explanatory title "Monuments of Music and Music Literature in Facsimile." Three series are planned, the first comprising musical texts, the second music literature, and the third manuscripts. The volumes under consideration here are the first two titles in the first series; they are works of the highest significance, a most appropriate and auspicious start for such a publication project. Eleven titles are already announced in the first series, twenty-three in the second.

[39]

A Two Part SONG.

Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, Love thou art best of Humane joys; our

Love, thou art best, Love thou art best, thou art best of Humane joys;

chief-est, chief-est, chief-est hap-pi-nest be-low;

our chief-est, chief-est hap-pi-nest be-low; all, all,

all, all, all other Pleasures; all, all other, all other Pleasures are but Toys, all,

all other Pleasures; all, all other Pleasures, all, all other Pleasures are but Toys; all,

all, all, all are but Toys, Musick without that is but Noi-

all, all, all are but Toys, Musick with-

Henry Purcell, England's greatest composer, died in 1695. The first volume of *Orpheus Britannicus,* published by Henry Playford three years later, is described on its title page as "A collection of all the choicest songs for one, two, and three voices, composed by Mr. Henry Purcell. Together with such symphonies for violins or flutes as were by him designed for any of them, and a through-bass to each song; figur'd for the organ, harpsichord, or theorbolute." "The second book, which renders the first compleat," appeared in 1702. In other words, the two volumes (here bound in one) would seem to contain all of Purcell's songs, including some taken from operas and some composed as incidental music for plays. As with all "collected works," not unnaturally, there are gaps in the contents, but the pages contain a generous quota of masterpieces. *Fairest isle, Sweeter than roses, I'll sail upon the dogstar, I attempt from love's sickness to fly, On the brow of Richmond Hill* and *Music for a while* are a few of the titles. These and other songs have been arranged countless times, sometimes with skill and taste, only too often with little regard to the idiom of Purcell's time. Here we have the source upon which the many practical editions have drawn.

The first volume is dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Howard, to whom the composer's widow addresses a long and grateful tribute. This is followed by two pages of memorial odes including one by Dryden and one by Nahum Tate. The second volume is addressed to the Right Honorable Charles Lord Halifax. "I should be unjust to the memory of the admired Purcell," writes Playford, "and set too small a value on his works, should I put them under any patronage but your own." To the reader he says: "The late publication of these excellent performances is sufficiently atoned for by the care that has been taken in the collection of 'em; and I cannot but think

I have made amends enough to the purchaser in the choice of 'em." Part of his difficulties have been due to the expense of the undertaking. But he feels that it is important for patriotic reasons to publish the work of this native composer. "The judicious will be of my side, when they make an estimate of Mr. Purcell's works, which are equal to those of the best masters of Italy."

It is fitting that this volume should appear simultaneously with the *Amphion Anglicus* of Dr. John Blow. Blow was not only Purcell's teacher; he resigned his position as organist at Westminster Abbey in favor of his pupil, to be reappointed on Purcell's death. Unquestionably Blow has been overshadowed by Purcell, but he, too, was a considerable composer. His *Venus and Adonis,* though he called it a masque, is commonly accepted as the first English opera, a recognizable forerunner of *Dido and Aeneas. Amphion Anglicus,* published also by Playford in 1700, bears a strong resemblance in content and appearance to *Orpheus Britannicus.* And though it is not so rich in familiar titles—Blow is popularly remembered by one song, a setting of Waller's *The Self-Banished*—it is a field well worth exploring.

The Broude Brothers facsimiles are a model of what this kind of thing should be. Such is the quality of the paper and the clarity of the type that in everything but venerability and antique value they are as desirable as original copies. The red and black type of the title pages, as well as the frontispiece portraits, are handsomely reproduced. Sturdily bound in cloth, these volumes belong in every public and private collection with musical interests.

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Albert Ayler for Example

A FEW MONTHS AGO, in reviewing an LP by the young soprano and tenor saxophonist Albert Ayler in this space, I said that Ayler might be working out a perfectly valid musical language of his own, but that it perhaps might be best not to intrude until he has things further along. More recent releases by Ayler make me realize that if such a view does not need to be altogether abandoned, it does need to be drastically reconsidered.

A new Fantasy LP called *My Name Is Albert Ayler* (Fantasy 6016; stereo 86016) is a recital of only limited success. But paradoxically it is at the same time a highly enlightening one, and not only about Ayler's talents but about the intentions of the jazz *avant-garde* in general. The LP is an American release of music recorded in Denmark a couple of years ago. The repertory is, on the face of it, conventional, and includes readings of "Bye Bye Blackbird," "Summertime," "On Green Dolphin Street," and the blues by Charlie Parker called "Billie's Bounce." Besides Ayler, the ensemble includes two Danish musicians, on piano and bass, and a young American drummer. The pianist, particularly, is thoroughly capable and (like hundreds of pianists the world over) thoroughly schooled in the conventions of bebop or modern jazz; he is also (again like hundreds of pianists) bland, slick, almost thoroughly dull, and to Ayler, apparently, almost thoroughly inhibiting. At first impression, Ayler's playing declares above all else: let me be free of this thoroughly capable, slick, bland, dull, conventional music.

Does Albert Ayler attempt to make music only from a negative premise, then? Well, perhaps that is only one's first impression.

One's second impression is apt to be even more negative, however. Out of Ayler's saxophone come notes that are overblown, honked, twisted, growled, shrieked. Indeed, he sometimes sounds like an amateur who simply has not learned the proper embouchure for a reed instrument or the proper fingering for the saxophone. Yet at other times he perfectly articulates strings of difficult, short notes, fleet runs, and perfectly pronounced saxophone tones. It is evident that Albert Ayler is a very good saxophonist indeed. And putting one and one together, it is therefore necessarily evident that whatever Ayler plays on his instrument, he plays deliberately. Ayler has decided that whatever sound he can cause his horn to make, that sound might become a part of his music. Much as King Oliver decided that the wail produced by putting a pop bottle in the bell of his cornet was a part of his music, and much as Sidney Bechet decided that the growl produced partly in his throat was a part of his music, and much as Rex Stewart decided that the choked sound produced by pushing the cornet valve only halfway down was a part of his music, so Albert Ayler has decided that the honk or whinny produced by a too-loose use of the saxophone reed can be a part of his music.

Ayler plays the melodies of "Bye Bye Blackbird" and "Billie's Bounce" with a kind of anti-swing and calculated carelessness—almost as though he did not quite know them or know how to play them. And he approaches the slower

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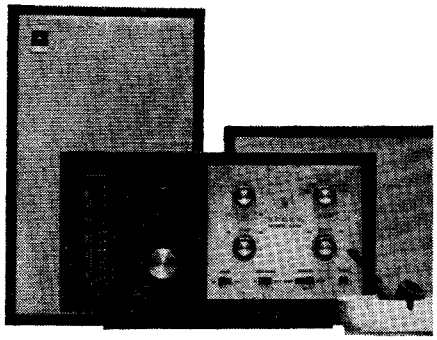
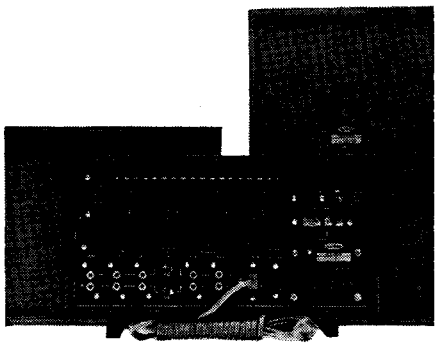


Simply Amazing



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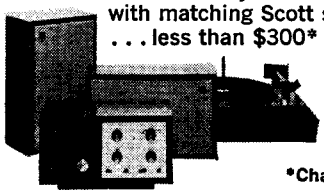

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—Walter Drego

Ayler . . . "a kind of bizarre beauty."

ballads, "Summertime" and "On Green Dolphin Street," with what seems at first a deliberate bathos. Does deliberate bathos make for parody? I think not, but I do think that in Ayler's music a kind of bizarre beauty emerges.

Much contemporary art has as a major purpose the deliberate esthetic exposure and destruction of old standards. That is a quality shared, it seems to me, by Picasso, Joyce, the Marx Brothers, and the Three Stooges, as well as earlier jazz. And I believe that with much truly contemporary art one also sees the emergence, however tentative, of new standards. All well and good, but a work may be fully contemporary in tone and still not be very good. The Marx Brothers were superb comedians but the Three Stooges are not.

The test of Ayler's music comes when he is not boxed in by conventional standards and conventional formats. On "C.T.," he is accompanied only by the superb young Danish bassist Niels-Henning Petersen and the very good drummer Ronnie Gardiner, and he is allowed to roam freely. I appreciate the challenge involved; I appreciate the careful and attentive response of the accompanists; I appreciate the passion and the daring of Ayler's improvisation. But I would be less than honest if I were to deny that after a few minutes of the performance, I was no longer engaged; I felt, as I often feel with John Coltrane, that I had attended a search of twelve minutes duration for a reward of three.

A later Ayler can be heard on a record I have mentioned in this space before, ESP-Disc 1002, with the perhaps regretably portentous title of *Spiritual Unity*. Here, with a trio, Ayler explores four thematically related pieces, all built on simple (and, for me, simplistic) compositional ideas. Ayler's solos are frequently orderly and logical developments, especially so on a piece called "The Wizard"—more orderly than many of John Coltrane's but, for me, less imaginative than Ornette Coleman's.

The most recent of Ayler's recordings is something of a reversal. It is a one-sided LP of a single work called "Bells" (ESP-Disc 1010), recorded by a sextet during a concert. The opening portion features some simultaneous improvisation by all the horns, and is perhaps deliberately anarchic. This is followed by a cadenza by Ayler; it is teasingly effective but it prepares us for nothing more daring than music built around simple marchlike themes, featuring an ordinary triad and performed with more than an echo of the shakily intoned, archetypal brass bands of New Orleans!

Any conclusions I would have to offer on Ayler at this point are necessarily tentative; I would say that as a composer he has a sense of form superior to his sense of melody, and that as an improviser he gains stature among players of "the new thing" from that same sense of form.

—Martin Williams.

PRE-CHRISTMAS RECORDINGS

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PRE-CHRISTMAS RECORDINGS

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Negative Feedback, Positive Result

By IVAN B. BERGER

AN AMPLIFIER'S JOB is to magnify the signal, yet every high-fidelity amplifier incorporates something called "negative feedback," which reduces its ability to amplify.

Gain—the ratio between an amplifier's input and output—is cheap. If feedback reduced a stereo amplifier's gain by 90 per cent, the loss could be restored by adding a single tube to the circuit. But in exchange for the gain it takes away, negative feedback brings the benefits of decreased distortion, flatter frequency response, and improved impedance characteristics.

In an amplifier with negative feedback, a portion of the output signal is fed back into its input. This feedback signal is opposite in polarity to the input signal; for every positive excursion of the input wave, there is a correspondingly shaped negative excursion of the wave from the feedback loop.

If the input and feedback signals were of equal amplitude, they would cancel each other out. The feedback signal is therefore limited so as to cancel out most but not all of the input signal, while being itself completely canceled. If 90 per cent of the input were so canceled, only 10 per cent of it would remain to be amplified, and the gain of the amplifier would be reduced to 10 per cent of its original value.

Every amplifier adds some distortion to a signal, which will be fed back into the input along with the undistorted portions of the output signal. The undistorted portions of the feedback signal will be canceled out by the corresponding but oppositely polarized input signal. But since the distortion products have no counterparts in the input signal to offset them, they will not be canceled out. Instead, they will be fed through the amplifier, along with the uncanceled remainder of the input signal.

But the distortion products now undergoing amplification are of opposite polarity to those that the amplifier produces. If the amplifier produces a self-generated positive "spike" of distortion, it will find its counterpart in a negative "notch" of nearly equal size representing the amplified, reversed distortion product from the feedback loop. The two cancel out; in effect, the signal has been pre-distorted by feedback to compensate for the distortion it is about to undergo. Thus, feedback reduces distortion.

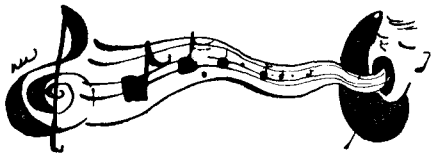
If an amplifier's output is weaker at very high or very low frequencies than it is in the center of the audio band, the feedback signal will be reduced at those frequencies. Since there is less feedback at these frequencies, less of the input signal is canceled. The input signal remaining is therefore greater at these frequencies, compensating for the amplifier's reduced gain. Similarly, more signal will be fed back at any frequency where the amplifier's gain is higher than normal, and the net gain, after feedback, is reduced to normal levels. Thus, feedback smoothes out an amplifier's frequency response.

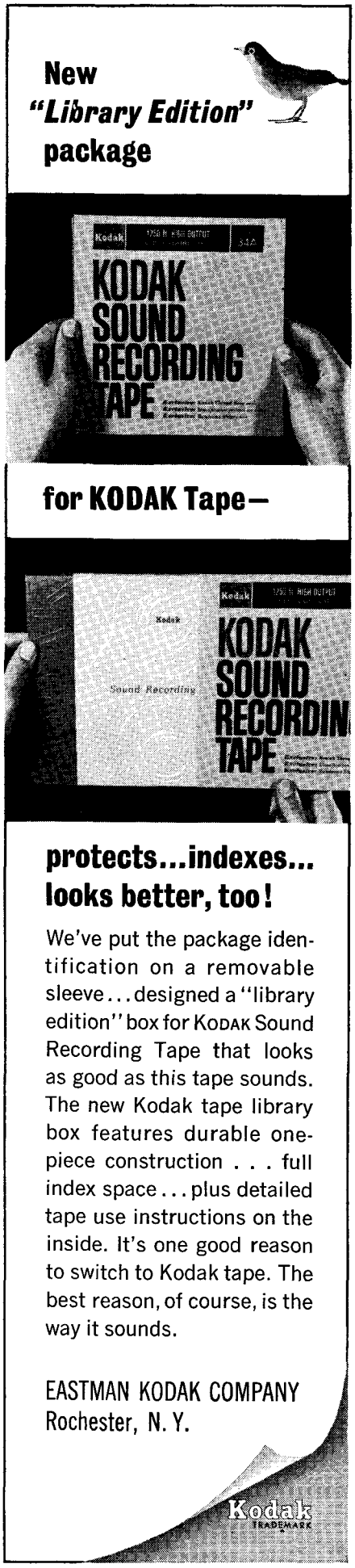
Feedback compensates for signal variations caused by tube aging or fluctuating power-supply voltages.

For all its undeniable advantages, feedback does create some problems other than gain reduction. Too much feedback (the exact amount varies from one amplifier design to another) makes an amplifier unstable, tending to oscillate at supersonic or subsonic frequencies. While these oscillations are not themselves audible, they create audible problems. Subsonic oscillations can cause "motorboating," a sound similar to the "putt-putt" of a motorboat. Supersonic oscillation causes high frequency distortion and may burn out tweeters in multi-speaker systems.

When feedback is used to compensate for very severe frequency discrimination, another problem occurs. In the frequency range where the amplifier's output is weak, there is little feedback, permitting (as we have seen) a correspondingly stronger input signal to reach the amplifier. This does correct frequency discrimination. But since distortion increases with increases in the amplitude of the input signal, there will be more distortion at the frequencies where this compensation is taking place. And, since there is less feedback at these frequencies, there is less control over this distortion.

Proper amplifier design can and does overcome these pitfalls. Feedback is one of the amplifier designer's most useful tools, and is universally used wherever fidelity is more important than gain. Without negative feedback, in fact, the modern high-fidelity amplifier would not exist.

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Recommended List

Continued from page 61

Brahms: *String Sextet No. 1 & Allegro movement* (1853). Y. Menuhin, M. Gendron, et al. (Angel).

***Brahms:** *Violin Sonata No. 3.* Heifetz & William Kapell (RCA Victor, mono only).

Bruckner: *Viola Quintet.* Amadeus Quartet & Cecil Aronowitz (DGG).

†**Chopin:** *Ballades & Trois nouvelles études.* Vladimir Ashkenazy (London).

Diamond: *Quartet No. 4*; **Barber:** *Quartet.* Beaux-Arts String Quartet (Epic).

Dvorák: *Quartets Opp. 34 & 96.* **Janácek** Quartet (London).

†**Dvorák:** *Serenade for Strings*; **Mozart:** *Divertimento, K. 136.* Nicholas Harsanyi cond. Princeton Chamber Orch. (Decca).

†**Hadjidakis:** *Lilacs out of the Dead Land.* Manos Hadjidakis cond. instrumental ensemble (Odeon, mono only).

Handel: *Flute Sonatas.* Mario Duschenes, flute; Kelsey Jones, harpsichord (Vox).

†**Haydn:** *Concerto for 2 Guitars and Orch.*; **Schubert-Matiegka:** *Flute Quartet.* Jorge Martínez Zarate & Graciela Pomponio, guitars, et al. (RCA Victor).

Haydn: *Flute Quartets, Op. 5.* Jean-Pierre Rampal and Trio à Cordes Français (Angel).

Haydn: *Quartets, Op. 55,* complete. Allegri Quartet (Westminster).

Haydn: *Quartets, Op. 77,* complete. Amadeus Quartet (DGG).

***Mozart:** *Quartets, K. 499 & 575.* Stuyvesant Quartet (Nonesuch, E).

Mozart: *Oboe Quartet & Horn Quintet.* Alfred Sous, oboe; Sebastian Huber, horn; Endres Quartet (Vox).

Mozart: *Organ Sonatas; Andante in F, K. 616; Fantasy in F minor, K. 594.* Marie-Claire Alain, with (in Sonatas) Jean-François Paillard Chamber Orch. (Westminster).

†**Mozart:** *Sonata for 2 Pianos, K. 448*; **Schumann:** *Andante and Variations & Etude in the Form of a Canon.* Malcolm Frager & Vladimir Ashkenazy, pianos, with Amaryllis Fleming & Terence Weil, cellos, and Barry Tuckwell, horn (London).

Nakada: *Time Suite*; **Mitsukuri:** *Pieces.* Yuri Yamamoto, piano (Continental).

Paganini: *Caprices.* Emanuel Vardi, viola (Epic).

Poulenc: *Sextet for piano & winds; Trio for oboe, bassoon & piano; Flute Sonata.* Jacques Février, piano, et al. (Angel).

Prokofiev: *Romeo and Juliet—piano pieces.* Pavel Serebriakov; *Visions fugitives, Op. 22.* Heinrich Neuhaus (Monitor, mono only).

†**Sarasate:** *Spanish Dances; Navarra for 2 violins; etc.* Aaron Rosand (both violin parts), Michael Walevski, piano (Vox).

Scarlatti: *Sonatas.* Wanda Landowska (Angel "Great Recordings of the Century," Vol. 2, mono only); Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia).

Schubert: *Sonata in C minor & Wanderer-Fantasie.* Gary Graffman, piano (Columbia).

Schubert: *Sonata in D, Op. 53; Impromptus, Op. 90, Nos. 3 & 4.* Clifford Curzon (London).

Schumann: *Noveletten.* Beveridge Webster (Dover).

Schumann & Brahms: *Quartets,* complete. Kohon Quartet (Vox Box).

††**Stravinsky:** *L'Histoire du Soldat.* Igor Markevitch conducting, with Jean Cocteau, Peter Ustinov, et al. (Philips).

Telemann: *Chamber Music (miscellaneous).* Maxence Larrieu Quartet (Nonesuch); Concentus Musicus of Denmark (Nonesuch).

Telemann: *Concertos for 2 Horns; for Violin; for Trumpet; for Oboe.* Louis Auriacombe cond. Toulouse Chamber Orch. (Nonesuch).

Telemann: *Musique de Table,* complete. Frans Brüggen cond. Concerto Amsterdam (Telefunken).

Telemann: *"Paris" Quartets.* Brüggen (recorder) et al. (Telefunken).

Telemann: *Suite for Viola da Gamba & Strings; Suite for Recorder & Strings.* Collegium Aureum (Harmonia Mundi).

Telemann: *Suite in A minor.* Brüggen, with Tilegant cond.; *Flute & Recorder Concerto; The Nations Ancient & Modern.* Amsterdam Chamber Orch. (Telefunken).

Telemann: *Suite in C (Water Music); Oboe Concerto in F minor; Concerto for 3 Oboes & 3 Violins.* Barshai cond. Moscow Chamber Orchestra (Angel).

Wilder: *Trombone Sonata* (also encores by Corelli, Pergolesi, et al.). John Swallow, trombone, with Harriet Wingreen, piano (Golden Crest, mono only).

French Wind Music: *Françaix Quintet; Poulenc Sextet* (Hans Graf, piano); *Ibert Trois Pièces brèves; Roussel Divertissement.* Vienna Symphony winds (Westminster).

*†**Vladimir Horowitz:** *Carnegie Hall Recital of May 9, 1965* (Columbia); Early European recordings—Scarlatti, Beethoven, Poulenc, Debussy, etc. (Angel "Great Recordings of the Century," mono only).

†**Sylvia Marlowe:** *Carter Sonata; Falla Concerto; Rorem "Lovers"; Sauguet "Suite Royale."* (Decca).

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Sviatoslav Richter: *Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Chopin* (RCA Victor).

Rodrigo Riera, guitar: *Weiss, Milan, Scarlatti, Dowland, Rameau, Villa-Lobos, Navarez, Ribayez, Riera* (Musical Heritage Society).

††**Artur Rubinstein:** *Fauré, Ravel, Chabrier, Poulenc* (RCA Victor).

†**Academy of St. Martin's in the Fields (Neville Marriner, conductor):** *Telemann Viola Concerto; Gabrieli Canzona; Concertos by Vivaldi & Handel* (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

†**Adolf Scherbaum, trumpet:** *Concertos and Sonatas by Torelli, Stradella, Vivaldi, Graupner, Fasch & Telemann,* with Hamburg Baroque Ensemble (DGG).

The Virtuoso Piano: *Godowsky, Paderewski, Herz, Rubinstein, Thalberg & Hummel pieces.* Earl Wild (Vanguard).

Vocal

†**Bach:** *St. John Passion.* Karl Richter cond. Munich Bach Choir & Orch., with Evelyn Lear, Ernst Haefliger, et al. (DGG Archive).

***Beeson:** *Hello Out There.* Frederic Waldman cond., with John Reardon, Lenya Gabriele, Marvin Worden (Desto, E).

†**Bellini:** *Norma.* Sutherland, Horne, et al. (RCA Victor).

†**Berlioz:** *Roméo et Juliette.* Arturo Toscanini cond. NBC Symphony, with Gladys Swarthout et al. (RCA Victor, mono only).

Berlioz: *Requiem.* Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orch. & Temple University Choirs, with Cesare Valletti (Columbia).

Bernstein: *Chichester Psalms; Facsimile.* Bernstein & New York Philharmonic, with the Camerata Singers in the Psalms (Columbia).

Gilbert & Sullivan: *The Yeomen of the Guard.* Sir Malcolm Sargent cond. D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (London).

Handel: *Chandos Anthems.* Alfred Mann cond. Rutgers University Ensemble, with Helen Boatwright, Charles Bressler, & Herrold Held (Cantate).

Handel: *Dixit Dominus.* Eberhard Wenzel cond. Berlin Bach Orch., chorus & soloists (Cantate).

Handel: *Messiah.* Klemperer cond. (Angel); Karl Richter cond. (DGG); Karl Forster cond. (Eurodisc).

†**Janácek:** *Slavonic Mass.* Kubelik cond. Bavarian Radio Chorus & Orch., with E. Lear, H. Rössel-Majdan, E. Haefliger, & F. Crass (DGG)

Liszt: *Missa Choralis;* **Bruckner:** *Os Justi.* Hans Gillesberger cond. Wiener Kammerchor & soloists (Vox).

Mahler: *Rückert-Lieder* (including *Kindertotenlieder*). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with Karl Böhm cond. Berlin Philharmonic (DGG).

Mahler & Mendelssohn: *Songs.* Judith Raskin, with George Schick, piano (Epic).

F. Martin: *In Terra Pax.* Ansermet cond. OSR, choruses, 5 soloists (London).

Monteverdi: *L'Incoronazione di Poppea,* abridged. Glyndebourne production, John Pritchard conducting, with Magda László, Oralia Dominguez, et al. (Angel).

Monteverdi: *Madrigals, Book VI.* Coro Polifonico di Roma, Nino Antonelli cond. (RCA Victor).

Mozart: *Coronation Mass; Vesperae so-*

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lennes de confessore. Teresa Stich-Randall, et al., with Karl Ristenpart cond. (Nonesuch).

†**Mozart:** *Die Zauberflöte.* Karl Böhm cond. Berlin Philharmonic, with Evelyn Lear, Roberta Peters, Fritz Wunderlich, D. Fischer-Dieskau, Franz Crass (DGG).

Orff & Keetman: *Musica Poetica, Book V.* Orff cond. children's choirs & instrumental ensemble (Harmonia Mundi, mono only).

†**Pergolesi:** *La Serva Padrona,* Virginia Zeani & Nicola Rossi-Lemeni with George Singer cond. (Vox).

Pergolesi: *Stabat Mater,* Judith Raskin & Maureen Lehane, with Franco Caracciolo cond. Rossini Orch. of Naples (London).

Rossini: *Stabat Mater.* Thomas Schippers cond. New York Philharmonic, soloists. chorus (Columbia).

Schubert: *Mass in E flat.* Frederic Waldman cond. Musica Aeterna Orch. & Chorus, with soloists (Decca).

Schütz: *St. John Passion.* Wilhelm Ehmann cond. (Cantate).

Shaporin: *The Decembrists.* Bolshoi Theatre, Melik-Pashaiev cond. (Ultraphone, mono only).

R. Strauss: *Daphne.* Böhm cond. Vienna State Opera, with Hilde Gueden, Paul Schoeffler, et al. (DGG).

R. Strauss: *Rosenkavalier—excerpts.* Regine Crespin, Elisabeth Soederstroem, Hilde Gueden, with Silvio Varviso cond. Vienna Philharmonic (London).

R. Strauss: *Salome & Aegyptische Helena —excerpts.* Leontyne Price, with Leinsdorf cond. Boston Symphony (RCA Victor).

†**Stravinsky:** *The Rake's Progress.* Stravinsky cond. Sadler's Wells Chorus & Royal Philharmonic Orch., with Judith Raskin, Alexander Young, John Reardon, et al. (Columbia).

Tchaikovsky: *Cherevichki.* Bolshoi Theatre, Melik-Pashaiev cond. (Ultraphone, mono only).

Telemann: *Die Hoffnung ist mein Leben;* **A. Scarlatti:** *Infirmata vulnerata;* **F. Couperin:** *Leçon de Tenebres.* D. Fischer-Dieskau & chamber ensemble (Angel).

*†**Thomson:** *Four Saints in Three Acts.* Virgil Thomson cond. (RCA Victor, mono only).

Verdi: *Arias.* Maria Callas (Angel); Richard Tucker (Columbia).

Verdi: *Luisa Miller,* Moffo, Bergonzi, MacNeil, et al.; Cleva cond. (RCA Victor).

Verdi: *Macbeth.* Nilsson, Prevedi, Taddei; Schippers cond. (London).

Verdi: *Requiem.* Amara, Forrester, Tucker, London; Ormandy cond. Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia).

Vivaldi: *Juditha Triumphans.* Alberto Zedda cond. (Harmonia Mundi, mono only).

*†**Wagner:** *Götterdämmerung & Parsifal duets.* Flagstad & Melchior; **Schumann:** *Duets.* Lehmann & Melchior (RCA Victor, mono only).

Wagner: *Parsifal.* Bayreuth production, Knappertsbusch cond. (Philips).

*†**Wolf:** *Songs.* Elena Gerhardt, with Coenraad V. Bos, piano (Angel "Great Recordings of the Century," mono only).

*†**American Songs:** *26 composers from*

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MacDowell to Ben Weber. Eleanor Steber, Mildred Miller, John McCollum & Donald Gramm (Desto, E).

***Jussi Bjoerling:** *Selected Swedish recordings and excerpts from Carnegie Hall recital* (RCA Victor, mono only).

Boston Opera Company: *1909 recordings by Fremstad, Nordica, Gay, Mardones, Boninsegna, Lipkowska, Baklanoff, Marcel, Destinn, Slezak, Garden, et al.* (Columbia, mono only).

Peter Pears (tenor) & Julian Bream (guitar): *Britten, Walton, Fricker, & Seiber* (RCA Victor).

Montserrat Caballé: *Songs of Montsalvatge & Rodrigo,* with Miguel Zanetti, piano (Odeon).

Maria Callas: *Rossini & Donizetti arias* (Angel).

†**Mirella Freni:** *Arias from Suor Angelica, Traviata, Turandot, Otello, Puritani, Figaro & Louise* (Angel).

†**Nicolai Ghiaurov:** *Russian & French arias* (London).

Christa Ludwig: *Scenes from Ariadne auf Naxos, Götterdämmerung, Barber of Seville, Iphigenie in Aulis* (Eurodisc).

James McCracken & Sandra Warfield: *Operatic Duets* (London).

Jan Peerce: *Arias from Cavalleria, La Juive, Tosca, Eugene Onegin, Pearl Fishers, L'Arlesiana* (Vanguard).

Renata Tebaldi: *Arias from Don Carlos, Ballo in maschera, Giovanna d'Arco, L'Arlesiana, etc.* (London).

Maggie Teyte: *Songs of Dvorák, Offenbach, Fauré, Brahms, Quilter, et al.,* from 1936 BBC broadcast (London, mono only); *Ravel (Shéhérazade), Berlioz (Nuits d'été excerpts), Chausson (Poème de l'amour et de mer) & Duparc songs, with orch.* (Angel "Great Recordings of the Century," mono only).

New York Pro Musica: *The Play of Herod.* (Decca).

Richard Tucker: *Classical Arias by Giordani, Veracini, Scarlatti, Gluck,* etc. (Columbia).

Cesare Valletti: *French Art Songs—Fauré Debussy, Hahn, Szulc, Duparc* (RCA Victor).

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Price and *Salome*

I HAVE BEEN a reader and follower of Mr. Kolodin's reviews for some eight to ten years. I have in the past respected his opinion. However, I must now, at last, write my first letter.

I have been a fervent admirer of Leontyne Price, *not* because she is a Negro, but for her splendid vocal equipment and, for a certain time, her use of this talent.

I shall not mention previous recordings nor past performances at this moment. I write of her recording of the final scene of *Salome* and the aria "Zweite Brautnacht" from "Die aegyptishe Helena," and your review that appeared in the October 30, issue of *Saturday Review.* It was astonishing; moreover, it was infuriating.

Madame Price has, in my humble opinion, no conception, emotionally, of the role of *Salome* (from *my* hearing of the recording); neither does she, at present, have the vocal ability to sing the role. Moreover, she has created a travesty of the part (again from *my* hearing of the recording). I do not say this lightly. Madame Price has been misused by RCA Victor Records (for the most part) to sing and *sell* recordings of music she has no earthly right or ability to sing. I speak mainly of "El Amor Brujo," "Les Nuits D'Ete," plus *Carmen*—a vulgarization. Now, *Salome.*

I ask you, as a respected critic, to reconsider your evaluation of this performance. I think the destruction of Madame Price's voice a tragedy and appeal to you to rectify your opinions, with the hope that she or someone close to her can show her the errors and misuse of her ways and particularly the misuse of her talents by RCA-Victor Records.

M. P. WEBER.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the case of "El Amor*

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Finding Cambridge records is getting easier, but finding better Scarlatti performers than Fuller, Fauré singers than Curtin, or trumpet soloists than Ghitalla isn't. Other "naturals" are not too numerous (to mention in our new catalog).

Further word is that, among our new recordings for next year, there will be firsts by John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, Wm. Smith, Louis Couperin, Claudio Monteverdi and Wm. Lawes.

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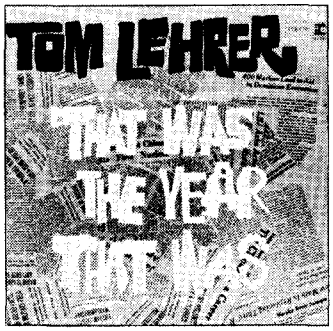

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Brujo" the verdict on this side agreed with the correspondent's. In the instance of "Carmen" and "Salome," it is otherwise. It is, in other words, an instance-by-instance matter.

Aid from Ponselle

I WAS very much interested in Mr. Kolodin's review of *Don Carlo* and reference to Kabaivanska as a "much improved singer." It might be of interest to you that a possible reason for the improvement is the fact that she has been studying with Rosa Ponselle over the past two seasons.

JAMES ALFONTE.

Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As Hans Sachs says in "Die Meistersinger," "a worthy master."*

Quality on FM

As USUAL I enjoyed your issue of August 28, and was particularly drawn to the article "Riding Gain," by Ivan B. Berger. The title, however, stirred unpleasant connotations and suggestions of something not directly concerned with the subject Mr. Berger discussed. I refer to the distortion of recordings as broadcast over the airwaves—distortion induced by "riding gain." It seems that lately more and more stations are compressing the dynamic range of the recordings they play to approximately that employed by the record companies themselves in the 78 era. There are probably sound reasons for doing this, not the least of which is that the FM transmissions thus treated have the effect of sometimes making bad radios sound better than they actually are, by not showing up their defects. But the whole idea of FM is *quality* of sound. Let them compress for their AM transmissions if they must, but allow those of us who have invested in good FM equipment to get the benefit of our purchase. The bad practice is compounded when automatic compressors are employed to eliminate both fff and ppp. Here is no gradual reduction or increase of volume; it is immediate, and can often destroy the whole effect of a recording. . . .

ROBERT J. BELDEN.

Highland Park, N.J.

Those Mail-Order Operas

COULD YOU identify for me the performers in the series of recorded opera excerpts that were circulated in the early Forties through newspaper premium offers? I am told that they included many well-known singers who were not listed by name.

N. T. WISER.

Dallas, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of the casts are listed herewith. Perhaps another reader can supply the names for the otherwise unidentified "Marriage of Figaro."*
Traviata: Steber, Tokatyan, Warren; *Bohème*: Steber, Tokatyan, Annamary Dickey; *Faust*: Steber, Tokatyan, Cordon; *Aida*: Bampton, Carron; *Carmen*: Jobin, Joan Peebles; *Tannhauser*: Bampton, Carron; *Rigoletto*: Warren, Dickey, Tokatyan; *Lohengrin*: Bampton, Carron; *Butterfly*: Steber, Tokatyan; *Tristan und Isolde*: Bampton, Carron, L. Summers; *Pagliacci*: Steber (in Silvio-Nedda duo only), Carron.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1651

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One variety of baked sweet (2 wds.)	187 69 123 20 57 191 109 133 85
B. Fickle.	17 137 32 131 188 100 91 107 149 102
C. Setting for certain games contests.	46 89 64 27 40
D. Obliged; bound in gratitude.	118 47 197 79 10 59 127 156
E. Rather unfamiliar word for customary.	50 76 83 158 37 24 43
F. Genus of the buckthorns.	74 42 45 179 201 145 154
G. Showing signs of horror.	58 150 5 9 106 66
H. Any void spaces.	52 144 171 1 164 92
I. Father of the girl who plaited "a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair" (Alfred Noyes).	192 155 54 170 184 31 14 75
J. Mineral pitch.	186 67 71 22 174 130 166
K. Followed by WORD U, figuratively the overbearing, undisputed master of a group or situation (2 wds.)	146 136 190 101 80 175
L. A sloop-rigged yacht, 21 feet long, without a bowsprit, introduced at Marblehead, 1892.	33 173 63 161 84 119 48 132 200 138
M. Famous French aviator of World War I, lost on westward flight at the time of Lindbergh's triumphant eastward one.	120 134 12 18 177 113 165 125 7
N. Bony.	180 87 129 116 13 103 60
O. Gives legal force to.	108 95 82 148 38 189 169 6 128
P. Hereditary aristocrat of ancient Athens.	140 114 44 99 62 26 3 185
Q. One of the things going to be done by those saints we sing about (2 wds.)	98 183 117 77 167 194 90
R. Job's word for what was probably a hippopotamus.	15 73 139 198 124 53 96 151
S. Place where, G.B.S. said, they didn't "bother much about dress and manners".	28 153 110 49 193 105 93
T. Reworded.	178 11 135 159 78 86 141 2 157
U. See WORD K (2 wds.)	21 19 152 172 35 126 147
V. In a direction, or occupying a position, away from downtown.	111 34 199 196 104 70 94 41
W. Choice (from the French).	36 112 163 56 61 181 143 72 23
X. Barred from (2 wds.)	81 39 8 182 162 25 176
Y. Specially stressed.	160 195 115 97 88 122 65 30
Z. Today from tomorrow's standpoint.	29 51 68 4 142 16 121 168 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 H	2 T	3 P	4 Z	5 G	6 O	7 M		8 X	9 G	10 D	11 T		12 M	13 N
14 I		15 R	16 Z	17 B	18 M	19 U	20 A		21 U	22 J	23 W		24 E	25 X	26 P	27 C	28 S
29 Z		30 Y	31 I	32 B	33 L		34 V	35 U	36 W	37 E	38 O	39 X	40 C		41 V	42 F	43 E
	44 P	45 F	46 C	47 D	—	48 L	49 S	50 E	51 Z		52 H	53 R	54 I	55 Z		56 W	57 A
58 G	59 D		60 N	61 W	62 P		63 L	64 C		65 Y	66 G	67 J		68 Z	69 A	70 V	71 J
72 W	73 R	74 F	75 I	76 E		77 Q	78 T	79 D	80 K	81 X		82 O	83 E	84 L	85 A		86 T
	87 N	88 Y	89 C	90 Q	91 B	92 H		93 S	94 V	95 O	96 R	97 Y	—	98 Q	99 P	100 B	101 K
	102 B	103 N	104 V	105 S	106 G		107 B		108 O	109 A	110 S	111 V	112 W		113 M	114 P	115 Y
116 N	117 Q	118 D		119 L	120 M	121 Z		122 Y	123 A	124 R	125 M	126 U	127 D	128 O	129 N		130 J
131 B	132 L	133 A		134 M	135 T	136 K	137 B		138 L	139 R	140 P	141 T	142 Z		143 W	144 H	145 F
146 K	147 U	148 O	149 B	150 G		151 R	152 U	153 S	154 F		155 I	156 D	157 T		158 E	159 T	160 Y
	161 L	162 X	163 W	164 H	165 M		166 J	167 Q	168 Z	169 O		170 I	171 H	172 U	173 L		174 J
175 K	176 X	177 M	178 T		179 F	180 N	181 W	182 X	183 Q	184 I		185 P	186 J	187 A	188 B		189 O
190 K	191 A	192 I	193 S	194 Q	195 Y		196 V	197 D	198 R		199 V	200 L	201 F				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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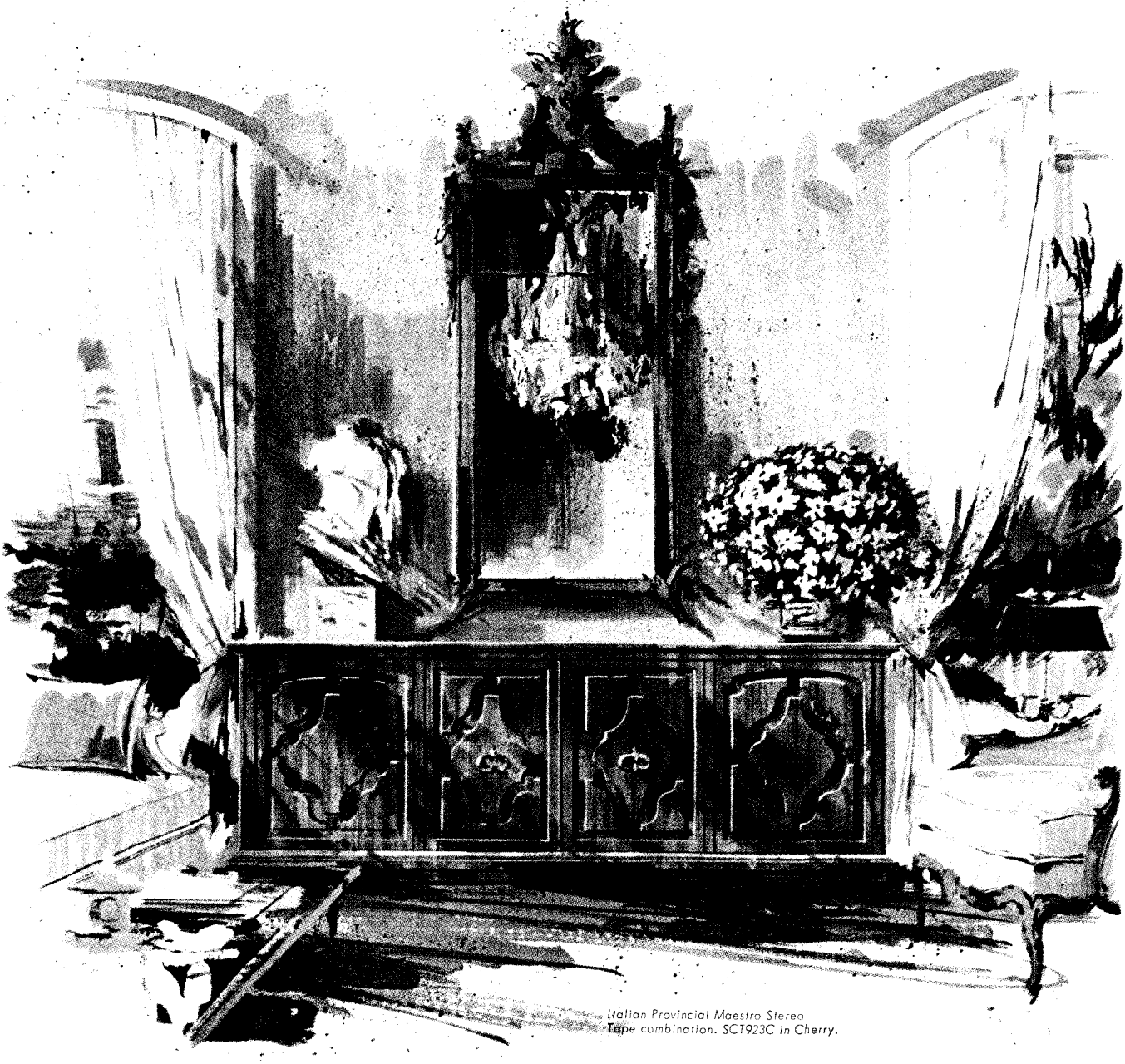

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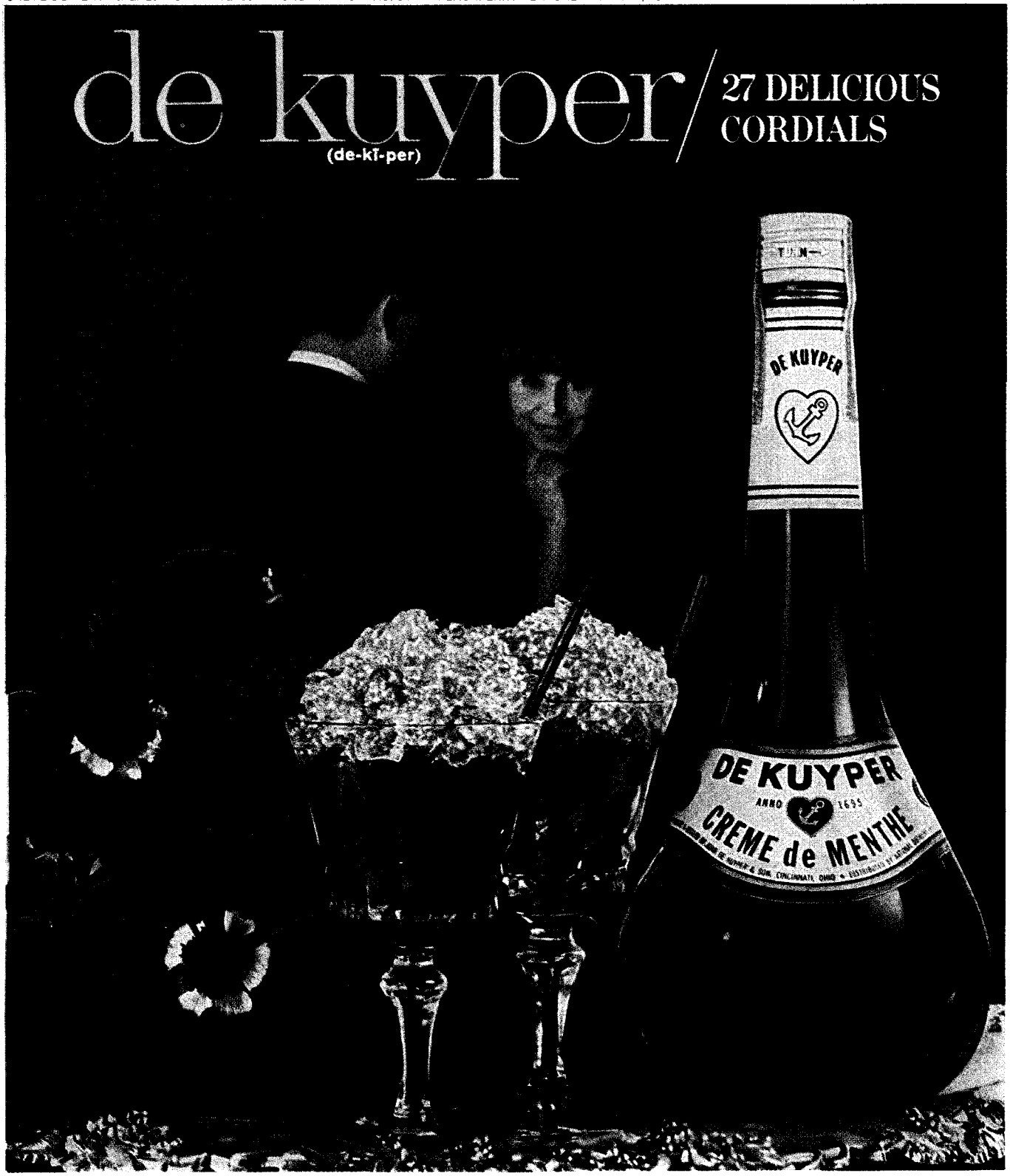

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